



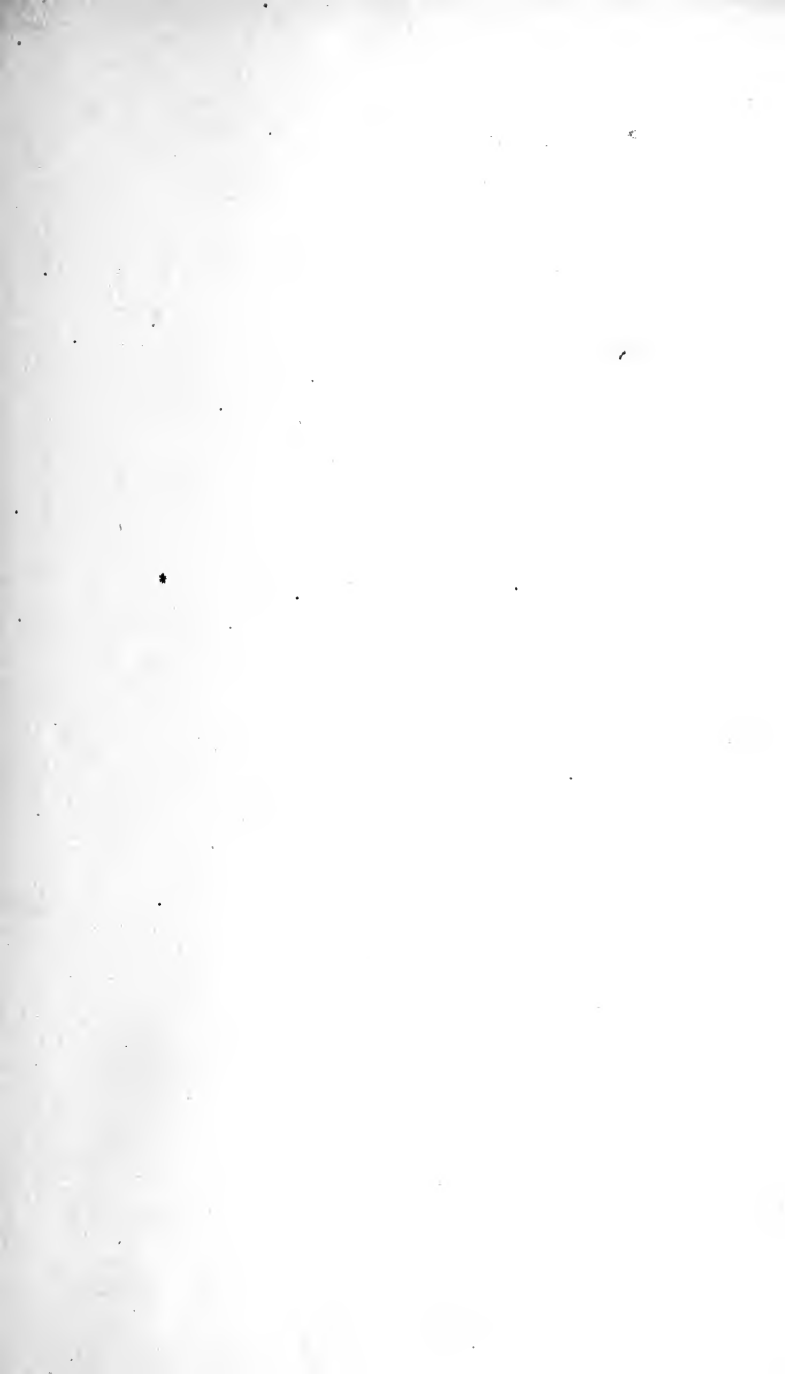
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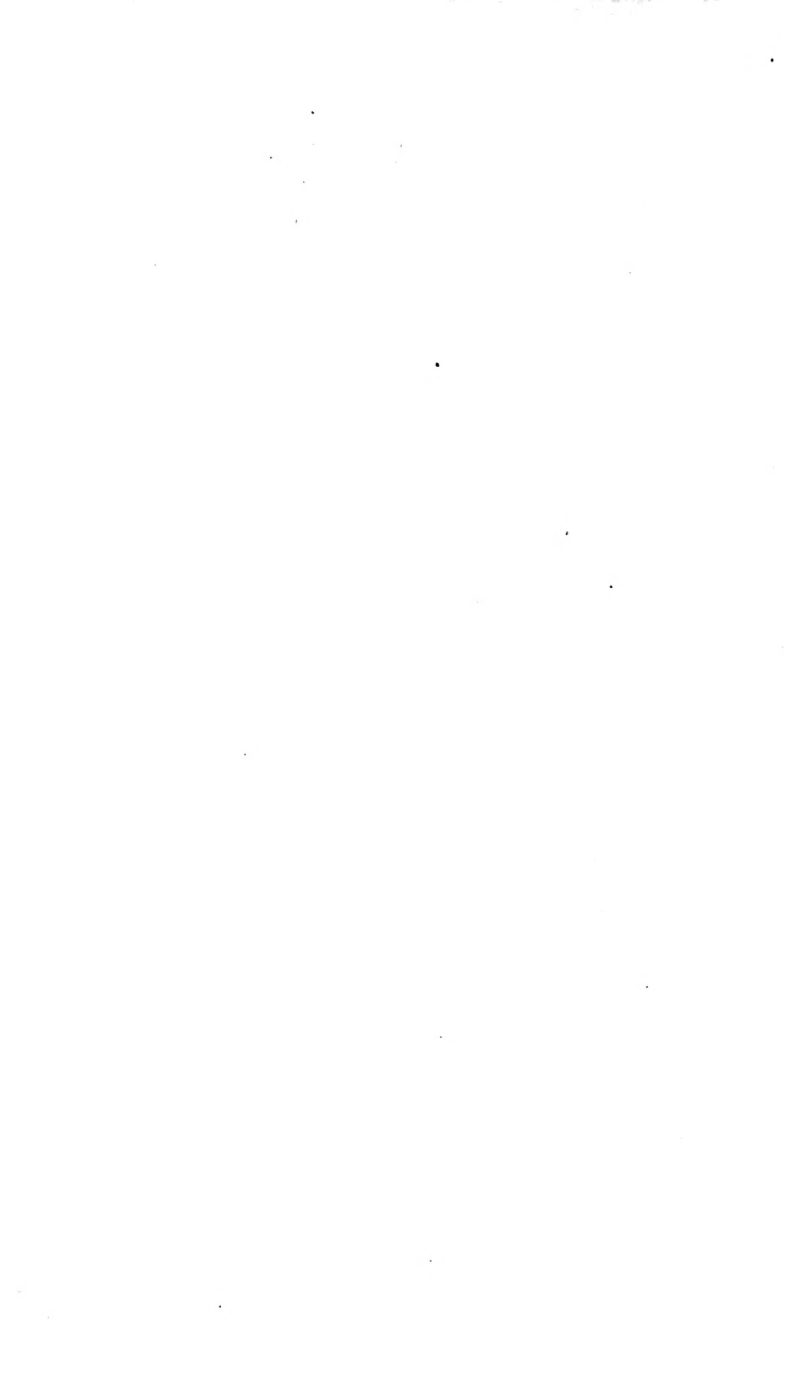












MONK AND KNIGHT

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# MONK AND KNIGHT

AN

Historical Study in Fiction

BY

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

FIFTH EDITION



CHICAGO

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

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## NOTE.

IT is proper to say that the large number of well-known sayings, letters, and documents which occur in this study of the early half of the sixteenth century, appear in those translations with which, as the Author is led to believe, the general reader is most familiar. So far as he knows, each of these has taken its place as a part of literature or history. He desires to acknowledge with gratitude many kindnesses characteristic of the late Ferdinand Denis, Administrator of the Bibliothèque Sainte Genevieve, to whom it was a joy even to apply for copies of unique historical manuscripts.

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“κρύφιε τελείως ἐλπίσατε”





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# MONK AND KNIGHT

VOLUME I.





# MONK AND KNIGHT.

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## PROEM.

### THE MORNING HOUR IN EUROPE.

Other futures stir the world's great heart ;  
Europe has come to her majority,  
And enters on the vast inheritance  
Won from the tombs of mighty ancestors, —  
The seeds, the gold, the gems, the silent harps  
That lay deep buried with the memories  
Of old renown.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE Renaissance was a reformation of the European intellect ; the Reformation was a renaissance of the European conscience. Both movements were returns to the past : the intellect found deliverance from scholasticism in its study of Greece and Rome ; the conscience felt the chains of ecclesiasticism disappear as once more it saw the open gospel of the Christ. Each movement was also a distinctly marked step into the future, because, in each, the human soul had rediscovered itself, and readily bounded forward with a persuasion that to it alone belonged the infinite time.

To those, however, to whom institutions and traditions are more sacred than the soul, it must always appear that the reins of the future were held, in the earlier decades of the sixteenth century, by four boys, each of whom looked forth with vivid expectations into manhood. He who was to rule the Church as Leo X. had been Cardinal since he was thirteen; Henry VIII. succeeded to the fortunes of the Tudor dynasty in 1509, at the age of eighteen; six years later, Francis I., the incarnation of strong ambitions and weak convictions, was sovereign of France at the age of twenty; and, in 1519, at the same age, Charles V. of Spain was chosen to a crown unsurpassed in importance, by the extent and richness of its dominion, since the days of Charlemagne.

These men will interest us, for the most part, only as the less conspicuous currents of human life, which less illustrious mortals represent, rushing against them, are temporarily deflected in their movements, or made to bear the shadow of immense personal influences upon their moving surfaces. Greater than all of them was the incoming tide, which was to make such new configurations in the old shores, and strew them so luxuriantly with seaweed, wreck, and pearls.

There is much to interest the thinker when the fragments of some fine old mediæval ship are lifted upon the sands. Many hands lent their skill to its creation, and many human hearts fastened their hopes and aspirations to its strength. Much of the highest faith which man knew was enshrined in its hard tissues, and much of human longing went out with the moment of its dedication to the unknown sea. If it be a creed which once promised a vision of some far-away shore, or an institution which held the desire of man from the deeps, there will be voices only to wail and eyes only to weep, as the wave rolls back. It must not astonish, if often, when some



wave more vast than the rest, and flashing with a fuller splendor, shall have thrown far to land a single pearl, stolen in its leaping energy from some unsuspected depth, — a pearl which has both Orient and Occident hidden in its radiant completeness, — a pearl which shall remind the soul of the richness of the concealed realms of life, — there shall be no eye to perceive its glory, or no heart brave enough to seize it, before it shall be covered with the sea-weed and the slime. The very brilliance of the movement known as the Renaissance is often to be seen hard by the darkness which had grown old and shadowy ; and popes and kings, so much the conservators and guardians of institutions, so little the inspirers and leaders of men, must be expected to impersonate the obedient and serviceable midnight rather than the imperious, restless morning.

At the earliest date mentioned in connection with these, who were the visible rulers of sixteenth-century Christendom, duly honored and enthroned, what is called the Renaissance had advanced, even in France, England, and Germany, to something like a sure promise of victory ; and that great band, separated by seas and mountains, but undivided and indivisible in spirit and in hope, called the “ Reformers before the Reformation,” had created an atmosphere so resonant and withal so true that the blows of Martin Luther had promise of being heard from echoing cathedral doors.

It is the most mischievous of errors — I had almost said the most perilous of habits — for historians to seek to separate the intellectual from the spiritual elements which coexist within that vast and chaotic solution out of which ultimately came the order and power of modern life. Columbus the Spanish discoverer, is Columbus the religionist, who writes in his log-book the words, “ In the name of Jesus.” Even the monk is the copyist of classics ; and the thunder of Savonarola, who seemed to

disdain the Renaissance in his effort at reformation, breaks the bonds which linger to fetter the brain of Florence. The human soul is a unit. Faith, in all comprehensive accounts of it, is the act of the whole spirit, — intellect, sensibilities, will. The advance of the mental faculties meant perhaps less belief, but certainly more faith, for the deepening of man's religious life. The purification and development of true faith meant perhaps a less number of theories, but certainly a larger knowledge for man's intellectual life.

The Renaissance, as it flowered into the Reformation, was a new birth of the whole man. It was an evolution ; it was a revolution, — a revolution inside an evolution. It was an orderly movement ; it was a disorderly movement, — the disorder was walled in, and guarded by order. Cosmos comprehended chaos, and at length ruled it with a supreme gentleness. Delayed evolution always makes revolution ; and less of storm was unavoidable, for so long the calm had been a crime.

“ Down came the storm. In ruins fell  
The worn-out world we knew.  
It passed, — that elemental swell, —  
Again appeared the blue.”

When Henry VIII. advanced to the English throne, and the young Francis, Duc d'Angoulême, was playing the part of a sportive boy, in 1509, the currents of the Renaissance had gathered strength, as they flowed, and England and France had begun to feel the well-nigh omnipotent impulse. The world had been growing larger as the human soul had been quickened into new life and hope. For two hundred years the world had possessed Gioja's compass. The telescope had been bringing the glowing secrets of immensity into the human brain for more than two and one-half centuries. Paper and gunpowder had anticipated the invention of the

printing-press, in 1438, by more than two hundred years. Columbus had vied with Copernicus in quoting from Aristotle and Philolaus, until ecclesiasticism had grown indignant, and stupid royalty had smiled. The sailors of Portugal had been as bold in the East and in the West as had the thinkers at Florence and the artists of Rome in their treatment of ideas. Italy had felt the tread of Greek scholars who fled from Constantinople to her quiet shores as certainly as had that city of the East felt the inroads of the victorious Turks. The scholar had walked the streets of Florence, since the Council of 1438 between the Greek and Latin Churches, with the freedom with which, for centuries before the opening of the Middle Ages, the Roman soldier paced the streets of Jerusalem. In 1470 Virgil was printed, to be followed, in less than a generation, by Homer and Aristotle. In 1482 Plato spoke to Italy in the Latin tongue, through the translations of Ficino; and for years a lamp had burned before his bust in the palace of the Medici. While the flesh of Savonarola was burning, his beloved city had been reading the explanation of the harmony between Moses, the lawgiver of Israel, and Plato, the philosopher of Greece, from the pen of Mirandola. For a century a shipload of gems from India, relics from Judæa, arms from Persia, or many-colored dyes from Tyre or Phœnicia had been held to be incomparably poor, by the side of a galley in whose freight might be found the manuscript of an oration of Cicero or that of a play of Æschylus. Barlaam, fresh from ecclesiastical councils, had opened the poetry of Greece to the student of the classics. Petrarch had sung the delicate joys of the most tender of Italian poets; and the school of Chrysolaus had for a hundred years been duly celebrated. Bessarion had made the air about him Athenian in its quality; and the monasteries had been regarded for so long as the treasure-houses of manuscripts, that the hidden depravity of their

clergy had been almost forgotten. Even in Germany, Politian, the Italian poet, had made a new career for himself, in John Reuchlin, theologian and humanist. Latin poets at Erfurt had seconded the impulse generated by the Elector Frederic, who had founded the University of Wittenberg. The universities of Paris and Cologne had sought to surpass Florence and Venice, in offering hospitality to penniless Greek scholars and wandering pedants, who often spoke and wrote abominable Latin.

The complete sway of the Renaissance had, however, its most brilliant testimony in Italy. Angelo had walked through the gardens of Lorenzo, which were full of classic art in the forms of figures and statues, studying the antique; and in the evenings he had talked with Landino or Pulci about the myths of classic times. He had read Dante in the same palace in which he learned Platonism; and he was now dreaming of the glory of the Sistine ceiling. It was an atmosphere in which a Nicholas V. could outwardly and proudly aid a Theodore Gaza and John Argyrolos in the attempt to interest Europe in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Boccaccio's prose translation of Homer was in the hands of scholars like Erasmus, while certain of the priests of the Church labored to convince him that the souls of brutes and men were the same, and quoted Pliny as authority. While Rienzi had been storming the castle of an extortionate nobility, Dante was uttering his devotion to Virgil, in the greatest of Italian poems.

The age of libraries and collectors, of the Vatican and the Medicean, of Bracciolini and Aurispa, had come. The era of critics and grammarians had succeeded the era of feudal lords and gay knights. The lost decades of Livy were mourned over, as the world never had mourned over the death of Peter the Hermit.

The new crusader, if he looked toward the East at all, had sought to recover the poems of Sappho, rather than

to scale the walls of Jerusalem. Art had yielded to the revival. Praxiteles from afar had given a new edge to the chisel of Italian sculpture, and classic stories and the classic spirit had broken the fetters in which the Church had bound the genius of the immediate predecessors of Da Vinci and Raphael. It was an hour when, through the revival of learning, Henry VIII. was able to hear in his land, in strange renewal, Roger Bacon's prophecy of the philosophy of Lord Verulam; when in France the young duke soon to be Francis I. might have heard, over the noise of the proposed crusades, the voice of Abelard breaking in upon his wooing of Eloise, with protests against the confusion of word-mongering with philosophy; when in Italy even the ears of Leo X. were attentive to words, now aged enough, which had recorded the intellectual self-respect of the Fratricelli. That mighty triumvirate — Dante, Savonarola, Angelo, each one of whom has been called the prophet of the Reformation: the first, a reformer and artist in poetic words; the second, a poet and artist in reforming deeds; the third, a reformer and poet in art — marks an era in Italy, in which the mind of man acknowledged the subtle interpenetration of Orient and Occident.

The West had been touched by the East in literature and philosophy. The greater West had been discovered by a West which had already become Eastern. The geography of the earth was changing with the geography of the mind of man. There was the printing-press, which, from the day of Gutenberg, had made intelligence independent of all localities. Man had come to a consciousness of his large world relations, and the era of questioning all traditions and boundaries was fairly inaugurated.

It was impossible to keep this new life from entering quite as deeply into the brain and heart of England and France. For almost a generation the silence of the

solemn cloisters of Westminster had been disturbed by the creaking of Caxton's press; and the monks of St. Albans had mingled their muttered prayers with the more intelligible sounds of the busy pressman, comprehending little how mighty a power that printing-press would become in the demolition of Romish rites. While Niccolo de Niccoli was gathering the volumes of Boccaccio into their new wooden cases in the convent of San Spirito, another scholar was beholding that elegant copy of Livy in French, — a volume of which the good Duke Humphrey was the glad recipient, — a superb example, withal, from that collection of nearly nine hundred gorgeously bound volumes which the enthusiastic bibliophile the Duke of Bedford had obtained from Charles V. of France. No longer did every scholarly chronicler write, as did the Venerable Bede in commemoration of the chastity of Etheldreda, —

“ Let Maro wars in loftier numbers sing;  
I sing the praises of our heavenly king.  
Chaste is my verse, nor Helen's rape I write:  
Light tales like these but prove the mind as light.”

On the other hand, for two centuries many of the priests had been ambitious to exhibit a classical style in speech, and some of the affectations which the Renaissance begat in the abbeys were ludicrous indeed. While, in Italy, Angelo was proclaiming the Torso Belvedere as his true master, John Colet was bringing into his own England those lectures to be delivered at the University of Oxford, in which “ the new learning ” was to find its first public alliance with the Bible. When Alberto Pio was supplying Aldus with the funds with which he obtained the machinery known as the Aldine press, Linacre and Grocyn were under the tuition of Politian and Chalcondyles; and in 1491 Oxford had known how earnestly they had studied in the Platonic academy. As Columbus heard from the “ Pinta ” the cry, “ Land ahead ! ” Thomas More was com-

ing under their influence as teachers of "the new learning." "Greece had crossed the Alps," when Reuchlin had in his hand the translation of Thucydides; Greece had crossed the channel when Erasmus had perceived the possibilities of the career of Henry VIII., when the scholar saw him, at nine years of age, at the court of Henry VII.

A long ancestry preceded Archbishop Warham and William Latimer, one of whom was furnishing Erasmus with beer at Oxford, the other of whom was so soon to popularize his influence at Cambridge. Alcuin, at York, learning what to obtain abroad to enrich the libraries of kings, and walking in the shade of Egbert, who had ransacked Rome for treasures; John of Bruges, who was a bibliomaniac with the most omnivorous appetite; Thomas Cobham, who had dreamed of a great library at Oxford in 1317; Bishop Carpenter of Exeter, who added books to the relics which slumbered in the charnel-house; William Taunton, who succeeded that *Amator Librorum*; John Taunton, at Glastonbury; Peter of Blois, and the thousand unknown book-lovers who helped to copy and collate, to steal and buy the fragments of the literature of the past, — all of them spoke in the dawn of a new day, with a clear voice and rejoicing tones. Everything seemed to conspire, for a combination of the energies which had awakened Italy, around the throne which was soon to be occupied by a new king. That combination had been making, from the moment of Roger Bacon's utterance until the hour when, in 1498, the eager Lord Mountjoy had brought Erasmus to England.

Smaller by far was the influence of the Renaissance in the land soon to be ruled by Francis I; yet by 1515 the sky of France was full of morning light. The scholastic philosophy which had made theology so aimless and so heavy, had felt a penetrating gleam strike its dolorous fog. The University of Paris was aware that a fresh radiance was stealing over the sky. Some of the

Greek mercenaries employed by Louis XII. — with one of whom we shall become acquainted in this study — had come with the power of the future wrapped up with their memories of the past ; and often in the clothes of some exiled child of Athens could be found a copy of a page from some one of the classics. Gregory of Tiferno was trying to teach Greek and rhetoric in Paris when Felelfo was commenting on Dante at Milan. Basselin, Villon, and Alan Chartier were poets whose lays were compelled to mingle with humorous quotations from Homer and Plautus, brought thither by exiles and wanderers ; and the scholars in the Church speedily saw, in spite of the darkness of the Sorbonne, that some reconciliation must ultimately be made between letters and belief. Learning was knocking at the door of the Holy Church ; and the associates of the new king were soon bound at least to affect Greek art, Roman literature, and the society of printers such as the Estiennes, and scholars such as Louis de Berquin and Lefevre. The air was balmy with the fragrant dawn, though the Church and the throne were asleep.

This mighty revolution in the thought of humanity, quickening the mind to larger and stronger action, broadening before it the countless opportunities for the exercise of its energies, holding in front of it a multitude of fascinating invitations to unsuspected achievements, urging it to accept them by numberless thrilling impulses, — this veritable dawn broke upon the brain of Europe at the hour when the human soul had become conscious of its slavery to the institution called the Holy Catholic Church. Already conscience was revolting against her practices, and was in rebellion against her superstitions. Noble as had been the ministry of the Church for centuries ; great as had been her service as a bridge from the old Roman world to the new world just before man's



vision ; indispensable as she had been as a power for order and progress in government, education, and religion, for ten centuries and more, — the hour had at length come when that function was no longer needed, and it was evident that she had refused to take up the next great duty. She was declining to lead the intellect into the new-realms which it was predestined to enter and to conquer. She was looking backward, not forward. She was asserting her authority without having any echo start in the reason and thought of man. She relied on her might as an institution, at the hour when man had concluded that institutions are not ends, but means to ends. Democracy was in the air ; she was imperial, monarchic, absolute. Human life had grown too large and too powerful to be limited or dominated by the conception which she had of its possibilities.

In 1484 John Laillier, Doctor of the Sorbonne, cried out : “ Since the days of Saint Sylvester, Rome is no church of Christ, but a mere state church for extorting money.” Ten years later, Columbus had read a new declaration of independence to the enterprise of man, and inflamed the imagination of Europe, by finding a fresh field for human endeavor and achievement. Three years later still, Aldus Manutius the printer had written in his edition of Aristotle : “ Those who cultivate letters must be supplied with books necessary for their purpose ; and till this supply be obtained I shall not be at rest.” “ In the name of Jesus Christ,” was the legend borne by the flag of each new crusader. One was seeking the resurrection place of the essential Christ in reform ; another, in discovery ; another, in popular intelligence. A fresh and omnipotent vision of the real Christ had come ; the old was fading away.

Not more cruelly did the Church confine the brain and assault the growing intellect, than she stupefied and

outraged the conscience of men. She was an institution which by remaining stationary had become rotten, while her walls were being hung with colors and her floors relaid with a mosaic of gems. The soul had at last become too large for the garment, however elegant, however sacred. It was moth-eaten and decayed; the soul was never so conscious of rapidly growing youth. Anything, however coarse the texture and however poor in historic associations, if only it were both large and clean, would be a grateful substitute for this confining and unclean vesture. As the brain demanded room for its life and development, the conscience demanded freedom and righteousness.

So simply, so vitally is the Reformation connected with the Renaissance. While the Greek poets were being quoted in the Florentine academy, Pope Julius II. was acknowledging the immorality of the leaders of the Church, as he said, "If we ourselves are not pious, why should we keep the people from being so?" It was a long train of abuses, fostered by the Holy See and blessed by priestcraft, which lay behind the remark of the Pope whose voice we are to hear in the progress of events which this study partially describes, Leo X., when he said, "Let us enjoy the papacy, now that God has given it to us." Honest and pure men remembered, at that time, that only a generation had gone since the papal throne had been disgraced by the presence of four such men as Pietro Barba, Francesco delle Rovere, Giambattista Cibo, and Roderigo Borgia. The lower clergy, also, had for many years presented a sorry spectacle. There had been noble men in the papal chair; so also were there many men pure and true in the monasteries. But the majority were too constant in practices of evil to make of the piety and purity of the slight minority aught but such exceptions as proved the rule.

The intelligence and conscience of Europe began to

behold the offence against civil government, in a condition of affairs which allowed criminals to resort to the monastic life that they might escape the just punishment which otherwise would descend upon their wickedness. The law was powerless; the Church held the reins of authority over the State as surely as when Gregory VII. compelled Henry IV. to tread with bare feet the ice-clad summit of Canossa, and bend the fortunes of empire to his tyrannical arrogance.

As the conscience of the times awakened out of sleep, it became roused to indignant protest. The man who felt a new dawn over the intellect, as he read Petrarch's praise of classic bards, turned another page and read his sonnet on the papal court at Avignon: —

“Fountain of woe! Harbor of endless ire!

Thou school of errors, haunt of heresies!

Once Rome, now Babylon, the world's disease,  
That maddenest men with fears and fell desire!

O forge of fraud! O prison dark and dire,  
Where dies the good, where evil breeds increase!

Thou living Hell! Wonders will never cease,  
If Christ rise not to purge thy sins with fire.

Founded in chaste and humble poverty,

Against thy founders thou dost raise thy horn,

Thou shameless harlot! And whence flows this pride?

Even from foul and loathed adultery,

The wage of lewdness. Constantine, return!

Not so, the felon world its fate must bide.<sup>1</sup>

He saw how inevitably Romish ambition and greed had brought the Holy Church to such a condition. Men had already demanded reform. Nearly a century before, the papal legate at Basle, Cardinal Julian Cesarini, had advocated a reform, to prevent a rebellion of the laity and the extinction of the clerical functions. As such utterances were called to mind, the names of the earlier reformers shone with startling brilliance. Splendid, indeed, now began to seem the figure of Peter Waldo

<sup>1</sup> Symonds' translation.

at Lyons and those of his successors, who in the valleys of Piedmont and Dauphiny had suffered for their hope, as they had stood up against the corruption and tyranny of Rome. Bright became the face of Peter de Bruys, as from the flames of 1130 his eyes quivered with the sublime expectancy that the abuses in the Church would be mitigated. Heroic in stature began to tower upward the form of John Wycliffe, as the mind of Europe woke to behold the Church of his time usurping the rights of the Crown, impoverishing England to furnish luxuries for Rome, while two popes were pronouncing anathemas each upon the other, and bishops, like Spener, were engaged in wholesale homicide for their sakes. As the disgraceful character of many of the popes, bishops, abbots, and priests became known, the thoughtful layman looked more favorably on John Hus and Jerome of Prague, who had denied their authority, rejecting the value set upon their excommunications, and treating the offered indulgences as abominations; and they looked less favorably upon those who lit fires for their martyrdom. John Tauler and Gerard Groote — one giving to the soul the privilege and results of pious meditations, the other constituting the Order of the Brothers of a Common Life — took other places than those assigned to them by crafty priests, when the people felt what the truth which the one spoke and the education which the other began, must do for a benighted and corrupt Church. Thomas à Kempis was read by hundreds who had done with hollow forms and debauched bishops, and who sought, instead, the power of God. John of Wesel became a pillar of fire by night, as the laity began to look backward, and to behold how dark it was when he truly called the indulgences “errors and lies.” Darker still, however, had it continued to be. Faithful men now listened to the Bishop of Worms, as he said: “Concubinage, from the commencement of the fifteenth century,

is publicly and formally practised by the clergy, and their mistresses are as expensively dressed and as respectfully treated as if their connection were not sinful and indecent, but honorable and praiseworthy." Voices which had been hushed in death by wicked popes and ambitious councils, rang out in their unforgotten words with an eloquence which had at last touched every sincere heart.

Literature had a rich field in the facts and fancies associating themselves with an unreformed Church. Walter Mapes made such rare sport out of the papal throne and the monk's cowl, and he did it in such excellent rhyme, that it is impossible to read either the history of the Church or the history of wit, and omit his "Goliath." "The Vision of Piers Plowman," and the verses of Geoffrey Chaucer are poems quite as full of genuine agitation on the topic of the corruption and crimes of the Church, as was a speech of Daniel O'Connell concerning the state of Ireland. With unsparing sarcasm, heartiest good-humor, and often with noblest indignation did the poets and teachers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries paint an institution, haughty, selfish, gross, and wicked, filled with a clergy ignorant, vile, tyrannical, and cruel. Leo X. might hasten to forbid the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*" to be read; but before his hour had come, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Dante, and Poggio had furnished, through the help of the printing-press newly invented, hundreds of volumes in which the Church, as she then existed, was proven to be incapable and unworthy; and many of these were prophets of that day, soon to come, which William Tyndale was to see. "If God will spare my life," said he to a learned ecclesiastic, "I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of Scripture than thou dost."

These books of unsparing wit and liveliest humor had

not been read at all, had there not been a keen sense of the audacious offensiveness of ecclesiastical power. It was impossible for the hierarchy to keep such of her own ranks as the bishops of Augsburg, Breslau, and Meissen from telling the truth concerning the real condition of religious life to the growing host who had no longer faith in the ideals of the Church. The air was so charged with the forces of reformation that the songs of the shoemaker, Hans Sachs, echoed upon the morning with the commanding music of a trumpet calling unto battle. Germany was as weary of extracting coins from the labor of her people, to make rich and luxurious the career of church officials at Rome, as England was of beholding what a door was opened to papal arrogance, when the stupid Henry III. admitted the claims of Rome. France, however, was not so disgusted at the licentious pomp of the papal court at Avignon, between 1342 and 1352, as was even the easy Italian conscience, in the presence of such a state of affairs in the Church as would justify Dante, when he said,—

“ Modern shepherds need  
Those who on either hand prop and lead them,  
So burly are they grown ; and from behind  
Others to hoist them. Down palfrey's sides  
Spread their broad mantles, so as both the beasts  
Are covered with one skin. O patience ! thou  
That look'st on this, and dost endure so long . . . ”

Italy could not forget the associated absolutism of clergy and Guelphs in stimulating civil war. A Pope Urban IV. stealing a crown to place it on the head of a Charles of Anjou was not a figure calculated to inspire religious emotion. Boniface VIII., who outrivalled Hildebrand in his tyrannical assumption of control over civil government, stood by the side of the infamous Innocent IV., who, when he heard of the death of Frederick of Sicily, wrote to his sinful clergy : “ Let the heavens

rejoice, and the earth be glad; for the storm that was hovering over your heads has been averted by the death of this man, and is changed into refreshing breezes and nourishing dews." Gregory X. had, two hundred years before, tried to repress what he called "those extravagant swarms of holy beggars," only to leave certain others of the religious orders masters of the field. But so deep was the necessity for reform, and so impossible was it for them to reform the orders and the institution, that the mendicants either uttered protests against the sins and selfishness of the popes, or corruptly bargained at confessions and led in the carnival of licentiousness. When men were most bewildered, and were most strongly commanded, on pain of eternal hell, to obey the infallible head of the Church, the mind of Europe was compelled to behold a two-headed papacy, in the persons of an Urban and a Clement, each during life asserting in the loftiest fashion that the other was fraudulent, and after death, for forty years, perpetuating through their adherents this ludicrous monstrosity, until with Alexander V. three Popes vied with one another in confounding and debauching Christendom.

A sort of relief came when this abominable controversy was succeeded by the elevation and deposition of one, who was only approached in wickedness by Gregory XII. and Benedict XIII., — John XXIII. by name, who was greedy, untruthful, lascivious, and murderous to a degree which would enable him to conduct a wholesale massacre. Even cardinals were compelled to be awkwardly fastidious about what they would drink at the tables of the pious dignitaries and exalted ecclesiastics, lest the draught should prove to be poison instead of wine. Pope and anti-Pope, as Felix V. and Nicholas V., arranged their troubles, each entirely careless of the rights of the laity. A Clement V. or John XXII. could add to sensual rapacity a record of so following the meek and lowly

Lord as to leave eighteen thousand gold florins, and nearly seven thousand more in jewels and silver; and salvation from sin, or rather deliverance from hell, was to be obtained only through certain formularies of which they were the masters, or certain inventions of which they were sole proprietors.

Two shameless women, Theodora and Marozia, had so often and so easily set up and pulled down their relatives, or licentious allies in sin, that there grew up what perhaps is only a tradition,—that the illustrious sinner Joan once guarded and debauched the Holy See. The papal right and dignity had been bought and sold by adulterers and murderers; it had been possessed by Benedict IX., who was old in iniquity, and yet Pope at twelve years of age; it had been rescued by Gregory VII., who made it usurp the rights of empire.

At the remembrance of these things, the thought of printing a Bible for all men to read, in which it was taught by Peter himself that all Christians are priests of the living God, seemed to the papacy and to the clergy like inviting a revolution. Of course, the Bible must be read and explained only by a clerical force, sworn to annihilate such results as this ideal would produce in the minds of men, moved as they now were, and liberated as they were sure to be, by the Renaissance. That men dared to dream of salvation, except through the long and mechanical devices of the priesthood, organized and ruled by popes, was enough to close every Bible, and start the fires of inquisitions.

It had to be considered heresy worthy of death to deny the absolute necessity of penance; else how could the Church have enforced her flagellations, confessions, hair-shirts, grievous pilgrimages, painful scourges, exhaustive fasts, which, by the plan of granting pardons and selling indulgences to those who could buy or be threat-



ened, brought gigantic revenues and sweet satisfaction to the coffers and ambition of the Pope.

One of the Clements had invented the most profitable method of emptying the pockets of sinners, and filling the treasuries of luxurious tyrants, which the world ever knew, — the granting of indulgences. This was the manner of his thinking: "Christ had not only died for men, but he had done more; by his abundant sufferings he and his saints had filled a repository, of which the Church had complete control on earth, — a treasury of accessible merit. This merit could be doled out for a consideration." This, which was insisted upon as a fact, lay at the bottom of the sale of indulgences. Purgatorial fires stood ahead for those who had paid insufficiently, who yet had paid all they could afford to pay here. At last, while the pedler of indulgences was plying his trade in the country, a quarter of a million of human beings in thirty days carried to Rome their coins and their sins, dragging their souls beneath this hideous slavery.

But the end was near; for the Renaissance had quickened the human brain, and the heart was in revolt against this shameless cruelty, which had nothing but swords and flame for those who dared to protest. The conscience thundered and lightened above the abominable spectacle. The storm which should rend many a human breast and upset many a tradition, belief, and throne, had broken upon Europe, never to be silent until a better day had come.





## CHAPTER I.

### ENTERTAINING ANGELS UNAWARES.

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;  
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,  
Forget not ; in Thy book record their groans  
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled  
Mothers with infants down the rocks. Their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
The triple Tyrant ; that from these may grow  
A hundred-fold who having learned Thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

MILTON.

A LONG red wave of splendor ran swiftly across the summit of the stainless peak which towered just behind the simple dwelling of Gaspar Perrin. The whole year had been one of such agony that every night the quivering crimson on the mountain-top seemed to have been drained from human hearts. Gaspar sat with the sweetest of little children in his lap, her golden hair playing against his honest breast, as the Alpine breezes, which could not be entirely shut out, toyed tenderly with its beauty. It was midwinter, 1509, of the years of grace ; but it would have been impossible to one possessed with a faith less strong and sublime

than that of this stalwart Waldensian to have thought of that anguish-laden year as "a year of grace." Terrible as had been the efforts of the dominant ecclesiastical power, under the guidance of Innocent VIII., to root out and abolish the Waldensians in Italy, France, and Germany more than twenty years before, and far more general, this year had marked the very height of papal intolerance and churchly cruelty as they raged in that lovely valley.

Many years before, the ancestors of Gaspar had led their little ones with flock and herd to this spot, that the walls which God Himself had upraised might protect them. The family had that intelligence and experience which made them tremble at the name of the Holy Church. Long ago they had learned that when his Holiness had conferred upon their Swiss neighbors the title of "Protectors of the Liberties of the Church," the Pope held those words to signify something very different from that which the study of the Scriptures and purity of life had made them mean amid the leaping waters, the clear sunshine, and the immutable crags of Switzerland.

This year had enabled them to read for themselves infallible signs of the spirit which demanded a reformation on every hand. No longer could the simplest villager or the most solitary mountaineer content his enthusiasm of opposition to Rome by informing it with the memory of what some chance traveller from France or Germany had related to him, in whispers, of the wrongs which under papal protection held carnival. The fire was glowing and blowing into a fury, from fuel cut at his own door. The year 1509 had been so decisive that it had lifted many a less sensitive and positive man than was Gaspar Perrin over into the prodigious movement called the Reformation.

He had just fed the little girl her evening meal of

goat's milk and bread, and was looking into one of those unsubstantial and yet real worlds which lie behind and often within the world of sense. It was along that line where memory and imagination confront each other — the one looking backward and the other looking forward — that Gaspar's mind was travelling. He was beholding how indivisible these realms — the very dwelling-places and haunts of these two faculties — seem to be, as his recollections went back but a few months to the hour when there were two little children for him to feed at eventide; and as his fancies filled the pathless days and nights of imagination with the presence and wanderings of the child whom he had lost, grief took possession of him.

Gaspar's life was more solitary than ever before, now that the little Ami had been captured and carried away; and as he thought of it, a big tear ran down his great rough cheek, and fell, like a drop of liquid silver, amid the hair of gold.

His had been a life in whose lights and shadows there had been much pathos and poetry. Born here, in the midst of these scenes, his youth had been nurtured upon the most vitalizing food for mind and spirit. His father, Henri Perrin, had feared and loved Almighty God; and this made him a freeman in his very soul. Henri's religious life had been influenced by the inspiring name and works of Peter Waldo of Lyons. His youth was that of a Waldensian at Lyons; and his manhood had been passed in the mountains, in constant expectation that, being a leader of the Waldensians, his place of residence would be found out and his life sacrificed. For thirty years the father of Gaspar had endured poverty and exile with never a murmur. For a generation he had gladly confessed to his joy in the mountain solitudes, as he remembered how, as a layman, he had consecrated the sacrament, and how, as an honest man, he had once

refused to obey a priest of vicious habits. He had told Gaspar of coming events, the prophecy of which the son had not forgotten when, in 1487, his own sister fell under the cruel crusade of Alberto de Capitanei. For him, when Gaspar was only a boy, the priest had gone, and the *guide*, or Barbé, had become his minister. In his ecclesiastical vocabulary character had long ago eclipsed ordination. Purgatory he denied absolutely, and fasts and festivals he abhorred; and Gaspar had grown up to hear the tread of great coming events in his father's animated conversations.

These convictions Gaspar had at once learned to make his own. He had not his father's calmness of temper; and his eyes soon beheld scenes so atrocious that one day he found himself hurried into Italy by having obeyed his own indignant impulse to restrain their foe and his desire to save his friends; and in 1506 he appeared fixed as an exile in Venice, having failed in his effort, utterly broken in hope and very poor in purse. He had soon married an Italian woman of singular mental freedom, who had accepted him suddenly, after an honest but stormy discussion of her religious views with her father, who was then a penniless count. Gaspar was at the time employed as a workman in a press-room in Venice, — a press-room of which the world shall always preserve the chronicle, — and was doing well, when his wife died and left Gaspar with two little children alone in the great world.

When that dreadful event fell upon the life of this husband and father, and he looked upon his little ones through such tears as blunders and poverty never may extract from human eyes, he was only at the beginning of such a strife with his wife's father, Count Aldani Neforzo, as was sure to end in his leaving Venice. No effort or threatenings of the count, who had already forsaken his daughter, could persuade this Waldensian

to obtain or to permit — if possible to prevent — prayers for the dead. Together they had lived in a truer and deeper faith. She should be respected in her opinions and piety, now that death had intervened.

The count brandished weapons of the most effective sort against the humble but heroic press-man. Poor and ill-tempered as was the count, his pedigree and undoubted loyalty to the Church made the priesthood of Venice his agents and slaves. Even the great employer of Gaspar could do nothing, though he should lose the finest workman in Europe, — the servant who in 1502 had suggested the dolphin and anchor for titlepages, the hand which was bringing to Venice the scholars from every quarter who had seen the matchless “Demosthenes” of 1504. Assassination, in the person of a closely covered priest, glared at Gaspar one night as he passed from the printing-room into the street. The powers of the Church in Venice were determined to crush the Waldensian; and one day Gaspar had sold to his illustrious employer a beautiful manuscript, for which he had traded his rings to a sailor from Constantinople; and with his children he hurried back, by aid of the funds thus obtained, to the old home in the mountains.

Here in his mountain home we have found him, at the opening of this chapter. His wife’s dust lay in Venice; his hands were a testimony to the fact that the printer had been lost in the herdsman, and the falling tear bore witness to the new sorrow which had befallen him.

He was living with the memory of a spring day which seemed only yesterday. Never had the valley appeared so beautiful as on that morning of which the herdsman was then thinking, in whose dewy loveliness he had started forth with little Ami and his baby sister, to find the missing goats. After he left the little roof which had sheltered him and the two children, it was a joy to watch the happy boy bound over the dashing streams which worried

their way amidst the rocks, and to pluck the fairest flowers for the child, whom, for love's sake, Gaspar carried in his arms.

They had not gone far, until the father's hand was full of flowers, before which the little girl's eyes were in an ecstasy. They were strangely colored orbs of loveliness. The variety of their color bespoke a many-sided and rich nature. The father could behold everything within them which in any way influenced or grew out of the solitary but seething intellectual life which he was living.

Nothing so holds the two realms — that of revelation which satisfies, that of mystery which charms and inspires — as human eyes behind and within which lives a soul. Gaspar saw in that child the whole majestic movement which he felt in his own breast.

He had named her Alke, "yearning;" and in those peculiarly eloquent eyes there was such longing, in her very cry such a persistent and hopeful struggle seemed to be uttering itself, so often in her babyhood she seemed to be gathering invisible sheaves from ideal harvest fields, so constantly now the lucent depth of her eye was but an indication of how far beyond her environment it sent its searching aspiration, that he was sure that she had been well named. The tremendous energies of the Renaissance were leaping lightning-like about the printing-room of Aldus Manutius, in Venice, when he quit work that night to go home and call her Alke! The resistless cry of the human soul for light and leading, which was then echoing over Germany and Switzerland, was pathetic in its longing, as he pressed her to his breast on the night her mother died, and felt in his very soul that this child was somehow bound up in destiny with the soul's demand, — Alke, "yearning."

Love had been wedded to learning, and religion had been allied with reform, in that name; and the child had a piteous sacredness that morning, when the little boy,

with proud affection, placed in her baby fingers a fringed gentian, blue as the sky above. And Gaspar wondered if all the tumult and strife of many swift and antagonistic streams would ever press upon the brain and strain the heart of Alke. As he felt the grandeur of the crisis at which he knew Europe had arrived, he unconsciously kissed the rosy lips of the child in his arms, called the boy from the edge of the abyss down into whose deeps he was gazing, and kissed him likewise, again and again, and then he stood listening for the wandering goats.

Alas, what a thrill of pain shot through his very soul, as he kissed that strong and beautiful boy ! It was the strange horror of impending danger which made him kiss him the second time.

Gaspar could now detect that same pain about his heart still, as he sat there on that winter night, thinking it all over.

He remembered so vividly his saying to the baby, "Ami, dear little brother, Ami !" and looking at the innocent ignorance of Alke. He was not disappointed either ; for the child did smile, drop her fringed gentian, and she patted the boy's cheek.

Ami was twelve years of age on that very day, and the father could not forget how he sat on a rock, which he saw had fallen lately from the height above, beholding the two playing together, — the boy so proud of the love with which this sweet three-year old caressed him. He remembered it all. The walk to the cottage of his friend, Nirval Arnaud's home, where the little Alke was left with the old grandmother ; the whole past was so real that now and then, as he sat there, his feet moved, and the child on his breast was wakeful. The enthusiasm of Ami's spirit and the ardor of his more boyish imaginations had heard the goats up the mountain-side ; but oh, the terrible cry of the mountaineers, as a few of them



shouted the news of the attack ! Even yet it almost lifted Gaspar from his seat, as he remembered it.

It was the third charge of the papal cohorts within a year upon the Waldensians. Down they came, without pity, robbing the homes of fathers and sons, burning cottages, stabbing old men suspected of heresy, sparing only the aged women and the infants, — all in the name of the Holy Church !

Gaspar lived it all over again, as he sat with Alke in his arms ; and the tear which fell into the golden hair was only one of a multitude which had fallen from the eyes which on that fatal day beheld one of that cohort — a French soldier who was clad as a knight — seize the terrified boy, who clung to his wounded father, tear him away, and strapping the child to his saddle, ride afar toward the valley, while the hills echoed with the hoof-beats of his horse and Ami's pathetic crying.

Ami was lost. The great gashes upon Gaspar's fore-arms were testimonies of the fierceness of the struggle. The child had died on the way to Paris ; so Gaspar had found out, on his own recovery.

Ami thereafter had been but a holy memory, a stolen hope. The infernal power which had captured his boy and panted for Gaspar's life was left, — so was Alke ; so also the Lord God Omnipotent. After all, he was not alone.

It had grown dark while Gaspar had recalled these events ; and the little golden head had fallen over upon the strong arm, which now lifted her a trifle without disturbing the delicious sleep into which the child had fallen.

"How beautiful it is," thought Gaspar, "that, at least for a time in this life, a human being may fall asleep in the very presence of sleepless forces which arrange revolutions !" And just as he had muttered this to his half-wakened soul, he saw through the shadows which fell

thickly upon the snows, two men on horseback approaching his door.

Little did the Waldensian know that the word "revolution," which had just escaped his lips, would never be pronounced in after centuries save with the recollection of one of those tired travellers, and that he who was to be his guest that night had already done something to loosen the vast masses which would sweep, like the avalanche which Gaspar saw the day before, over the enormous area of human thought, and leave it ready for fresh growths and a new civilization.

As the strangers neared the cottage, Gaspar slowly arose ; and with the tenderness of a mother, he put the little child on the cot nearest the open fire, which threw its streams of brilliant light out on the snow when he opened the door.





## CHAPTER II.

### STRANGERS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS.

True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the hour of silent thought,  
Can still suspect and still revere himself.

WORDSWORTH.

“TWO travellers,” said the servant, who had alighted, “who are not sure of their way, and who will hope to find the best pass through the mountains by day, beseech you, good friend, to allow them to remain with you until morning.”

Gaspar had once been lost in those mountains; and his experience and sympathy opened his heart and home. But before he could say a single word, his mind was employing itself in detecting tones in that voice like those he had heard so often at Venice, on the liquid streets, in the boats, and especially in the printing-room of Aldus. It was not light enough for him to attempt to make new acquaintances or to identify old ones, but he had certainly noticed a familiar method of pronunciation.

“What I have,” said Gaspar, “is certainly at the disposal of any who on such a night and in such deep snows travel these mountain roads. Will you both come into my cottage?”

“I must thank you, my kind man!” said the other traveller, in dignified and somewhat lofty tones.

"This surely is not courtesy, but the very essence of humanity."

As he alighted, Gaspar was thinking where he had heard that voice. A hundred Venetians might have pronounced words, as did the servant who spoke first, but he had never but once heard a voice so full of culture, so eloquent with refinement, so suggestive of quiet power, as that which had just spoken, — never but once ; and then in that dear old press-room at Venice, when one day with his eminent master, Aldus, he had looked, with one who was a stranger to him at that hour, at a rare manuscript.

"It cannot be," whispered Gaspar, "that I have lost my wits in this solitude, and that this memory of Venice makes my very ears its victim."

"I will attend to the horses very soon, when I am a little warmed," said the servant ; and behind the master, who walked slowly and with evident weakness, he came into the little home which fairly glowed with welcome.

"Strangers that you are," said the host, "I can promise you some food, if it will not offend you to partake with me of bread made by my own hands ;" and he made his way toward a huge jar which contained the provisions of the home.

A two-branched candlestick of peculiar beauty stood by the little sundial with which the child had been amused that afternoon ; and it soon bore two lights, which revealed many more of the curious and interesting contents of this interior.

"Where could this mountaineer have obtained such a piece of household furniture as this?" silently queried the dignified stranger, as he beheld saucepans piled upon a metal boiler, and by its side a ewer of Oriental origin, and a pitcher, on which had been copied with artistic accuracy the scene of the burning of Girolamo Savonarola in St. Mark's, Florence.

"This," added he, in the silence of his thoughts, "is more like Florence than anything I have seen since leaving;" and speaking aloud, he said, "My good friend, I beg you know that whatever you have will be gratefully eaten by one so dependent on your hospitality and so fond as I am of your Piedmontese food."

Forthwith Gaspar produced a loaf of acorn bread, and proceeded to make a stew of rabbit and herbs, the very odor of which was a full meal to the youth, who by this time had provided for the horses.

"Never was prince better fed," was the remark of the older traveller, as he was half startled by finding beneath his hands, on the table where stood the bowl which Alke had but just emptied, a copy, exquisite, clear, and especially well bound, of the "*Herone et Leandro*" of Musæus, printed by Aldus in 1494.

Could it be possible that he was in a fairy realm? The only copy he had seen, outside of that famous printing-room of Aldus, was held carefully in the hand of Lorenzo de Medici's intellectual councillor and vicegerent, Pico della Mirandola. He dropped his bit of acorn bread, which he was eating, as his mind turned from that poor man's home, with its smells of bacon, bouilleux, pot-pourri, and garlic, to the palace of Lorenzo, where the learned and elegant Pico pored over his costly cabalistic manuscripts, and patted gently the "*Herone et Leandro*," with which Aldus Manutius had favored him.

It was now the turn of the stranger to wonder where in the world he had aforesaid seen this man, his host. Something about the man took him back to the press-room of Aldus. He could almost see him there, amidst the newly discovered manuscripts and the workmen. Then, the drawing on the pitcher, — that was the Florence of Savonarola's day, an excited, mob-ruled, offensive Florence, from which every characteristic of the wondering man turned away.

"Ah," he thought, "Savonarola's death pictured in this man's home ! I see it all. He is a Waldensian ! I am in the home of one of the men who have for so long made this furor about reforming the Church."

He was thinking it over, while the youth who was his attendant was making some general remarks about the city of Turin and the snows which they had encountered on their way, when, at length, something occurred which made him sure that the roof of a radical and intense Waldensian was over his head.

The door had opened, and without ceremony a wild-eyed, ill-tempered old woman had entered, holding a huge wooden cross before her noisy tongue. She did not notice either of the strangers, but proceeded to berate the man of the house with bitterness and curses, while she attempted to pound him with this pious emblem.

"Stop !" said Gaspar, in a loud whisper. "Don't wake little Alke ; she is just asleep. I will give you justice. Away with your missile !" as she threw it at him with all her power.

"I'll have you cursed by the priest on the hill ; and Saint Bridget herself will dry up your cows, and little Alke will starve ! I'll tell the holy friars that you're heretical, and you will be burned alive !"

This last sentence she fairly shouted, while the baby slept sweetly, and the kind but irritated Gaspar pushed her toward the door, and gently held her with one hand, while with his other strong hand he gathered up the pieces of the broken cross. Soon he had compelled her to leave her curses behind.

"My friends," said the host, after he had closed the door, "I know you must feel that you have found an insecure lodging for the night. I am sure I cannot help this noisy creature from visiting me in this way. I must tell you, and I believe you," looking straight at the dignified stranger, who had his hand on the "Herone et

Leandro," — "I believe you are a gentleman of intelligence; this woman is — or rather let me begin with myself — I am not of her faith, as you see. She was my only help and the child's guardian, while I looked after the herds. I resolved yesterday to dismiss her. You may not share my opinions about matters of faith and doctrine, but I am not a believer in Saint Bridget, nor do I fear her influence with my cows. This woman had begun to teach my little child what are to me the superstitions of men."

Gaspar had gone farther than he had meant to go. These men might be spies, the forerunners of another of Leo's legions of extermination. He saw it all; but he faltered not. He was about to tell them what had occurred, when the man, whose hand had rested uneasily upon the book, spoke, —

"My worthy host, will you fear not? But — you are a Waldensian!"

"I *am*," answered Gaspar, and he looked the heroic soul he was, — "I *am*; and I am so much a hater of these monkish mutterings, that when this woman sat milking in the cow-house, saying, 'God and Saint Bridget bless you!' in order that she might save her head and the milk, I resolved to do the milking myself."

The stranger was astonished at his humorous and vigorous language, and again the press-room of Aldus came before his eyes; but he took up the other picture with Saint Bridget in the foreground.

"I shall be permitted to say that your confession of faith is safe in my keeping. We are not spies of the Holy Church; and on my soul, I am glad to be lost, if I may stay with such a frank heretic until morning. I can imagine that one who cares for a thing of this kind," holding up the book, "cannot fear the maledictions of Saint Bridget."

Gaspar had forgotten to put this book back in its

place, with other most precious volumes; and he was disconcerted when he saw the excited eye of his guest, as he held the little volume in his trembling hand. The mountaineer now became quite oblivious of the incident with the discharged servant, though he knew such an event as her discharge would probably arouse the priests to arrange another attack. He was fascinated with the sight of a man who understood the significance of such a fact as the discovery of that book in these scenes; he was also sure that he had seen that same eye kindle at least once before amidst associations of learning. For the moment Gaspar was tongue-tied. He did not dare to ask the name of his guest; and he had resolved to hide his own identity, if possible. Surely there was enough beside their own names which these two men could talk about.

"Will you let me know just where we are?" asked the youth. "We set out from Turin; and we are only sure of one thing, that we are glad to be here, although, as my master says, we are lost in the mountains."

Gaspar quickly saw that here were a scholar and his student, who were gracefully accepting the inevitable annoyances of such an experience; and he was resolved to be interesting and instructive as far as possible. He summoned his rusty scholarship to the task.

"This mountain," said he, "is the Vesulus of Virgil. Do you remember?"

"Indeed!" interrupted the master; and with greatest interest he quoted the words, —

". . . De Montibus altis  
Actus aper, multa Vesulus quem pinifer annos  
Defendit."

Gaspar was now sorry that he had thought it necessary to conceal his identity; but it was evident that the scholar wished to remain unknown to his host. Truly there never had been an hour in the life of this kindly host



when he wanted so badly to break every law of courtesy and ask for a name.

"You beheld the summit on the left, as you came out of Turin?" said Gaspar.

"Yes; and we are now a long distance from our route toward England," answered the youth.

"We are not far from good things," said his master; and turning to the mountaineer, he asked, "Did you ever hear of a manuscript of Virgil, in the Capuchin Monastery on the hill?"

"I have heard of nothing from the priests, save what I learned from one, a Venetian, a noble man, who did love books and detest monkish fables, who died of wounds when I lost my boy."

"Ah, good man, your own son? Do not allow us to invade your private woes. But it is a fresh sorrow, I am sure."

Gaspar had found intellectual and spiritual sympathy at the same moment; and anxious as he was to hide his own name, he told the story of the attack of the French cohorts of the Pope and of the capture of Ami.

Tears coursed down cheeks which in biographical portraiture have never been celebrated for the presence of anything like tears upon them. A heart which often seems to the reader of his life strangely empty of human sympathy, responded to this tale, especially when the mountaineer seemed to forget his surroundings, and said, —

"I hoped to see my boy a great printer, like Aldus Manutius, and I was promised a manuscript of Virgil by Fra Latrano; but the boy is dead, and the monks have concealed the parchment."

"My dear man," said the scholar, "our lives have met at vital and exciting points. I have journeyed many miles — I beg you, do not ask my name — with this my

youthful student to find and copy that very parchment. I have letters from Pope Julius II."

"Ah," said Gaspar, "we fear those who carry the messages or commands of his Holiness; they are swords for our hearts!" and he listened, as often had the Piedmontese, to hear the shouts of persecuting cavalry.

"I do not like a state of things in which an honest man who loves books trembles for his life," said the master.

"But books and honesty are dangerous companions now in these mountains. I could wish you were where you might not be murdered, at any moment, for the crime of simply saying what you have said. That is called heresy in these mountains," answered the host.

"It is heresy, damnable heresy," said the scholar, "to stifle honest thinking, to seize a child, carry him off to death, and hide the literature of Greece and Rome."

Gaspar felt the breath of both the Renaissance and the Reformation in his humble home. He knew he was entertaining a great man; but he saw what the world was soon to find out, — that this man's interest was in ideas and in scholarship, rather than in purposes and deeds.

Could it be that this man was the already illustrious Erasmus of Rotterdam?

"Let us talk of the manuscripts in the morning," said the tired scholar, feeling that it was necessary for him to rest, but feeling still more keenly that he had another page on the ignorance of monks, which he would not forget, to add to those he had already written on horseback and in inns, as they had been wandering from the route toward England.

Gaspar could not sleep that night. He resolved to tell the whole story of priestcraft, as he knew it, to a man whom he never suspected of being still in holy orders, of whom he had no slightest hint that in his pockets were pages, closely written, crowded with such satire on

monks as would make the world laugh and grow furious for at least three centuries.

"Certainly," he thought, "I can find out what is doing in the world, to make it less dark and less superstitious and cruel; I will get this, at least, from my guest when he wakes."

Little Alke alone slept soundly.

"Surely," said the sleepy scholar, "this is Perrin, the best printer of Venice. He was the pride of Aldus Manutius,—the man for whom he is yet mourning, the man who had to leave Venice to keep his life, the man for whose blood Count Aldani Neforzo set a hundred priests in search. I can comfort him on the morrow with news of light. A better day is dawning."





## CHAPTER III.

### A RECOGNIZED GUEST.

"Far o'er the steep the chalet glances dim,  
Through clouds that gather on the glacier's rim,  
And here a cataract in maniac wrath  
And share of foam ploughs up its furious path,  
But drained from fountains of eternal snow,  
Converts to flowers the verdant vale below."

MORNING, as splendid as the fairest dream, broke upon the mountains. Far and wide the daytime unfurled radiant banners upon the everlasting hills, and the valleys were vast basins full of purple and crimson light. Monte Viso, white and inaccessible, caught the whole pageant, and detained it long upon her fiery crest. Lonely and majestic, Mont Cenis answered with streamers of light. The great river shone like a flashing streak of gold. The pines, of which Virgil sang, were hung with silver. Bells tinkled on the resonant air, and their music floated upward along the glassy steepes of hard snow. Everything became sublime to Gaspar, as he walked to the cow-shed without a fear of Saint Bridget in his ample soul.

When the scholar had risen and made himself ready for the day's journey, he found that the "Herone et Leandro" had disappeared; and he discovered further, to his soul's amazement, that a copy of the "Dante" of 1481,

by Baldini, occupied its place, next to the bowl, which had been washed thoroughly in the mean time.

"We are in the home of a most remarkable man," said the master to his pupil, — for such he was; "and I am confounded by the appearance of this 'Dante.' I had as soon expected a ghost."

The pupil said nothing, for he was still asleep; and the scholar soon saw that little Alke and he were dividing sweetmeats at the feast of slumber.

The nervous scholar, however, chattered on: "These marks are such as nobody but a Waldensian would make. Every line which scores the priests is noted; every page which stabs the Church is dog's-eared. A scholar and a heretic!" and his eye then rested upon that page in which Dante describes Benedict among the heads of the Holy Church: —

". . . My rule

Is left a profitless stain upon the leaves;  
The walls, for abbeys reared, turned into dens;  
The cowls to sacks are choked up with musty meal.  
Foul usury doth not more lift itself  
Against God's pleasure, than that fruit which makes  
The hearts of monks so wanton."

When Gaspar came in, with a pail so full of milk that it was a task to keep the treasure within its bounds, the scholar saluted him with such attentive courtesy as made Gaspar feel again the atmosphere of the Venetian printing-room; and instead of saying the pleasant things he had resolved upon in the cow-house, he stood perfectly silent, with the smells of the stable upon him, the bucket still in his hand, while before his brain came the scene in the house of Aldus that night in 1503, on which the great printer received word that the "*Hercules Furens*" of Euripides had been discovered. The second volume of the Euripides had gone to press. The printer was beset with doubt as to the genuineness of the manuscript, and as to the advisability of including the play in that edition.

Gaspar still held to the milk-pail, and stood stupidly, as it afterward seemed to him, staring backward over the years and into the fine face of Aldus. He was remembering how much Aldus desired on that night the privilege of a single hour with that manuscript in the presence of Erasmus. And now Gaspar really believed that Erasmus was bowing to him in his own cottage.

"I hope you did not find Saint Bridget interfering with the heels of your cows," said the scholarly stranger.

"No," answered the new milkmaid, "Saint Bridget seems to have left the premises. The udders of the cows were never more full."

The morning meal was excellent, if the eating could be regarded as proof of the pudding. Alke waked, smiled, and prattled, while the scholar tried to be pleasant to the little one, and at the same time to discover the name of this interesting man. Never did two men more laboriously seek to remain unrecognized each to the other; never were resistless sympathies rendering the accomplishment of such an end less probable. They fully canvassed the subject of the manuscripts, until it was evident that for some reason the stranger wanted to drop the subject.

"Your mountain has been celebrated by Virgil, and Dante has come into your cottage," said the stranger.

"Yes," answered the host. "Virgil and Dante were both prophets, though one was a Pagan and the other a Christian. When I was once in Mantua, I heard the service in church on St. Paul's day. You know the hymn which contains Saint Paul's words, spoken when he looked at Virgil's tomb: —

' Ad Maronis Mausoleum  
Ductus, fudit super eum  
Pis rorem lacrymæ;  
Quem te, inquit reddidissem  
Si te vivum invenissem  
Poetarum maxime.'

Virgil could never have written the fourth eclogue without having read Isaiah. Dante is like enough to that Hebrew iconoclast. I was told by one who knows the painter that when somebody upbraided Michael Angelo for sketching Julius, the Holy Father, in hell on the ceiling of his own chapel, he replied that Dante had done as ill by putting a pope in hell in his poetry. The change which Dante prophesies may be almost as great as that which Virgil saw coming."

"Scarcely," said the conservative stranger. "One was the dawn of a new faith; this will be only a peaceful transformation of opinions about the old one."

"It is not peaceful here," said Gaspar; and he held up his arms hacked by the butchers who had torn away his child.

"I sympathize with you," replied the scholar, with that same halting, equivocal, rationalistic fervor which never allowed him either to spare the Holy Church or to accept the cause of the Reformers, — "I sympathize with you in your sufferings, but the reform must come slowly."

"Did you ever see an avalanche move slowly?" asked the Waldensian. "Friend! there are too many winds in the mountains, and great steeps running downward into untold depths. This avalanche which has been loosened will not stop for anything."

"Do you believe an avalanche is really loosened, that the Church and the world are to suffer from a revolution?" asked the stranger, as he put particular emphasis on the suffering which would come with such an event as Gaspar seemed to contemplate.

A peculiar gesture made Gaspar sure that he was entertaining Erasmus. The earnest Waldensian felt now that the moment had come. He had forgotten about the manuscripts for which this scholar and his student had travelled to Turin; and now he believed that he could compel his guest to disclose his name. He stepped

to a little box which had served as a trunk in his travels from Venice to his mountain home ; and he seized with trembling hands a book which he held up before the gaze of the wondering men.

"This," said he, as Alke toddled between his legs laughing and chattering, — "this is enough to break the ice-bands which hold a glacier. A man who writes a book like this in these times cannot help but expect a revolution. Enough energy is here to change things. For these opinions stood my father and his friends. We have been ignorant ; this book is scholarly. But Peter Waldo of Lyons saw this truth ;" and then the mountaineer read with a voice which had echoed through the mountains, the brilliant, sword-like sentences which filled the air of that room with lightning flashes.

No book could have so unfitted the scholar for an argument. How quickly he recognized the phrases ! It was bewildering ; but more, he was both deeply annoyed and altogether amazed. The red flush came into his thin cheeks as Gaspar read the passages which left much of the machinery of the Holy Church quite out of account in the development of the Christian life. At length Gaspar reached these sentences : "The most acceptable service which you can offer to the Virgin Mary is to endeavor to imitate her humility. If you must adore the bones of Saint Paul locked up in a casket, adore also the spirit of Saint Paul which shines forth from his writings."

His voice sounded like a trumpet. The scholar rose and walked to the closed door. Was it an effort to have him tell his name, or to criticise his attitude toward the Reformers ?

Nothing could have more thoroughly distinguished the two men than this fact, — whenever the mountaineer read the passages in which Platonic ideas of human nature or the Roman stoicism figured, the guest was at ease ; but



it was then that the host hurried on to the sentences which described the follies and disgraces of monkish life. One saw the morning through his brain, and, like a Hamlet, found his intellectual powers extracting the energy from his will ; the other saw it through his conscience, and was at once an heroic soldier of reform.

Gaspar, still standing, read this passage with much force : " Tell me not this is charity, to be constant at church, to prostrate yourself before the images of saints, to burn wax candles, and to chant prayers. God has no need of these things. What Paul calls charity is to edify your neighbor, to esteem all men members of the same body, to think all are one in Christ, to rejoice in the Lord at your brother's welfare as if it were your own, to remedy his misfortunes as if they too were your own, to correct the erring gently, to instruct the ignorant, to raise the fallen, to comfort the cast-down, to assist them that are in trouble, to succor them that are in want ; in fine, to direct all your powers, all your zeal, all your care to this end, — to do good in Christ in all to whom you can do good, in order that as he was neither born nor lived nor died to himself, but gave himself wholly for our advantage, so we also may serve our brother's needs and not our own. Were this so, there would be no kind of life more happy or more pleasant than that of those who have set themselves apart for the service of religion ; which now, on the contrary, we find to be severe and toilsome, and filled with Jewish superstitions, nor free from any of the vices of the outer world ; in some respects it is even more deeply stained."

" What," said the reader, — " what can stop the storm which those facts and truths will bring forth? "

At this the stranger seemed entirely disconcerted ; and he said nervously, " That is a strange book."

" Yes," replied Perrin ; " it is the kind of book which I would expect a scholar to write. All the forces of

scholarship have been melting the ice. The Church has been weakening in her authority before the advancing noonday which scholars have inaugurated by bringing in Greece and Rome upon her. It does not tell *all* the truth ; but this book means everything to me."

In excellent humor as he was, Gaspar looked the listener in the face, and saw that he was excited and perplexed.

"It is full of the kind of revolution which I see plainly that you are afraid of. Did you ever read it?" gravely queried the Waldensian.

He handed the volume to the scholar, and watched his shrewd look ; but the mountaineer had the victory. It was a copy of the 'Enchiridion,' — "The Christian Soldier's Dagger," — written, as they both knew, by Desiderius Erasmus.

There was a good deal of oppressive silence before Gaspar went out to help the youth with his horses. The man who had just ordered them for the day's journey did not know whether he wanted to go or stay. He had promised the youth not to reveal his identity. He was resolved upon one thing more, to say nothing further about the manuscript to his host, unless the subject came up without his effort. True, he was disappointed at not finding it. They had travelled a long distance, and on the day before, they had **been** badly treated by the Capuchin monks, who, while they respected the Pope's letter, could not bring themselves to tolerate this particular guest. Nevertheless, the elder of the two travellers concluded not to refer to the subject. His mind was sufficiently employed on other matters. He must at once set out toward England.

He had fallen quite in love with this man and his cottage. There was an honest nobility in that curious cottager ; and the little girl was beautiful. As they came to the door with the horses, Gaspar saw him kiss little Alke.

"What will this child do, if this spiritual avalanche does sweep over Europe?" thought the scholar; and the child smiled upon him as he took the "Dante" out of the little hands into which it had found its way, and placed there instead four bright coins.

"We are ready for the day's journey," said the youth, as he entered the cottage and found the scholar bundled up as well as he might be for such a contest with snow and cold.

"Scarcely ready," said the other, "until this most worthy man is paid as we cannot pay him."

"I am remunerated," said Gaspar, "by the honor you have done me. I am more than paid by the presence of so much learning and companionship. Possibly you may yet obtain that manuscript of Virgil. We may never see each other again. With this food, and these notes for your guidance which I have written, — for your route is difficult, — I enclose a hope that you will still melt the ice and help to loosen the avalanche."

"What, man?" said the scholar. "You still interest and perplex me. What can you signify?"

The mountaineer smiled upon the disconcerted scholar, as he slowly said, "It is a grave and shining hour, Master! You will have your part to act in this tragedy. It would be a comedy, only a feeble comedy, if it were only what you seem to expect. Scholar, and illustrious scholar that you are —"

"No; you must not mistake me."

"I do not," said the host, as the scholar mounted his horse. "I was in the room of Aldus once, and with you, I saw that Lucca manuscript. Farewell, Erasmus!"

Gaspar was right.

The scholar smiled, pulled the rein, stopped his horse for another instant, and said, "Farewell, and Heaven keep you and your child, Gaspar Perrin!"



## CHAPTER IV.

### AT AN ENGLISH ABBEY.

"All is silent now, — silent the bell  
That, heard from yonder ivied turret high,  
Warned the cowed brother from his midnight cell;  
Silent the vesper chant, — the Litany,  
Responsive to the organ: scattered lie  
The wrecks of the proud pile, mid arches gray;  
While hollow winds through mantling ivy sigh;  
And even the mouldering shrine is rent away,  
Where in the warrior weeds the British Arthur lay."

CLEAR and lustrous was the sky which hung over Glastonbury Abbey. Weary and silent were the two illustrious friends who toiled along, making on foot the last miles of a journey which stretched from Cambridge itself to Salisbury Plain, and thence to the ancient seat of St. Dunstan. They had tarried for three days at Stonehenge, leaving their horses and attendant; and they proposed to return to the interesting ruins as soon as this long-expected visit to the famous abbey might be concluded. As they journeyed along, the hitherto delicate health of Erasmus seemed to be improving; and it was with a delightful pride that Thomas More, at whose house he had remained many days, beheld a flush of growing strength upon the white and hollow cheeks of his friend. Long as had been the way from the cottage of Gaspar Perrin in the mountains to Cam-

bridge, the fact that the scholar had anticipated lodging with one who was so soon to take his place among the worthiest sons of fame as Sir Thomas More, quickened his pace and made the route delightful. He had finished the "Praise of Folly" at More's house ; and the result had proved how exhaustive upon Erasmus had been even the fun and discussion which, evening after evening, its fresh pages had produced, as they had talked it over together.

Erasmus had often been invited to Glastonbury with any friend whom he might desire to bring with him ; but this invitation had come in days when there was less interest in England in what had come to be called the "influence of the new learning." More had insisted upon this journey as a holiday, and had so held before his scholarly eye the prospect of seeing a monument of Druidical worship at Stonehenge on their way, and a recently obtained manuscript of the Roman age at Glastonbury Abbey, as to effect his desire with his guest. They had enjoyed the pilgrimage, and Erasmus was certainly stronger.

Long and interesting as had been their conversation concerning Stonehenge, the Druids and the Belgæ, and the tradition which makes the ruin which they had left behind a relic of Ambrosius, it was brief and spiritless enough as compared to that which they held when the noble walls of the Western Lady Chapel had, after a memorable visit with the Abbot Richard Beere, faded from their eyes and taken their places in the memory of these men.

Abbot Richard had long been anxious to entertain Erasmus, whom a short time before he had met at the court of Henry VII. ; and strangely enough, when the unexpected guest whom Erasmus had brought with him at the entrance of the guest-house had received the kiss of peace by the hospitaller who was known as Brother

Lysand, the eyes of the intrepid Thomas More recognized as his host the very man who in Parliament had watched him so intently, when, as a beardless boy, in 1504, he had thwarted the plans of the king for a heavy subsidy. The abbot gracefully acknowledged his joy at their arrival, and even playfully referred to the first meeting of Erasmus and the already eminent young statesman.

"I was present," said he, with pardonable pride, "at the Lord Mayor's table not long ago, and had the good fortune to start the argument in which you found each other out."

"How was that?" quickly asked Erasmus.

"Well," said the abbot, "your own soul may be absorbed in study, to the joy or anxiety of all England and the enlightenment of the world, but you must not forget that occurrence. You remember it, I am sure."

And instantly it all came back to the scholar, — the heat of that debate, the silence at the table, the evident concern of the Lord Mayor, and the two short memorable sentences: "*Aut tu es Morus, aut nullus!*" cried out Erasmus. "*Aut tu es Erasmus, aut diabolus!*" exclaimed More.

It was easy, after such a beginning, for the conversation to glide along pleasantly. Behind it all, however, there was a distinct reserve upon the part of the Abbot of Glastonbury, whenever the state of the Church or the condition of English scholarship became its topic. The learned Richard Beere, powerful and yet timid, had become a conservative. He knew that Thomas More had been rightly accused of the dreadful sin of once having been devoted to the life of a monk, and of having fallen from a condition of ascetic rapture. He also remembered — for he had talked it over with no less a person than Thomas Wolsey at London — that Erasmus was the head and front of what was called "the humanistic movement," and, further, that it was conceived to be

the influence of Erasmus, who was ten years older than More, which had plunged the latter so deeply into what was called "the new learning."

Richard Beere had once been very friendly with Erasmus, but he now began to foresee consequences, flowing from his influence upon English thought, which were certain to unseat abbots and work undesired changes in the ecclesiastical life of the realm. However, he usually regained his feet in threading the difficulties which conversation opened, and became loquacious enough, when he sought to illustrate the history and grandeur of Glastonbury Abbey to two such scholars. He was proud of the sacred pile, and he was so wedded to institutionalism that he could not conceive of souls so strong in themselves as not to lose all thought of the value of the individual beneath a revered shadow.

"Possibly," said he to his friendly adviser, Brother Lysand, "these very heretics, if such they really be, may be drawn back to love, as never before, the warm breasts of the Holy Mother."

Abbot Richard had given instructions that the dinner should be delayed until the expected guest might arrive; and now the great refectory, which had so often been crowded with as many as five hundred guests, — a hall whose entertainment and board had been so often abused by the representatives of decayed titles with their multitudinous retinues, — opened its spacious doors with welcome to these two visitors. The two flights of stairs soon became two avenues filled with monks issuing from the cloisters; and as they entered the lavatory to perform their ablutions, Erasmus turned to More and said in a low voice, —

"Think of the number of men and of the amount of masculine energy of which monasticism has robbed the world."

"Probably they would have amounted to but little if

they had been out of this solemn prison," answered More.

"Their life is worthless now, certainly. The world would be poorer with them, if they were let in upon it, now that monkish mortification has extracted their manhood. But it has been a crime to withdraw from the world's work these vast armies of well-bred, healthful, and oftentimes devoted young men, who, since the days of Saint Anthony, have filled these monasteries and abbeys, and who have been rendered ignorant, superstitious, and immoral."

More was surprised to hear his friend—who, though often anticipating great changes in the Church, had always favored peace at any price—speak so strongly; and he was about to tell him as much, when the sub-prior rang the bell. The abbot drew them to a table at the upper end of the room; and they were seated, one on his right, the other on his left, near the priors and the other heads of the abbey.

Scarcely had the bell been rung, when the monks appeared, each bowing to the high table. More thought, with displeasure, that he had once been devoted to such useless genuflections. Erasmus remembered his own effort to drown the scholar within his own breast in a monastery near Delft.

The sub-prior gave bidding; seats were taken. Wearily did they sing the words of a psalm which in the real world would have sung itself into an anthem. With tiresome mechanism the brief service was performed, and the benediction was over. In a sepulchral voice, an asthmatic old monk, who now and then looked away over toward the guests at the risk of losing his place, began to read in Latin a portion of the New Testament, which portion proved to be of sufficient length to last during the entire meal. The soup had been uncovered; the cellarer was bowed in and out, and the dinner proceeded.



"Who, I pray you," said More, "who is this bright boy who seems to have the freedom of the whole abbey?"

"And never seems to abuse it," added Erasmus.

"Ah!" replied the abbot, as he smiled on him and gave recognition by a single nod of the head to one of the tables of the priests, near which the boy chanced to be standing, "that child may at some time be Abbot of Glastonbury." The abbot's eyes showed the passionate fondness of a father as he spoke. "He is born to do great things in the Holy Church. He is a grateful child, and some day he will know that the Church has saved him from an abominable life and damnation."

"Was he some bad little whelp whom you picked up in his villany?" asked Erasmus, with that quiet scorn and biting sarcasm which had not entirely exhausted itself in writing the "Praise of Folly."

"Oh, no!" answered the abbot, who shrugged his shoulders; "instead of that, he has been the purest and most truthful of children; and I sometimes feel that he cannot —"

"You do not mean," said the too quick and keen Erasmus, "that he cannot remain pure and truthful here in this holy atmosphere?"

The abbot did not feel the sword-thrust which Erasmus sent into the word "holy;" but one of the priests at the table nudged his neighbor, while the abbot said, "Quite the contrary; it was to keep him innocent and good that he was sent hither."

"To escape, as you were about to say, a severe damnation?" cruelly pursued Erasmus.

The Abbot of Glastonbury was a trifle worried; but he thought the whole story might enable him to extricate himself from toils which he could see were a delight to the sly and witty scholar. The child had moved nearer to their table, and he was very beautiful.

"The truth is," said Abbot Richard, with that assertiveness with which special and desperate pleading always begins, — "the truth is, this child — is he not a beautiful boy? — was sent hither by the holy friar Noglas, of Lutterworth. His father died only last year; and the child's mother, who was an angel of mercy and a lover of the Holy Church, survived her husband but a month. I wish I could think well of the boy's father." The abbot shook his head with every additional expression of sadness. "He is in the hands of the Infinite Mercy; and his whole fortune was divided, in order that incessant prayers might ascend for his salvation. The remnant of his fortune fell into the hands of his brother, who by a testament has been enjoined to guard it and to purchase the books — *O vanitas vanitatum!* — books which William Caxton has already printed, and — the pity is deeper when I think of it — the books also which a certain Aldus in Venice shall print. The whole remnant of the fortune may be wasted in this evil way. These books and some worn manuscripts, which we have good cause to suspect are vile and pernicious, are to be given to the boy — *Vian* is his name! — when he comes to later years. The boy's surroundings were bad enough so long as his father lived. The holy friar Noglas wrote us that his father actually met, at hours which must lead to suspicion, with those detestable and godless Lollards of Lutterworth, who, since the days of the arch-heretic John Wycliffe, have beset Lutterworth with ill. To save the child, his mother desired him to be sent hither. He is our child; and the saints forefend us against misleading such an one."

As the abbot spoke, More remembered a home which he and Erasmus had just left, the beauty of which history has not allowed to be forgotten; and as the monks who sat near were silent, he thought of the streams of fatherhood which had been imprisoned within the walls of such

institutions, and that, after all, it was not strange that, sacred as they were, they bred immoralities and abuses without number.

As they passed by the seven long tables at which stood the priests and lay-brethren, each the easy master of impressive etiquette, the "*Miserere*" was sung; and Vian came close to the abbot, who gently stroked his forehead and took his hand.

In the morning Erasmus saw the boy in the abbot's apartments, and was amused to find him employing himself in rubbing a piece of parchment smooth with chalk and pumice-stone,—articles which the youth speedily concealed when Abbot Richard entered. The reason of this instant concealment was apparent to Erasmus when the abbot had sent the boy on an unimportant errand to the sacristy, and when he proceeded to say,—

"The chalk on the youth's frock gives me pain."

"The child will probably be a scholar," said Erasmus, dryly.

"I fear that he will be misguided by those who have age and have not sufficient faith."

"Age," said the scholar, "is not likely to destroy actual faith; it does often dissolve dreams, however."

"Alas! men oftener lose their souls with losing their dreams," replied the abbot. "We are losing too much and too rapidly. The Holy Church is pursued by enemies who ought to be friends. In the race she is flinging aside precious garments, and will soon be unclothed. If I had my way at Rome, she would stop her flight, and even with the points of swords, turn her pursuers back. I do not like to have Vian copy the manuscripts of wicked and pagan Rome. The chalk on his frock shows that he is under evil influences."

"I cannot imagine evil influences in such a holy place as this abbey," said Erasmus, with painful irony.

"Ah!" replied the abbot, "I am beset with doubting

monks and many cares, but the severest of all is my care that my monks shall be kept from sinful familiarities with what is called 'the new learning.' Vian shall be shielded from the wickedness of unbelief."

The truth is that Vian had already copied, with an artistic elegance quite marvellous in a boy, a manuscript of Lucian, which had been brought secretly from Italy by the old monk Fra Giovanni, whose reading of the Scriptures at the dinner was so interrupted by asthma and his inclination to observe the guests. One of the monks, into whose care Vian had been committed by the abbot, had an interest in this author of which the abbot had no suspicion; and the boy had been allowed to amuse himself and obtain favors from his friend, by working in an aimless but interested way, as Abbot Richard Beere supposed, but really in a way most perilous to the abbot's plans, at pens, knives, parchment, inks, chalk, pumice-stone, and, most significant of all, this manuscript of Lucian's "*Mycillus*."

"He has copied a dialogue from Lucian," said the abbot, with evident displeasure.

The remark struck Erasmus with force, as he saw that the abbot knew that Erasmus himself, nearly nine years before, had translated some of Lucian's severest strictures on the philosophers of his day, and that the "*Praise of Folly*," which certainly the abbot had not seen, and which he certainly would read with pain, had already impressed his friend Thomas More as a satire conceived against the monks, and owing much of its point to the author's acquaintance with the earlier master of ridicule at Samosota, Lucian. Erasmus already anticipated the judgment of subsequent literary criticism; he was to be called the Lucian of the sixteenth century.

"Why, Lucian?" said he to the intent abbot. "Lucian is sure to sharpen his wits. Your Reverence cannot be uninterested in his satire. You have in his dialogue a

cock talking with a cobbler, his master, more ludicrously than any professional jester, and yet more wisely than the vulgar herd of divines and philosophers in their schools, who, with a noble disdain of more important matters, dispute about pompous nothings."

"But this is no time for jests, though they be clever. The habit of jesting about the Holy Church will grow out of Vian's copying Lucian's dialogue. He is fond of translating. He really enjoys his reading; I overheard him laugh as he wrote. He was copying that passage which shows the panic in the Pantheon, when the Olympian deities find out that men no longer have faith in them. It must have been that he laughed at what he had just read. I think it was his feeling of how ludicrously they behaved when they thought that, as gods, they would live no longer, that amused him. I feel that he may get a habit of amusing himself with sacred things. Some wickedly affect to believe that the Holy Church has some practices and certain beliefs which are, as you say, 'pompous nothings.' The saints preserve Vian from falling into the habit of jesting with things as ancient and holy as are the papacy, the confessional, and the priesthood!"

Erasmus detected a certain pathos in this position. He knew full well that many revered institutions could not endure jesting. Even the attitude of Richard Beere had been partially transformed, as he had contemplated the possibilities in the immediate future. He appreciated the solemn faithfulness which this timid conservative showed. He himself had begun to quail a little at the possible results of ridiculing the clergy and their ignorant impiety. But the "Praise of Folly" was written; and such men as Abbot Richard must now hold the reins over the horses which the noise would frighten. Vian and such bright boys surely would get hold of it in the abbey; and he felt concerned a little oftentimes, as he

thought that as surely as this boy had laughed at the old philosophy of Rome as he read the pages of Lucian, such as he would not only laugh, but grow sceptical about the Romish Church as they read the "Praise of Folly." He pitied the shy and painful conservatism of this abbot, and he resolved that if he obtained an opportunity — which, by the way, never came — he would caution Vian against supposing that anything else in the world was really as worthy of being made fun of as was the old philosophy. One thing he would be careful about, — he would not annoy his host with his own doubts about the Church, his own knowledge of her weakness and crimes, and his own sure hope that when Abbot Richard had been dead a long while, Vian and others like him would be led in the triumph of "the new learning."

All the resolutions of Erasmus had those alarming defects which come from a weak will and a lively intelligence.





## CHAPTER V.

### UNPLEASANT VISITORS.

No man e'er felt the halter draw  
With good opinion of the law.

TRUMBULL.

MORE came into the vaulted room just as the abbot and Erasmus had partaken of the excellent beer which was brewed by the monks of Glastonbury. After sipping a little more, and remarking upon its good quality, they started, with the proud head of the institution, to look at the interesting and sacred relics. Old Fra Giovanni, breathing whispers to Vian, who came close to Abbot Richard, came and went with surprising freedom, as they proceeded from spot to spot. This beautiful youth amidst these ancient buildings, this fresh boyhood in this atmosphere of antiquity, — the contrasts and the suggestions made the scholar and the statesman silent. Abbot Richard, however, talked incessantly.

“For fifteen centuries and more, the cross has stood on this spot ; and yet some fear that base men will some day be wicked enough to raze these buildings to the earth. The saints forefend us !”

He listened for a reply, but Erasmus said only this : “There will be no change but for the better, I am sure.”

"Ah, if I could be sure!" urged the abbot. "Heresies are everywhere, and kings are silent. Would that the sword were drawn but once! they would disappear."

"Nay," said More; "ideas alone may conquer ideas. Saint Peter once drew his sword; and his Master bade him sheath it again."

"Yes, good friend!" added Erasmus; "ideas cannot be swept back by institutions, — for institutions are only the forms of old ideas."

He was just going to say that new ideas often supplanted them with new institutions, when the abbot, somewhat nettled, said, "And what if these old ideas be true ideas?"

"Then," cautiously replied Erasmus, — "then they need no swords; they and their institutions will stand forever."

"Ah!" said the abbot, "the Holy Church is an institution of God, not the embodiment of any human ideas."

Thomas More remembered the story of the young Christ as the "Son of Man" standing in the temple and saying, while Sabbath and temple were being transformed, "A greater than the temple is here."

Erasmus said meditatively, in Vian's hearing, "Even the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," — and he wanted to say that man was God's child, and dearer to Him than all else; but they were nearing Glastonbury Thorn.

The abbot was eloquent; and Vian wondered at what was sure to be plain to him at a later day, — what could Master Erasmus have meant by that quotation about the Sabbath which the boy had already seen in the Vulgate?

"This is but an ordinary bush to profane eyes," said Abbot Richard, as if he would prevent any outburst of rationalism and irreverence on the part of Erasmus, whose words, especially when spoken in Vian's presence,



he dreaded; "but it is something else to the eye of history and to the heart of faith."

"Sometimes, your Reverence, the over-zealous heart of faith makes the eye of history very near-sighted," remarked the unimpressible scholar.

It was a thrust which the abbot was glad Vian did not notice; but it nearly staggered the credulous and loquacious Churchman.

"Have I invited these heretics to my abbey, that this promising child may be ruined?" thought the pious Abbot Richard.

Erasmus was sorry he had said so much; but his scholarly spirit was full of rebukes which he did not utter against the ignorance intrenched even in this abbey.

He had been annoyed at Giovanni's reading at dinner, as he reiterated some of the most palpable errors of the Vulgate. The erudite visitor was at that time at work on the critical edition of the Greek Testament, which was to appear in 1516. This audacious impiety the abbot had already set down against Erasmus. He had however failed to change the attitude of the scholar by hospitality. Even in the presence of Glastonbury Thorn he replied to the hot questions of the abbot, — "Would you presume to correct the Holy Ghost? Are you the enemy of the Church?"

Erasmus simply said, as often he was accustomed to say: "Can there possibly be any worse enemies of the Church than the godless pontiffs who silently suffer Jesus Christ to be rejected, — binding him by their mercenary adherents, traducing him by forced interpretations, and strangling him by their pestilent morals."

"I, in spite of your contumacious words, am the adherent of his Holiness," spoke the abbot, with a flashing eye.

Vian came close to the revered head of Glastonbury,

and trembled. The boy felt that something which his Reverence prized highly was endangered.

"And every lover of truth, my gracious host, is an adherent of Him who is the truth," trenchantly added Erasmus.

The Abbot Richard was silent for an instant, as though puzzled with this audacious phenomenon, — a man of the Renaissance aglow with fire for a reformation. Then he asked, as he sent Vian away, —

"What would you do with your Greek Testament?"

"I desire," gladly answered Erasmus, — "I desire to lead back to its first teachings the cold wordy thing called 'theology.' Would that this labor might bear as much fruit for Christianity as it has cost in effort and application!"

The conservative Churchman shrugged his shoulders once more, and began again to talk about the relics of Glastonbury. They were now standing near the thorn.

"Do wicked men doubt the miracles of the Holy Church? Here is a living miracle."

"And this," said Erasmus, as he touched its green leaves, — "this is the withered staff of Saint Joseph of Arimathea, in whose grave lay the dead Christ? Do you not think that the devotions paid to the slips from this tree, which slips I have seen in other lands, healing the sick and filling the pockets of the priests with coin, do entomb the Lord again, so that the Holy Church has even now a Christ in the sepulchre?"

Vian, who had joined them again, looked up with the wondering eyes of a thoughtful boy; and Abbot Richard, affecting to be ignorant that the scholar had asked a pointed question, told the story, presumably for the instruction of the boy.

It was this. Joseph of Arimathea was wealthy, and a member of the Sanhedrim. At the death of Jesus his proffered tomb was the testimony to his ardent disciple-

ship. Of course he was banished. Adrift for long months in a boat without sails or oar, he landed at last, with Philip, Lazarus, Martha, and Mary, at Marseilles. Joseph became missionary to Britain; and, tossed shoreward in Bridgewater Bay, he and his cause became possessed of twelve hides of land, by the tolerant generosity of King Arviragus.

"Up this very hill," said the abbot, "did he climb, from the morasses and fogs below. With tired feet, on this spot he ended his journey. It was Christmas Day. 'We are weary all,' he cried out; and he struck his staff into the earth, and fell to praying and thanking God."

"So," said More; "it is called 'Weary-all Hill.'"

"And so," said the abbot, grateful that More was at least modest in his scepticism, — "and so the wild men who crowded about the saint were quite powerless to do him harm, as were the lions over Daniel. From that hour, every Christmas Day, this staff of the holy Saint Joseph has given forth its verdure and its blossoms, perfuming the airs which reach the abbey."

"Was the staff of Joseph a shoot from the tree out of which the true cross was made?" asked the author of the "Praise of Folly," with an irritating innocence of manner.

"Ah!" said Abbot Richard, entirely satisfied with the rising faith of Erasmus; "we know not. The walnut-tree yonder is covered with leaves on each Saint Barnabas' Day."

"Both of these trees must produce a fine revenue for Christ's poor priests; for they sell the slips of the thorn at wicked prices elsewhere. And I am told by our good friend here that crowds come to create a carnival when the walnut-tree puts forth its leaves."

To this suggestion of the money-making tendencies of the monks, the abbot made no reply. He could not

enjoy his visitor ; he was discouraged, and spoke less to the scholar and more to his friend More. Silently they walked back to the chapel.

The twisted withes, of which John of Glastonbury has spoken, had long ago given place to something more elegant and substantial ; but they were living and fragrant in the conversation of the abbot, as he spoke of the chapel and the arches.

Never quite willing to confront all the results of the influence of "the new learning," More was interested to hear this loyal Churchman and Englishman, as he anticipated the architectural writers of later periods, insisting, as he did, that the Gothic order of architecture was not an importation from France or Italy, but that it owed its origin in England to the imitation of the wicker-work of which the Chapel of St. Michael, connected with the Glastonbury Abbey of the past, was constructed.

"Interlacing willows, which first wound around the posts, were the earliest suggestions of the intersecting lines of groined roofs," said his Reverence.

"So easily," said Erasmus, "do institutions grow with the growing life of mankind, that there always seems some fact handy to our minds over which, as over a bridge, the ambitious thought may go to some greater fact. I wonder if we are not now, in Europe, about to leave for a while the making of chapels and cathedrals, for the founding of schools like Master John Colet's in London?"

The very name of John Colet of St. Paul's roused the already excited abbot to eloquent ire. He had known him as a "humanist ;" and much as at times he had sympathized with learning, to be a devotee of his peculiar ideas was worse for Colet, in the judgment of Richard Beere, than if he had been a scoundrel. The abbot now looked upon John Colet's visit to Italy, years before,

as an event of sad import to the orthodoxy of English Christendom.

Certainly the great Oxford scholar had come back with a love for the Christian element in Neo-Platonism which made him very tolerant toward Florentine efforts at philosophy, and with a holy anger against ecclesiastical vice which made him intolerant toward much that was essential in the mind of Richard Beere. Colet had not yet founded St. Paul's School; but Erasmus knew that the abbot understood his plans, and that this school was the most hopeful prophecy in the brain of an Englishman.

"That unhappy day when John Colet brought heresy into England, has shadowed the Church and throne," said the abbot. "May the saints save such as these" — placing his hand upon the head of Vian — "from his baneful influence! He has perverted the Scriptures; he has assailed the Church."

"If the Church is on the rock, even hell may not shake her," said More.

"If she is not upon the rock," added Erasmus, "the truth uttered by wise and brave men may compel her to find the rock."

It was two against one, and the abbot was becoming furious. "Come with me! Come with me!" he cried.

In his haste and petulance, he had forgotten to send Vian upon another errand. The boy clung to More, half afraid of the abbot.

They entered the Lord Abbot Richard's dwelling. Erasmus sat behind a mullioned window, overhung with fine tracery in stone. He was perfectly serene. The abbot read aloud: "If he be a lawful bishop, he of himself does nothing, but God in him. But if he do attempt anything of himself, he is then a breeder of poison. And if he also bring this to birth, and carry into execution his own will, he is wickedly distilling

poison to the destruction of the Church. This has now, indeed, been done for many years past, and has by this time so increased as to take powerful hold on all members of the Church; so that unless that Mediator, who alone can do so, who created and founded the Church out of nothing for himself, — therefore does Saint Paul often call it a ‘creature,’ — unless, I say, the Mediator Jesus lay to his hand with all speed, our most disordered Church cannot be far from death. . . . Men consult not God on what is to be done by constant prayer, but take counsel with men, whereby they shake and overthrow everything. All — as we must own with grief, and as I write with both grief and tears — seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ’s; not heavenly things, but earthly; what will bring them to death, not what will bring them to life eternal.”

“Who spoke so truly and so well?” inquired the scholar, who was certain that he detected in those words the soul and manner of John Colet.

“The wicked heretic whose name you have brought to this place,” sharply answered Abbot Richard.

“On my soul,” said the serene More, “you would love John Colet, did you but know him as I do.”

“I cannot love, and I *will not know*, the enemies of the Church. You heard the words which I read. Such words against her Supreme Head are worthy of death. Oh, these are days of peril!”

In vain did More attempt to reconcile the troubled and dogmatic abbot to the fine and noble character of a man whom More loved so well and honored so thoroughly. In Colet was the Renaissance as it began to blossom into the Reformation; and Abbot Richard was against “the new learning” the moment it looked toward disturbing the Church. In Colet was the quiet power of the Reformation, which was sure to be unquiet elsewhere; and the head of Glastonbury Abbey would

meet it with a sword. The kings who courted either "the new learning" or the reform were untrustworthy; the priests who recognized either, he would expel from the abbey!

Yet he knew that this latter course was not prudent, even if it were possible. He had often stood in solitude by Glastonbury Thorn, and wondered what to do. No poet has estimated his difficulties.

"The miracle we now behold,  
Fresh from our Master's hand,  
From age to age shall long be told  
In every Christian land,  
And kings and nations yet unborn  
Shall bless the Glastonbury thorn."

That was a mere statement of a rhymester. He felt the beauty of such a hope, and the difficulty of its realization, ages before the poet's birth.

No one of her abbots had added lands, or builded so largely upon and with the past, as had he.

"Still farm to farm, and park to park,  
They added year by year,  
From hills that heard the soaring lark,  
To lowly marsh and mere;  
But still they cried, 'The space is small  
For an Abbot of Glastonbury Hall.'"

He felt that all that had been created there to the honor of religion was permanent. In the hour when doubt besieged the castle, he would add to its strength and glory. Here, where they who first brought the gospel to Britain had solemnly woven twigs and prayed beneath a thatched roof, Richard Beere saw at last sixty acres covered with noble buildings. As often as he felt the breath of the Renaissance or heard the thunder of the Reformation, had he gone to Parliament House as the proudest of spiritual barons, or seated himself within his elegant court, where the sons of royalty and nobility

bowed before him ; or perhaps he gathered about him a hundred men of noble birth, mounted on mettled steeds and clad in luxurious garments, making up his retinue, as he set out for a synod ; or perhaps he then conceived or executed a plan for some such elaborate addition to the buildings as should demonstrate the unshaken confidence which her most conspicuous English abbot possessed in the character of the present ecclesiastical machinery. He knew not that colossal edifices, dogmatic utterances, and persecuting ardor are the infallible signs which ideas make of their evanescence.

He was proud to stand with the builders of these solemn arches and the collectors of these innumerable relics, as he repeated their names and recounted their achievements. If the friends of Joseph of Arimathea had built the little wicker-work church, and if they had, at the suggestion of the angel Gabriel, as he believed, dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin, and buried the bones of Joseph there, he had bound the destinies of Church and State together by erecting the King's apartments. If, nearly fourteen hundred years before, the ancient and decayed wattled church had been replaced by the labor of the pious hands of Saints Phaganus and Duravanus, and, as the result, there had been dedicated another to Saint Michael the Archangel, Abbot Richard had erected that lovely shrine, known as the Chapel of Our Lady of Loretto. Where the twelve anchorets which Lucius had placed on the island, to live for the most part on bread and water, and to adorn piety with the painful seclusions of asceticism, had conquered the Druids, there the traveller of to-day sees the small almshouse and chapel for women. Abbot Richard's mitre hangs yet over a full-blown rose, both mitre and rose having been cut in stone making an armorial supported by greyhounds and dated 1512.

The abbot pointed out these new buildings to Erasmus



and More, unconsciously suggesting that they were most excellent testimonies to the vitality of his faith.

"When the new learning is dead," he customarily had said to Brother Lysand, who always agreed with his orthodoxy of belief, and drank largely of his most delightful wines, "then that escutcheon will be still surmounting the entrance."

They were now standing at the entrance of St. Benedict's Church, near the vase which held the consecrated water; the abbot had pointed to the initials above, "R. B.," and his eye was still fixed upon the mitre and garter which surmounted the escutcheon.

"You would lessen my authority," said the abbot, as he saw Erasmus assume the attitude of a man simply tolerant of the opinions of his proud host.

"No," answered the scholar. "I beg you to know that the authority you have over these men seems to be gracious and beneficent. But even above an abbot and numerous ceremonies, is the authority of Christ. The escutcheon will fall, if the foundation of St. Benedict's Church be not that of the Holy Apostles."

"I would not have the boy Vian live in the midst of such faithless reasonings. Scholar that you are, the wisdom of this world has misled you."

Erasmus smiled. His friend saw a sword glitter in that smile.

At this juncture More thought he saw a chance to reconcile two men whose antagonism of thought and conviction had made courtesy almost impossible.

"The boy must get accustomed to the daytime," replied he to his own questions. And then he said to the abbot: "The new learning has come. I believe it will remain. But Erasmus and I do not agree in all things. Master Erasmus and I had a controversy this day. I fear with you, Lord Abbot, that some of the foundations of the holy faith may be touched profanely."

The abbot was more than delighted. His loneliness was gone. Thomas More and Erasmus had found a difference of opinion on religious matters! It might lead to the discrediting of the influence of the former in England. More was growing more powerful every day. Abbot Richard really distrusted and certainly feared this wily and scholarly friend of More. He was provoked that in Church and State he was so highly honored. More's politics he also detested. But he could endure anything from his faithlessness as to the king's authority, if only he found him a substantial and loyal Churchman in this crisis. The only thing against More, in the abbot's mind, was his close association with the men of the new learning. He was rejoiced that he and Erasmus had found themselves in controversy at Glastonbury. The solemn grandeur of the abbey had exercised a beneficial influence on the young politician. Dare the wily foreigner make him a laughing-stock in his writings, if Thomas More could be found on the abbot's side in the debate? The abbot became both cheery and dogmatic.

"Believe that you eat and you do eat," said More, who, in an argument on the real presence of Christ in the consecrated wafer, had been worsted, and now began again, this time in the presence of the abbot, to insist upon the power of faith.

"Yes; well said! Truly spoken were those brave words, Thomas More! Be not fearful in the presence of a great scholar. How great is faith! how great is faith!"

The abbot was full of glee, as he spoke; but Thomas More, who knew that there was no argument in the dignitary's hilarity in discovering in him an opponent of Erasmus on the doctrine of transubstantiation, who also felt that perhaps he had said all that could be said on that side, who saw clearly that Erasmus was as calm and self-

possessed as is a trained army in the field against a single company of raw recruits, was ominously silent.

The abbot spoke again: "The whole substance of the bread and wine is without doubt converted into the Body and Blood of Christ. Let him who doubts it know that his soul has forfeited the propitiation of Christ himself."

Erasmus was still calm and silent. Vian brought a flower and placed it in the thin white hand of the scholar.

More was uneasy lest the abbot should go too far. He knew how undisturbed was the mind of his friend. He could not bear, however, for his own mental comfort, to see him practically excommunicated by the ardent abbot.

In every way Erasmus was superior to Richard Beere. He could not endure any lordly assumption of moral or mental governance upon the part of the abbot. They were his guests; but now the fire of theological controversy threatened to destroy all friendly relations. More than this, was Thomas More quite aware that the abbot had made astonishing revelations of the weakness of his positions. He knew the abbot had not hitherto thought well of him, because in Parliament he had defeated the plans of his royal benefactor Henry VII. It was amusing and disgusting to him that all his own political faults had been instantly pardoned, so soon as he was found to be in some way antagonistic to the dangerous iconoclasm of Erasmus the theologian. He also remembered that Erasmus in previous conversations, when no hospitable abbot was present to be treated with courtesy, had addressed to him arguments as to the falsity of the church idea of transubstantiation which he had been unable to answer. He now discovered that the learned abbot, who was trained in theology, was no better prepared for these volleys which were sure to come than he himself had been. He dreaded to have Erasmus open his mouth again. Great buildings and a proud

abbot were no refuge against the storm which this man was helping to bring upon the corruption and dogmatism of the Church. One sentence occupied his mind, — “Believe that you eat, and you do eat ;” and it seemed very unsatisfactory to the young statesman.

To his infinite relief, Erasmus began to speak of the beauty of the chapel, which stood before them on Tor Hill. It had been dedicated to Saint Michael the Archangel. Even yet one may see the figure of the archangel powerfully sculptured above the portal of the remaining tower, as he weighs in a pair of balances the Devil against the Bible. Erasmus gazed upon the figures for a moment, and discovering an attendant imp trying to pull down the scale in which the Devil sits, dryly said, —

“My Lord Abbot, is the name of that imp, Ignorantia, — the ignorance of the priesthood? I see he is making the Bible to appear very light in the scale.”

More felt that a newly discovered and most unpleasant quality of the mind of Erasmus had disclosed itself. He was surprised and annoyed that this man of culture, who often desired peace at any price, who so thoroughly detested revolution, should prod the hospitable abbot with such sharp questions. Erasmus, on the contrary, was for once consistent. He proposed to reform the opinions of the Church from within.

The abbot was silent, save to mumble words of gratitude that Vian was far enough away to miss hearing that question ; while More openly but affectionately reproved Erasmus, largely for the reason that he would soothe the wounded soul of Richard Beere.

“I suppose,” said Erasmus, “it is true to say, ‘Believe I am honest in my question, and I am honest,’ or ‘Believe that that little stone imp up there is the ignorance of our clergy, and it is the ignorance of our clergy ;’ but I have better reason and surer faith than that which

kneels before a consecrated wafer and says, 'Believe that you eat, and you do eat,' when I say that no other power is making the Bible so light and useless as the ignorance of the priests of the Holy Church."

Vian had now come close to the trembling and irritated abbot, and he heard the deliberate statement of the scholar.

"Even if you believe it, it is perilous wickedness to proclaim it," said the abbot, with petulance.

"I proclaim it inside the heavy and strong walls of an abbey, and to the Lord Abbot of Glastonbury. I have written of the sin and ignorance of the monk. He complains that his authority is lessened by our means, and that he is made a laughing-stock in my writings. The fact is, he offers himself as an object of ridicule to all men of education and sense; and this without end. I repel slander. But if learned and good men think ill of a man who directs slander at one who has not deserved it, which is it fair to consider the accountable person,—he who rightly repels what he ought not to acknowledge, or he who injuriously sets it afoot? If a man were to be laughed at for saying that asses in Brabant have wings, would he not himself make the laughing matter? However, I must be silent, because Thomas More and you agree on one philosophy: 'Believe that the asses of Brabant have wings, and the asses of Brabant have wings.'"

Vian, poor child, was very thirsty; and the abbot gladly led the way to the spring which, ages before, had refreshed the thirsty Saint Dunstan.

"Foolish journey for the boy!" said Erasmus to More, quietly, seemingly careless when he knew the youthful face was illumined with a glowing interest in what he then said: "'Believe that you drink and you do drink.' Oh, Thomas More! I have not sufficiently praised folly."



## CHAPTER VI.

### A NOVICE AND FUGITIVE.

“ To the island-valley of Avilion,  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery billows crowned with summer sea,”

No wonder your school raises a storm, for it is like the wooden horse in which armed Greeks were hidden for the ruin of barbarous Troy. — *From More's Letter to John Colet.*

ABBOT RICHARD was called to attend to some of the duties connected with his high position. Fra Giovanni, whose reading of the Vulgate we have heard at dinner, and whose uniform kindness and curious tales had already bound Vian to him with closest affection, came to show to the guests other interesting relics of the abbey.

Coughing continually and smiling at all times, he trudged along, with the hand of Vian in his own, making himself quite agreeable, and rapidly becoming more interesting to Erasmus than were even the shirt of Gildas and the coffins of Arthur and Guinevere.

Giovanni had a strange history. The name announced not only his Italian extraction, but much the same uncertainty of family connections as is suggested by the commonest of names. It is doubtful whether he

would have been owned by any family of Rome, which city had been his birthplace, or whether his independent and self-sufficient soul would have willingly identified himself with even the proudest family whose name was known by the Cæsars. He was of fine ancestry, so far as the aristocracy of brains and culture might go. He knew himself to be the unacknowledged son of a certain Italian cardinal, whose features were most marvelously reproduced in his own face, and whose passionate love for the classic arts and classic letters was an enthusiasm, if not a worship, in the soul of his child.

All this Erasmus also knew, from a clerical friend in Venice, who had known Fra Giovanni at the papal court. The scholar had also been informed that the Italian had, in 1508, been persuaded by the Pope himself to go to England for a consideration in the shape of certain manuscripts and books of almost priceless value, which he was allowed to take with him. And further, Erasmus knew that Abbot Richard Beere had, for a consideration also, agreed to make him at home at Glastonbury.

The real reason of the Pope's desire that Fra Giovanni should be out of Italy lay in this, — that, unluckily for his Holiness Julius II., the eye of this active monk had beheld certain letters which had passed between a certain enemy of Maximilian and the Pope, — letters of which no one had previously had knowledge, save the Pope, death having partially hid the secret in the grave of the correspondent, — letters, it must be added, whose character and witness were so against his Holiness as to demand the death or banishment of any beside the Pope who might have read them. With the art of a trained politician, the Pope had also accomplished the purpose of having, as he supposed, close to the ear and lips of the most powerful abbot in England, a trusty and yet not too pious servant. Richard Beere was compensated, although this same Fra Giovanni would often annoy him,

as the Pope knew. Italy, at least, would be free from a curious monk, whose secret would not be told ; and perhaps the same prying curiosity which had made such discoveries in the house of the Pope might be able to obtain secrets equally valuable to the papal chair, from an abbot whose place in Parliament and at the court of Henry VII. was powerful.

The truth was that Fra Giovanni had not been in Glastonbury a month, before he was the abbot's master. His ability to discover a skeleton in some closet, and to stand near unto it, pointing out to the guilty and knowing ones how easily he could create a perfect bedlam in the room of existent serenity and happiness, was never so self-conscious nor so autocratic as now.

Scandalous stories had been in circulation concerning two of the priors to whom Abbot Richard had been under long and painful obligations. Fra Giovanni found out every detail of the affair, and gave the frightened priors sufficient information to make them miserable and obedient. A wretched series of circumstances connecting the abbot himself with a foul transaction had been surveyed and resurveyed, measured and accurately described, so that Giovanni, in a low but terrible voice, one day displayed to the abbot so much of that body of facts which he possessed, that though he himself avowed his faith in the abbot's innocence, this ecclesiastical dignitary quivered before Giovanni's whisper, and begged like a slave for his gracious protection. With a sceptre of scandal, this solitary priest dominated, so far as he desired, the entire abbey. He was above all rules, superior to all traditions, the master of all customs, — his own law and guide.

He had the most sad and broken of asthmatic voices, and was the picture of quiescent truthfulness ; yet when he desired any position in the abbey, another was displaced. At meals he read the passage of Scripture. He



chose this place, because while he read he could with a piercing glance look over upon Richard Beere, Lord Abbot of Glastonbury, as he was ordering monks about like so many slaves or making a visiting duke his puppet, and he could inform his lordship in absolute silence that he also had a master whom he must not offend.

Another throne of power belonged to Giovanni. He himself was chief, and indeed for a time sole flagellant for the abbey. Abbot Richard might go to Parliament with a gorgeous retinue, but he never knew when Fra Giovanni might demand the privilege of flogging him. Giovanni chuckled when he thought of how tenderly he would administer the long birchen rods to the back of this spiritual lord. With no faith whatever in the men, the motives, or the hopes of the Holy Church, he was a happy fixture at Glastonbury Abbey.

Erasmus tried to get the scholarly Giovanni to talk books, manuscripts, and Greek art. Everybody who could, or dared, was affecting interest in the Renaissance; but Fra Giovanni, who knew far more than did Erasmus of the delectable gossip attending the revival of learning in Italy, refused sullenly to speak except with irony.

"This is holy ground," said he. "The profane Greeks must not snuff this air. Nostrils like mine, so used to this sacred atmosphere, must not be polluted by odors from the *Ægean*. Weary-all Hill is higher than the Acropolis; and the Lord Abbot's kitchen is more to be desired than the Erectheon."

"Especially at meal-time," said Erasmus, who perceived the excellent raillery.

"Here," said Giovanni, as he affected not to notice the words of his interlocutor, — "here is this boy, whose pious mother has sent him here to be kept from the posthumous influence of a man named John Wycliffe, a reforming clerk of Lutterworth, who translated the Bible;

and, the saints will witness ! my Lord Abbot has been allowing him to be with one who laughs at the proposition on which stands the doctrine of transubstantiation, ' Believe you eat, and you do eat.' "

" Did Vian tell you of our unhappy controversy ? " asked More.

" Yes, indeed," answered Giovanni, with a smile ; " and I doubt not his Wycliffite blood is tingling yet with his inborn opposition to the blessed doctrine of transubstantiation. He is a bright boy, — bright enough, Master Thomas More, to be the pride of all of this abbey and the hope of all of us who believe in ' the new learning.' The abbot will bless him, and we will educate him. But I must return to holier things than the education of a youth in profane learning. The saints forgive me ! "

Even More perceived the point of his satire. The monk was very happy and gracious. They were now standing in front of this inscription : —

" HIC JACET ARTURUS, FLOS REGUM, GLORIA REGNI,  
QUEM MORES PROBITAS COMMENDANT LAUDE PERENNI,  
VERSUS HENRICI SWANSEY ABBATIS GLASTON.

ARTURI JACET HIC CONJUX TUMULTA SECUNDA  
QUÆ MERUIT CÆLOS VIRTUTEM PROIE SECUNDA."

Fra Giovanni advanced solemnly to the black mausoleum which he averred contained the bones.

" Bones are more sacred than brains," he remarked.

" These are bones of King Arthur of the Round Table," said More.

" Well," remarked his friend, " the king's bones were the bones of a more honorable man than are those I am accustomed to have to kneel before. For my part, I am worn out at the knees with crawling before the bones of saints who were not saintly."

Vian was amazed, and then he smiled at the idea. It

reminded him of what the heretics of Lutterworth used to say about saints' bones.

"They tell us that Guinevere's yellow hair was found nicely braided when the coffin of hollowed oak was opened," said Giovanni.

"The braiding of her locks was probably the last touch of the affectionate hands of Sir Lancelot," added More, with a smile.

"Have you no more disgusting relics than these?" asked the scholar. "I have been so accustomed to those that empty me of my dinner that I do not feel sufficiently impressed by these."

Even Giovanni smiled; and then he proceeded to lead the way through the long cloisters, beneath many of the arches which lie upon the ground to-day. At length they stood before the hair shirt of Gildas. More placed his hand upon it; and Erasmus said, —

"Is this the shirt which he never exchanged for a cleaner garment?"

"The same," said Giovanni. "It is very sacred."

"I notice it has the odor of sanctity. I believe now that this holy man never washed himself, and was unclean enough to be canonized. Is it not true?"

"Quite true," replied the monk. "Time is a base heretic, for this shirt does not smell so badly as it did once."

At that moment the abbot appeared. He noticed that Vian avoided him, and he interpreted it as follows: The boy had been caught again in the apartment of a certain young monk who had read to him the odes of Horace and many of the pages of Lucian. That young monk was now to be severely flogged by Giovanni; and Vian had found it out, and loving him whom he thought of as his literary benefactor, he had conceived a fear of the abbot.

The truth was, the boy knew nothing of the proposed

flogging ; but he did feel within his heart a strange homesickness for Lutterworth, and a longing desire to accompany More and Erasmus, when they should bid farewell to the abbot and the hospitalities of Glastonbury Abbey. It was well that he did not dare to mention this, save to Fra Giovanni.

The next day Abbot Richard was busy with the Archbishop of York. While Giovanni was laughing with the monk whom he had been sent to flog, the illustrious travellers were slowly making their way out of the abbey, repeating the controversies of the past few days.

Vian — boy that he was — was broken-hearted at parting with two men so unlike monks in the freedom of their spirits, so manly in their thought. Giovanni had allowed him to follow him about from one place to another, until his tear-filled eyes were actually beholding the simulation of a flogging. Administered to whom? To the radiant-faced young monk who had read Horace to Vian. For what? For the sin of instructing Vian's ignorance, and acquainting his mind with one of the works of Roman genius.

As soon as the eyes of the youth saw the bare back of this friend of his soul, the birchen rods, and the pitiless gesticulations of Giovanni, they streamed with hot tears. He cried out in a manly voice : " I hate Lord Abbot Richard Beere ! I hate you too, Fra Giovanni ! I hate everything in this abbey."

Pretending anger, the monk excluded him at once, with words of censure and contempt. Vian was aflame with hate, indignation, and hope. Never did a boy's feet carry him with more speed than did his. Without a question from any who saw him running, he made his way to the great wall. Unconquered by a dozen failures to surmount it, his despair invented a ladder. At last he scaled it. While Giovanni, the mimic flagellant, was still laughing, as he and the younger and unflogged monk read

a play of Terence in that quiet cell which was supposed to be a place of private punishment ; while also Abbot Richard was solemnly bewailing to the Archbishop the state of the Church, the spread of Greek thought, and especially the influence of Erasmus upon the clergy and laity, — this eager son of a Lollard was running unwearyedly, through heat and dust, in pursuit of the two travellers, who had been detained at the gate, and had just now gone out of his sight.





## CHAPTER VII.

### A FRENCH CHATEAU.

Men began to hunt more after words than matter, and more after the choiceness of the phrase, and the round and clean composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their works with tropes and figures, than after the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, or depth of judgment. Then grew the flowing and watery vein of Osorius, the Portugal Bishop, to be in price; then did Sturmius spend such infinite and curious pains upon Cicero the orator and Hermogenes the rhetorician, besides his own books of periods and imitation, and the like. Then did Car of Cambridge, and Ascham, with their lectures and writings almost deify Cicero and Demosthenes, and allure all young men that were studious into that delicate and polished kind of learning. Then did Erasmus take occasion to make the scoffing echo, *Decem annos consumpsi in legendo Cicerone*; and the echo answered in Greek: ΩΝΕ, *Asine*. — LORD BACON.

WHILE, next day, over that English roadway Vian was making his way back to Glastonbury Abbey, under the care of a friendly sub-prior who had been nearly a day in overtaking him, the following conversation was occurring in one of the most lovely of the castles of France: —

“Make him a knight and a scholar.”

“That can easily be accomplished. He has the figure and spirit of Bayard himself, and he knows manuscripts now as no scholar of the Sorbonne ever knew them at such an age.”

These remarks were made by two men, — rather, let

us acknowledge, by a youth, and a man past middle age, both of whom stood within the walls of the chateau of Amboise. This chateau in the early part of the sixteenth century crowned the summit of a huge rock overlooking the Loire, as it wound by the town of Tours, through the shady gardens and below the purple vineyards which constituted what was called "the Orchard of France."

These men had just come from Loches. Quietly and unobserved, they had made certain plans in that unfrequented spot, which was associated with the remorse of a queen; the splendid oratory which still stands as a memorial of the repentance which was never absent from the mind of Anne of Brittany, so long as she remembered the broken-hearted daughter of Louis XI., — Jeane of France, — from whom she had stolen a husband, Louis XII. The delay was over; a week of labor at paying special attention to Louis XII. had been endured; and they were glad to be back again at the residence of Louise of Savoy, where these plans could be carried out.

The first speaker was a youth of magnificent presence and lofty bearing; the second was a somewhat aged knight who had been wounded in battle. The latter was scarred, but impressive in his appearance, prematurely white-haired, limping as he walked, eloquent and learned in his every utterance, and evidently obedient in every courtesy toward the tall and stately youth who stood before him. The old man was known to the King Louis XII. and his court as Nouvisset. The younger was called François, Duc d'Angoulême, who was soon to be known to the world as Francis I., King of France.

Together they walked to the spot on which Cæsar is said to have stood when he was so struck with the unique value of the position in war that he ordered a tower crowned with a statue of Mars to be built thereon. They looked forth upon the Arcadian landscape. Neither,

however, was observant of its genial beauty. The young duke had his eye upon the figure of another youth, who was standing alone on the gentle slope, quite carelessly gazing upon the winding river. As the boy turned and walked briskly toward the gallery which overlooked the flowing stream, his face came in full view.

As he came nearer, his whole personality became more interesting. The unique qualities which uttered their silent history in his gait, his attitude, his fine nostril, and full forehead, commanded attention. He was but a boy, yet ages of human experience with various forces and of deepest significance burned in that glance. His clear eye was neither sharp nor stern, but its light was wonderfully penetrating, — after the manner of a voice which carries well because it is musical. Meditation upon some fancied wrong might have opened those solemn deeps which lay all discovered to one who would peer into its liquid infinities. It was not at all sentimental in its open hospitality; it was simply frank and full in the revelation which it made that the soul behind it felt the infinite significance of life, and knew not enough of the narrow policies of men, in the midst of its problems, even to hide his awful sense of life's mystery. His face had the free flowing lines which are found in the pictures of Raphael, but it was not wholly Italian. His careless yet noble attitude often reminded one, who had lived with portraits, of the earlier knights of France; yet more than France stood in the determined and graceful youth. Oftentimes his compressed lips would quiver; then the eyes would swim in what seemed tears; and then a single step would reveal a youth unconsciously jealous of his own prerogatives, perhaps impatient with himself that he ever felt an uncontrollable emotion within his breast.

"A knight and a scholar he shall be," said Nouvisset to the young Francis. "When do we leave your side?"



“Do not be greatly in haste,” answered the duke, as he surveyed the youth with eyes of affection. “Nouvissset, behold my beloved, as he comes near to us! My heart breaks that we are to part, even for a little time. Where is my sister Marguerite? She has loved to hear his stories of Piedmont. I want him to feel sure of our affection. Do you think he sickens for his mountains?”

“No, my liege!” answered the lame knight. “He is to know surely that his whole family and kin were slaughtered. It must all be so melancholy that he shall never wish to return, or ask questions about it. Every resource of love and every power of the court, when you are our king, Sire! must be used to attach him to the France of the Church and the king. He loves you with a devotion pathetic and true. The Holy Church, if you will it, must surround him with all that may charm and fasten his affections to her. He loves knighthood with every drop of his blood. Mark you! there is Italian blood in your friend. Well, the charms of knighthood, its nobility and passion, must be brought to him. He will be your Bayard, mark me! Does not Madame d’Angoulême say he is made for a knight? By the soul of Gaston de Foix, as I die, I shall live again in that boy.”

“And you believe that he is a scholar by nature, also?” asked the duke.

“By Saint Ives, I am sure he knows of books which I have not heard of. An astonishing household it must have been in which that child was cradled. Did he not even yesterday pick up my Demosthenes, fresh from Aldus himself, and printed in 1504, and tell me that one lay on the window-sill in his father’s cottage? He knows by heart all the verses of Dante which condemn the Guelph and annoy the Pope. He already has heard somewhere so much of Petrarch and Boccaccio, that he smiled at what Madame d’Angoulême would think very sacred. A scholar? For your purposes, my beloved

Sire, as king of France by and by, you need a trusty knight, a learned friend, a skilful Churchman. Would to the saints that this stalwart child of the mountains were as sure to be a saint after the required pattern, as he is to be a heroic knight and the first bibliopole in Europe! You can keep your genius for war and the court, if your gentle and studious friend is put in charge of all affairs of learning."

By this time the mere boy concerning whom they had been conversing was out of sight. He was wandering about in a most playful mood with the tutor of the son of Madame d'Angoulême, which important lady we shall know as Louise of Savoy. Her daughter, whom French history knows first as Marguerite, then as Duchesse d'Alençon, and then as Queen of Navarre, was with them.

Pierre de Rohan, the instructor, had been asked by the anxious Louise to estimate this youth, with whom her son Francis, whom she already looked upon as sovereign of France by her lively governance, had fallen so deeply in love. She had heard the young Francis talk in the most surprising way about revivals of learning, scholars, poets, printers, and lectures on law and theology; and quite unable as was Louise of Savoy to appreciate the gigantic forces of the fading Renaissance and those of the dawning Reformation, with which any successor of Louis XII. would have to deal, she had perfect confidence in the good judgment of the famous tutor Pierre de Rohan, and in the sagacity and truthfulness of what Nouvisset had said, —

"Graciously permit me to say to you, as the widow of Charles d'Angoulême, cousin to the King Louis XII., that your husband knew that the successor of Louis must have a great and wise scholar at his court. Knighthood will ever after this have to do with ideas. The man of learning is now the true knight."

Louise of Savoy was sometimes a superb politician. This mother was, for the nonce, glad to hear her son talking with this remarkably strong and independent boy about things which kings and dukes had not cared for.

It was, however, laborious waiting for a king's death. Even the strange youth felt that the atmosphere about Amboise was very melancholy. The impatient Madame d'Angoulême, Louise of Savoy, was only a year older than Anne of Brittany, Queen of Louis XII. ; but Anne had rapidly aged, as her sons by Charles VIII. or Louis XII. had died, one after the other ; while, on the other hand, Louise of Savoy had grown young, apparently, with rejoicing, and in contemplating with infinite craft and pleasure the future of her handsome, strong, and ambitious son. Over against the piety and continuous repentance of Anne were the dissolute gayety and avaricious ambition of Louise. While, in tears, Queen Anne represented to her husband, Louis XII., the immoral conduct of the mother of Duke Francis, she knew also that Louise was anxiously hoping for the death of the king. He also remembered that in 1504, when all supposed him to be dying or dead, Anne's valuables which she had prematurely shipped for Brittany, were seized, and that afterward the audacious Louise found out that she was not yet Queen Regent of France. At first, when the king had been willing to give the Princess Claude to Duke Francis, her mother, Anne, had prevented her attachment to the son of the hated Louise.

Marriage had come, however ; and death also had at last come, — but the latter had come only to Anne. Every one at Amboise wondered why the king did not die. Even the young stranger told Nouvisset, as the latter opened up before him the prospect of study at Chilly, that he would not care if Louis XII. should die.

"You are not ready to be the intellectual High Chamberlain to his Majesty, your loving Francis; neither is he ready to rule France," said the limping old soldier.

"I cannot think what you mean. We are both children: I know that full well. Madame d'Angoulême would not let him do wrong, if he were king. But I want to be true to him, if I may."

The simplicity of his words, his evident honesty and love, greatly touched Nouvisset; and when he told Francis and his mother, they wept, and the haughty Louise was quite tender for an entire afternoon.

"Cruel war has its blessings," she remarked. "Who could have framed a prettier speech? It was a bright omen for us, when the bright-eyed companion came to him who shall soon be king of France!" and she stood by the side of her tall, excellently proportioned son, touched his rich hair with her hand of planning affection, and then kissed him.

The Duc d'Angoulême felt in that mother's kiss the stiffness of a sceptre which she would certainly wield. The crown of France really seemed to have been lifted from his forehead the instant her slender and crafty hand touched his hair; and Francis was haughty and gloomy.

Every one at court who understood the feelings of Francis for the strange youth, was worried because the latter did not seem happy with the games at Amboise.

"He must be amused; and if he wants the companionship of an army of scholars, let them be gathered together."

The mother was speaking to Francis, her son, who was deeply troubled at the sadness of his companion.

"He must never feel himself a prisoner. He is accustomed to the mountains and great landscapes; let him have the wines, and let some one teach him all the games of chance at Amboise," added she, determined

to conquer the sorrow which was eating up the life of the boy.

“Ah!” said Nouvisset, “not all the wines of France or the gambling of the capital will charm that youth from his recollections of the books at his father’s cottage. Strange he does not long for him! He seems to have bidden a decisive farewell to his father and sister, believing them to have been slain. But he has been bred a student. His brain is full of that quenchless ambition to know, which characterizes the finest sort of mind. He is a child of learning; and I believe him to be the hope of your son’s court. I ought to depart this day with him for Chilly, where he may be educated. Pray do not keep him, gracious Madame! even for your son’s present enjoyment, where we only wait for Louis XII. to die.”

Francis and Ami — for it was Ami Perrin whose fine face and bright eye had made way for admiration of the higher qualities and more important possibilities of his nature at the chateau of Amboise — had been exploring the contents of the bookcase, which, with its wired front and Florentine silk linings, stood prettily near the window in the gallery. Their companionship was sweet and profoundly affectionate.

The secret Francis could keep, and Ami’s innocent faith pleased him. Ami knew himself to have been brought from a bloody Waldensian home. In the fight between the soldiers and the mountaineers, he remembered to have seen the hacked wrists of his father, whom he now believed to be in a grave with little Alke. He was not forgetful of that stunning blow upon his own head, from the effects of which he did not rally until he found himself in the hands of a French captain, who had nursed him to consciousness with untiring diligence. When about to die of a wound which Ami knew the soldier received from Gaspar Perrin himself, he had lov-

ingly given the convalescent Ami into the charge of the young duke Francis. From the hour of his acquaintance with this royal youth, Ami had been loved with passionate tenderness.

An astrologer whom Francis had consulted had made it clear to this haughty Duc d'Angoulême that in this youth, Ami, lay fortune and destiny. Ami had been taken to Paris. The brilliancy of the court, the luxurious beauty of the palaces, the interest of the games, the unimagined delights of the duke's promises, the opening hopes of knighthood, of which his mother had told him in his childhood; the unique position which, by his training, he occupied in a court already aglow with the lights of the Renaissance, — all these made life seem picturesque enough, and kept his spirit from perishing amidst sorrowful recollections.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE KING UNDER GOVERNANCE.

The twists and cracks in our poor earthenware,  
That touch me to more conscious fellowship  
(I am not myself the finest Parian)  
With my coevals.

GEORGE ELIOT.

VERY soon Francis himself found the throne upon which this friendship had seated itself.

At the death of Anne, the queen, the King of France desired a truce with England, such as he had signed with Ferdinand, Maximilian, and the Pope. Princess Mary, sister of young Henry VIII., was made a pledge of peace, in spite of the disguised opposition of the mother and guide of the talented Duc d'Angoulême. As the young queen, after the marriage, appeared in her regal loveliness by the side of the trembling Louis XII., the reckless and engaging Francis was discovered to be deeply interested in her beauty. In crises such as this, only one man had hitherto been able to control him. Oh for Nouvisset now, to keep the warm heart of the already dissolute Duke Francis from burning with an ardor which could not be controlled in the presence of the fair English princess! In this instance even Nouvisset had failed, but the young Ami was omnipotent.

Louise of Savoy became the guardian of Mary. Francis was persuaded to divide his time between Ami, who had wooed him back to honor, and the pursuit of a wiser course than that which would permit of an intrigue with the young queen.

In all those efforts to prevent the imprudence which Francis had resolved upon, the cautious Louise and Nouvisset, whom she trusted, were unwillingly learning to respect the talents and admire the courageous affection of the young mountaineer. His conscience emboldened his love. Where no knight would dare to tread, where no king would think of interfering, even into the very heart of the imperious Francis, this youth had entered; and there he had conquered by the power of a lofty friendship. At the castle, or ten miles away, from the little room in which he soon found himself at Chilly, he was soon ruling the future king.

"I could not think of his being untrue to the faithful Claude," said he to Nouvisset, when the soldier bade him know what an unaccountable influence he exercised upon the fiery soul of Francis.

Louise of Savoy was angry, and then was persuaded to be wise.

"Even the love which my son has for me would not have availed to avert his impetuous course if it had not been reinforced by that boy," said Louise of Savoy, half spitefully, jealous in the recognition of the fact that the sovereign power which she proposed to exercise on the will of her son in coming years must often be wielded by the aid of another.

She could have been more patient if the boy had not failed at her court, the real cause of which failure annoyed her constantly. It cannot be said that Ami had won either distinction or self-respect, as the chosen page of the arrogant Louise. He had received no training as a page; besides, Francis was a headstrong youth, who



interfered with his mother's commands and had his own way, which was often very consumptive of the time which Ami would otherwise have given to her in the form of obedient attentions.

Nouvisset had often indicated to both mother and son that if this promising lad were ever to become a knight and a scholar, he must have him for some time where he could give him proper training. The youth was affectionately bound to Francis, and yet was ambitious for knighthood and learning.

At last the golden six months of undisturbed culture which Ami had been promised with Nouvisset, came. Louis XII. would not die ; Francis and Marguerite kissed Ami farewell ; Louise of Savoy gave him a book on Falconry and her blessings, the worth of which latter Ami did not overestimate ; and the lame knight set out with the young student for Chilly, which was a village four leagues from the capital, and one with whose peasant population Nouvisset was perfectly acquainted.

There was never a more lonely youth in France than Francis, Duc d'Angoulême, who, since his marriage to Princess Claude, was also Duc de Valois. He was besieged on every side by efforts to cause him to forget his young protégé ; but for many days he lived stubbornly in his castle of solitude. He was sufficiently courteous to be a pleasant companion ; affectionate enough to his darling sister Marguerite ; sufficiently full of the policies and ambitions which his mother shared, to study matters of state ; religious enough in a duke's manner, and in the manner of the time, to give hope to the clergy of France ; and fully as fond of literature and art as seemed well in the eyes of a mother who did not much enjoy the grammars and manuscripts of which the nobly made youth was so studious. Beneath it all there glowed the passionate friendship of Francis for Ami ; and above all these was a conviction that with Ami's future were bound

up the best destinies of the kingdom, for which he hoped. The astrologer had made that perfectly plain.

Even Marguerite, at that hour dear beyond expression to the proud Francis, lisped her protest ; turning up her pretty face, and assuming the affectionate authority which her two years of seniority gave her, when she said, —

“Oh, it pains me, brother and lover that you are to me, that not I, but a boy stolen from the mountains, should have your soul in his keeping.”

“Marguerite of Marguerites,” said he, in that voice of pathetic tenderness with which he had learned to pronounce the words, “do not say that to me. I love you beyond all else ; yet Ami must be loved also.”

Thus early in their friendship began the strong influence of the orphaned and untitled Waldensian upon a mind fitted in many respects to be the greatest ruler in Europe ; fitted by so many weaknesses, if we may so speak, to bring upon himself and his country so much humiliation and shame.

The jealousy of Louise of Savoy and her daughter Marguerite was, however, more than matched by the jealousy of this youth, whose chief weakness of character was this same tormenting passion. Louise of Savoy thought she had never seen jealousy until she became better acquainted with Ami at a later day. Nouvisset had remarked to the watchful Louise and the affectionate Marguerite, that his study of humanity had never procured for him such an interesting problem as was this engaging boy.

“Surely these elaborate attentions paid to him by the court have grown within him a deadly viper,” said the offended Marguerite.

“With the fortune of a waif and the political prospects of a foundling, he is as jealous and proud of his influence with Francis, who will be soon my king, as though he were the son of the proudest knight or the director of

the duke's fortunes, appointed by the saints themselves," averred Nouvisset to a bosom friend.

The lame knight did not then rightly judge of the boy's political prospects. Never did a boy have such a future in France. However, Nouvisset had not overestimated that inborn disposition to jealousy which had already manifested itself in various ways. The whole fabric of Ami's spirit was shaken when he saw another ruling a realm which he loved, or which once he had influenced. When he grew homesick for the mountains, his very jealousy at the prospect of losing his self-control bade the tears dry suddenly in his eyes; when he found himself the prey of annoying doubts as to the actual death of his father and sister at the hands of the French soldiery, his resolve to put the past behind him, made with the fervency of young blood, stiffened itself with the jealous apprehension that he was not the monarch of his own soul, and doubt was banished. Nothing save this jealous regard for his individual will kept him often from breaking down completely. Nothing save the jealous perception that somebody else was likely to exercise sovereignty over the mind of his royal friend Francis, could have disturbed the ardor of his desire to study with Nouvisset at Chilly. His instructor saw that this was the concealed fire, likely at any moment to break forth and consume any wise plans and noble ideas which might be his. Gifted, supremely gifted, with energies which indicated greatness itself, the very qualities which made him promising were already unsteady in the presence of this inbred passion.

The friendship, nay, the devotion of Francis unto Ami was such that he really delighted in this unholy spirit. He was also foolish enough to feed its flame. He had gloried in its fury. He loved to be loved, as he thought, with an affectionateness so intolerant. Against the growth of such an evil power, Nouvisset, on the other

hand, was sure to place all wise opposition. He knew Ami's nature so thoroughly that nothing but the fact of heredity could explain this most absurd flame so often lighting up his soul, until all its secret recesses were revealed. He henceforth at Chilly, as he told Marguerite, would keep the fuel away from the fire, and seek to destroy it entirely.

What made it still more difficult to be dealt with was the grandeur it often assumed in its association with a stalwart and assertive conscientiousness, — a conscientiousness which had been bred into the youth by generations of ardent Waldensians. Nouvisset, tired as he was of the falsity of the French court, and entirely conscious of the utter powerlessness of the influence of the Church to control human life, greatly admired such a conscience, standing in such solemn contrast as it did with the cant, sentimentalism, and iniquity about him. He saw that Ami always touched Francis with a moral power, healthful and refreshing. The youth was jealous, as it often seemed, because of the fact that he was right and others who flitted about the young king presumptive were wrong.

One day Nouvisset ventured to say to Marguerite: "I could not think of attempting to diminish Ami's power over our Duc de Valois so long as Francis has any love for the good and true. It would seem as though I had not a care for good morals. Something must be had here in France to keep things from going to utter destruction;" and then the conversation drifted into statements and wonderings about the influence of the Reformers.

From that moment Marguerite herself, who had great confidence in the judgment and honor of Nouvisset, was noticed to be more tolerant toward those who insisted upon the necessity for reform within the Holy Catholic Church.

At that juncture also did Nouvisset, of whom we know too little, disclose some new and many old characteristics with which the friends of Francis, Duc de Valois, would become very familiar. He was just such a man as at that hour in the history of France often found his way into the army of priests which thronged the cathedrals and monasteries, the army of soldiers which gathered about a king, or the army of those who were either affecting or realizing the scholarly ideals. The name Nouvisset would denote a Frenchman; but this man was a Greek, who had changed his name, for reasons which were satisfactory to him and to his sovereign.

Louis XII. was the first monarch to allow the *stradiots* a place in the French army. These mercenaries had hawked their services about Europe, offering them for sale to the highest bidder. The Turk was poor and proud; the Christian was needy, but also rich; and the papal legate at the side of the French king rejoiced as their vizorless helmets charmed the sunbeams, and the huge cross-handed swords which they carried pledged a new power against the infidels. Amongst them all, none had presented so fine an appearance as had the mercenary whom we shall know as Nouvisset. He was formed for knighthood. The cuirass with gracefully flowing sleeves, and with the gauntlets in mail, was half concealed and half revealed by a sort of jacket, which fitted with no disadvantage a form of dignity and grace, in whose presence the classical devices which had been worked with such care and freedom on his sword, the less beautiful small-arms carried at the saddle-bow, and the long lance appeared to connect the new and barbaric West with the ancient and cultured East.

Nouvisset, long years before, had felt the raptures and pains of love by the blue Ægean. He had read from Theocritus to his Grecian damsel in vain. He had told her how Aspasia must have loved Pericles, without

eliciting a hint of the energetic response he craved. On the unfortunate issue of this affection he had recklessly attached himself to a conscienceless band of hirelings, and being almost companionless — for he was a scholar, and of most gentle breeding — he found himself at last a servant of Louis XII. of France, at wages which galled his fine soul.

Chance, however, very soon brought him to the notice of two men with whose careers French history has had much to do. He had previously won the praise and friendly association of Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*; but on the battle-field of Ravenna he had completely captured his heart. There, in those same woods of pine, where Dante passed days and nights in repeating the growing verses of the "Divine Comedy," where Boccaccio had dreamed of Honoria, where the English Dryden would one day reinspire his genius, and Lord Byron would make into song his experiences of travel and of love, — the heroic spirit of the Greek, who never forgot the fact of his extraction from the loins of a soldier of Marathon, displayed its excellent quality. Often as the fearless Chevalier told the story of Nouvisset's courage and sympathy to the good heart of Louis XII., he would forget the blood-tracked marsh, spreading far to the white Alps and the blue Apennines, the gory fen which rivalled the red afterglow glaring upon the summits, the golden lilies and pink tamarisks which were trodden down by the corseleted soldiers, the orchises whose purple splendor hung above the faces of the dying, the gleaming marigolds which made a flaming pillow for the dead, all the ardent valor which marched through the shallow canal in the very face of blazing Spanish artillery, even the awful suddenness of silence which came to the blaring trumpets and piercing clarions when the agonizing shout went up, "Gaston is dead!" — all these were forgotten as Bayard sought

to utter his feelings of admiring love for Nouvisset's incredible effort to save him.

The very soul of knighthood looked through the eyes of the Greek mercenary. "Sire, I thought I could see the ghost of his ancestor at his side fighting at the Milvian Bridge," said the Chevalier Bayard, as he told the story of Nouvisset at Ravenna.

In a controversy concerning the "Oration on the Crown," which rose between two men of the court where Nouvisset was doing duty, something had been said as to the patriotism of Demosthenes. French wit, spitefully refusing the Renaissance, dared to impugn the motives of the great Greek orator. A poor and unlearned Greek stood by, silently wishing that his position and learning might justify his defending the eloquence of his native land. Ignorance seemed sure to triumph, when this stalwart hireling Nouvisset, unable to endure the attack longer, painted such a picture of the times, and so justly rendered the burning words of the eloquent foe of Philip, that the poet who at that moment influenced the intellectual atmosphere of France most strongly with his own eagerness for scholarly attainment, leaped toward him and embracing him, cried out: "'Tis well. I never saw you before. I am the master of these," pointing to the gathered crowd of courtiers. "You are mine!"

It was the poet Clement Marot, who was to teach Marguerite d'Angoulême love and rhyming, and to be compelled at a later day to withdraw himself from France, under the complimentary charge of heresy.

These two events in the life of Nouvisset had given him a unique place at court.

Nouvisset, who had mastered knighthood and his precious books, was now feeling the burden of advancing years. The wound received at Ravenna, as he sought to save the illustrious Gaston de Foix, had incapacitated

him for any active service, and commended him to the deepest affections of the king.

He had seen many changes in France, but none which interested his hope more deeply than the consequences which had followed the setting up of a printing-press in the Sorbonne by Louis XII. in 1469, and the refusal of that monarch to persecute what in England was known as "the new learning," — none, except, perhaps, the obvious growth of the feeling that unhappy France, through the Church which overawed the intellectual and spiritual life of Christendom, was becoming barren of any perception of the radical difference between right and wrong, and that she was dimly searching after some higher moral motive power. Of course, he looked upon all moral and mental phenomena from the point of view of the Greek. He had never been won over to the churchmanship of Louise of Savoy, who had often, amidst her shameless crimes, explained to him the transparent theory and delightful practice of the "indulgences." From the ignorance of the clergy he fled to his Attic treasures, to be refreshed and fed; and from the iniquity and religiosity of the devotees in Church and State he hied himself to Plato and Socrates, and there he was reinspired. They, at least, were less superstitious and more serious. The Greek concluded each day, with the words of the heathen moralist: "Be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, — that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death."

How could he be true to the ambitious designs of Louise of Savoy with respect to Ami's faith and Ami's influence upon her son Francis, and still faithful to these his own soul's best convictions? He seemed to foresee it all. He made a resolve. Ami would certainly be charmed into the deepest devotion unto the Holy Catholic Church. That event no single teacher could prevent. Omnipotence only could oppose successfully the multitu-



dinous schemes which would surely bind him to her altars. But Nouvisset knew that that Waldensian spirit which Ami breathed would by and by assert its inwrought protest. Meanwhile he would quietly sow those seeds of philosophy in Ami's mind which would spring to life at some distant day, when the drops of heroic blood, which must soon flow, began to touch them. He would sow the seed, and bide his time.





## CHAPTER IX.

### WITCHES AND KNIGHTS.

*"Cuer resolu d'aulture chose nà cure  
Que de l'honneur,  
Le corps vaincu le cueur reste vainqueur,  
Le travail est l'estuve de son heur."*

ONE night, in the home of the peasant which Nouvisset had selected as the place in which he would instruct and train the chosen friend of the coming king, Ami had quietly calculated that just five years had gone, since he, a struggling and terrified child, beheld the descent of the French invaders from the monastery on the hill ; the scenes of carnage in that humble cottage which was burned ; the staggering form of his dying father holding out his hacked wrists, as he piteously cried, "You have killed my little Alke ; I am stricken to death ; spare my child Ami, oh, spare him !"

The mind of the young man which the patient Greek had thus far so carefully educated, had long been poised between two thoughts. One was, "I love the memory of my father and little Alke." The other was, "I love those who have obeyed the dying man's pleading cry, and have opened my soul to such a vast future." The glamour of his recent associations ; the fact that he knew himself to be influential with Prince Francis d'Angoulême ; the recollections of his mother's ambition that he should

be a knight, and the probability of its attainment ; the memory of his father's hope that he should be a scholar, and the probability of its realization also, — all were in league with a certain powerful tendency toward court-life which he had inherited from his Italian mother, who, as we have seen, was a daughter of Count Neforzo of Venice. Whatever might happen in later days, when the wild romanticism of youth had been shot through with the steady light of conscience, this devotion to Francis was now sure to furnish the aim and temper of his young manhood.

Nouvisset had been commanded to do but one thing. "Prepare him to be the companion and friend of my loving son," said Louise of Savoy, as she gave up her page, and placed many bright coins in the hands of the lame knight.

It was a many-sided culture which Nouvisset was able to give to Ami and his young friend at Chilly. Oftentimes to the Greek it appeared that his charge had been removed from the superstitions which haunt a court, to those, less magnificent but more intense, which beset a peasant's home.

While at the castle Francis was explaining to his mother the efforts of the astrologer who made it clear that Ami was to be his good *dæmon*, yonder at the house in Chilly the following colloquy was going on : —

"A witch with a red hood and golden toes must have been beautiful," said Francesco de Robo, a young Italian who had been allowed to be a companion of Ami at Chilly by Admiral Andrea Doria, an ally of France, who desired his promising protégé, Francesco, to be educated also.

To him and to Ami the peasant's loquacious wife had been relating her experience with witches.

"Yes, all but her ugly face," slowly answered she, as she left the large room in which the husband and she

lived, and in the evening shared with Nouvisset and the two youths. The door squeaked with a ghostly sound, as she jerked and shut it.

They were silent for some minutes ; for even then witchcraft had no delight to imaginative young men, as the evening darkness came on. Nouvisset and the peasant had not yet returned from the hunt for hares on which they had set out many hours before. The evening tasks had fallen to the peasant's wife. She had herself gone out to the first of the three buildings which constituted the dwelling of a villein. It was called the cow-house. The "ugly face" which she had just mentioned seemed to appear and reappear in the crackling fire, which had been made of vine branches and fagots, and which furnished a flame that surged up a wide chimney. There were also very strange noises on the thatched roof.

"There, I see her face just above the iron-pot hanger!" whispered Francesco, frightened almost to silence.

Ami, with the cool rationalism which had made his father a heretic with respect to so many other phantoms, leaped to the side of the chimney, seized the heavy shovel, and smote vigorously the tripod and caldron and meat-hook in turns, half destroying both his weapon and the good housekeeper's utensils.

"I will damage her golden toes," said the fearless Waldensian.

"And the very Devil will drag us both into hell, if you don't stop!" cried Francesco, with a shudder. "Stop, I beg you! Do not fight against a witch."

Even Ami wished the peasant's wife had not left them alone ; for he certainly saw a face just then in a curling flame, and he heard a sound from above him which made him tremble. He felt cold, and yet he did not go near the fire. He walked over to the table, instead, on which stood a kneading-trough and a bit of cheese.

There had been two pieces of cheese on that same table but a few minutes before.

"Francesco, did you eat the other bit of cheese?"

"No; nor did she, for she likes it not," replied the Italian, with interesting precipitation.

"What became of it, then?"

"I cannot tell. Ami, I wish I was back in a strong castle, where I could bar the door and call the soldiers. That witch with the ugly face has taken the cheese."

"It would do no good, if we could bar a door of steel. Witches like to come through impossible barriers, don't they? Do they eat cheese, Francesco?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but I never saw a witch where there was not some sickly woman about. Why did Nouvisset bring us here? Oh, witches! 'They don't infest the ships of Admiral Andrea Doria. The peasant's wife never sees a witch when the peasant himself and Nouvisset are here.'"

"But the duke — even Francis d'Angoulême has seen them. I waited with him for a whole night, to see one who had come to his mother. She looked fierce enough, with a hook on her ear, and she had a head of fire. The Duke Francis wanted her to come — I mean he wanted the witch to come. He was sure she would return, and tell him of the death of the king."

Ami was fast losing his rationalistic temper, as the little gimlet, which lay near the elbow of Francesco, was pushed off the table and fell upon the hand-mill in which the peasant's wife was about to grind the corn which she had now gone to fetch. The shock seemed to fill the huge fireplace with ugly faces. Ami prepared himself to fence. Knighthood, however, never seemed so futile and unimpressive.

Francesco pushed himself backward among the baskets, which behaved under his feet as if they were alive; and suddenly feeling a twinge of pain, he cried out, —

"This is an infernal place ! Ami, a witch has pinched me, or pricked me with her needle. I know what I feel in my own flesh. Don't strike at another witch !" he added, as he saw the knightly Ami approach, brandishing a small jug, instead of a sword, in his sinewy hand.

"Come away from that dark corner !" commanded Ami, still belligerent.

Francesco started to obey, and cried out again, "She has pinched me !"

"Jump out of the way of her !" said Ami.

"Oh, my arm is held fast by the hideous teeth of a veritable witch !" yelled Francesco.

Ami knew that his friend was in great pain ; but he was afraid to strike or to seek to relieve him. Nouvisset had never told him what a knight should do under such circumstances. Ami called lustily for the peasant's wife, who from the cow-house informed him that she was performing what seems to the reader a very modern thing, — setting a trap for mice and using a bit of cheese for bait.

"There ! that cheese is in the trap ; there are no witches here," said he.

In an angry voice Francesco replied : "Am I a knave or a fool, that you disbelieve me ? My aching arm is yet held fast by her fierce tooth. You need not help me, but you must not doubt me."

Boldly — for his knightly honor had suffered — did the Waldensian now take hold of the suffering Francesco. The Italian was leaning forward as he had been since he felt the pain, both hands grasping the table as though, if he lost his hold upon that fact of this world, he would fall into purgatory. His forehead was studded with cold sweat-drops, when Ami found a small line which seemed to bind his friend fast to the skin blouse whose leathern belt dangled, as Francesco swayed backward and forward,

and pulled it far out from the hook on which the peasant had hung it.

"This — is — a — fish-line!" said the breathless Ami, with mingled terror and disgust.

"Am I a fool or a knave?" thundered Francesco, with his voice full of agony.

"Well, neither," replied his friend, with the speed of gradual discovery; "but you have one of the peasant's fish-hooks in your arm, as sure as you are alive."

"The witch put it there; she did!" said the Italian, more disgusted still, because he had been so victimized. "The miserable witch did it. Do you hear her now scampering off on the roof?"

The friends sat down by the huge fireplace. Ami needed not the knife, which he had just drawn from the sheath which had been hanging from the belt of the peasant's coat. He did need a great deal of forced solemnity, however, as he listened to Francesco, who possessed not a grain of humor, who never doubted the existence of variously organized supernatural beings, least of all, that of witches, and who had begun to tell Ami about the witches of Italy when Nouvisset and the peasant returned from the hunt.

"You are both as pale as ghosts," said the Greek, as they rose to greet him and to relieve the weary arms of the lame knight of the burden of two fat hares.

"Well, we have seen strange things," said Francesco.

"And felt some of them too," added Ami.

"Did you see the wild-cats chasing over the roof?" said Nouvisset.

"No!" answered both, believing for the instant that truth is stranger than fiction.

"Did you hear the unchivalrous peasant laugh and poke his rough fun at his wife, caught out there in his mouse-trap as she was, and too much annoyed at being caught to ask a young knight to extricate her fingers?"

Nouvisset could not but laugh, as he related the tale of her woes. "She has been entrapped this long while. The rats will flee the premises, if they hear the peasant laugh and hear her scold him. She blamed the trap and the cheese; and she blamed the young knights, who, she says, made a great howl in the house here, and then called out at her. She is full of wrath."

Even Francesco smiled at this, and desired to give the conversation a new turn.

"There are too many men present here now, for any witch to come to this house to-night," said Ami, quietly.

Francesco gave his companion to understand that any further information concerning the fright, granted to Nouvisset or to the household, would offend his dignity; and while Ami was silent, but pained at having to remain so, the lame Greek explained to them, as he had often done, the advantages he had sought to offer them at Chilly. He told them again of Socrates and his disciples, how impossible it was to do anything at any court for them, and of the desire of their best friends that they should know the country as they knew their books. He concluded by remarking: "Wisdom does not live in castles; the chivalry of ideas avoids the capitals."

While the discipline of Nouvisset was vigorous and unyielding, both Ami and Francesco indulged themselves often in good-humored raillery as to their conduct as young aspirants for knighthood, and as students who took on trust their changed circumstances.

Here, at Chilly, was no Louise of Savoy, whose wines Ami was to pour out, whose cooked hares he might carve, whose letters he might write and carry to Duprat or the Duc de Bourbon; but so eagerly did he seize the great idea of respect for womankind which inspired chivalry, that the neophyte having astonished Nouvisset



by his choice of a rather loquacious egg-seller in Chilly, as his lady whom he would serve, lavished upon this quaintest of peasantwomen a thoroughly chivalrous devotion, as he recounted to her his imagined deeds of valor. Nouvisset was not altogether unwilling to see this, inasmuch as he had often said to them: "The peasantwoman of unhappy France needs a knightly protector. True knighthood seeks the weakest, not the strongest, that it may be truly chivalric."

With no little amazement did Francesco, who was proud of his Italian relationship, behold his friend Ami on one Good Friday, carrying for the woman, to the priests, a basket of eggs which had been duly boiled in a madder bath, which now only needed the blessing to fit them for the already strained appetites which had waited to enjoy them on Easter Sunday.

Practising at wielding the sword, they grew strong in muscular development, and soon the lances were brandished with graceful ease. Combats were arranged and duels fought, while Nouvisset sat robed in august dignity. The peasant and his wife were amused; and the talkative egg-seller, pausing with her stick, from whose extremities dangled two filled baskets, laughed heartily, and always urged Ami to some braver task.

"You will be made an esquire, surely; you are a fit one for a queen," she cried out.

Before the door of the peasant's home, Nouvisset had set up the revolving image of a knight; and often through the morning many of the Parisian chivalry who had been invited by Francis himself to pass a day at Chilly, observed the youths playing at the game of quintain. Ami was ever the favorite in the saddle. His good temper, his unfailing wisdom, communicated themselves to the steed; and until jealousy of another's influence over the good-will of the Duke Francis appeared, he managed shield, lance, and charger with complete

dexterity. Gauntlet, sword, and cuirass always came into awkward and ungainly positions, — his very vision of the desired accolade faded from view, — when this abominable passion was roused.

It had been the effort of Nouvisset to quench it, if possible ; and therefore Prince Francis had not often visited Chilly. Francesco was sure to be more successful in any sort of tournament on those occasions, and the result of a month's labor with Ami was destroyed.

As the days came and went, obvious progress was made. The youths praised the already celebrated white bread of Chilly. Anything was preferable, in Ami's experience, to eating luxuries with Louise of Savoy. Ami praised the oil which grew rancid before Lent was passed, though Francesco suggested obtaining a dispensation from the Pope which would enable them to eat butter.

Ami even rationalistically reflected upon the situation, when the egg-seller trudged along through Lent, unable to get a living, —

"Now the theologians teach that the hen is a water animal. The hymn in the service implies that fish and fowl were made at the same time. You ought to sell us eggs with the fish."

She answered him by saying: "There is much vile heresy in the world. Do you think I would lose my soul, you varlet?"

It was difficult often for the Waldensian to overcome his inbred heretical disposition on fast days. The peasant was an artist at fattening a *poularde*. Ami had been instructed to believe that Louis XII. had agreed with the Duke Francis that they should lack nothing at Chilly to make them comfortable. Lent was a fearful trial. As Ami looked upon the flock of geese which the pious peasant drove to the field to feed every day, his sinewy youth remembered the current saying: "Who eats the

king's goose returns his feathers in a hundred years." He became desperately weary of the whole Catholic regimen; and Nouvisset was not concerned that the orthodoxy of the time grew distasteful to him.

"Make him a knight and a scholar!" — this demand of Louise of Savoy was given a barely literal interpretation. "Some one else," said he, "must furnish his theological culture. I hope it will be Berquin, Lefevre, or Farel." The thought that the already suspected Lefevre or the young William Farel, especially that Louis de Berquin, should get hold of this youth, was itself a promise that the Church would not quench the better lights of his mind and moral sense.

After many months of training, the day at length came nigh for that religious ceremony which was to mark a changed social condition. Francesco and Ami were to see their arms hallowed. Their knightly calling was to be made sacred. Cased in armor of the most brilliant sort, the gifts of the duke and Andrea Doria to their protégés, they had mounted the two excellent chargers which were to carry them to the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

"It is too heavy; I'll fall and kill them all, — all my hens, Holy Mother!"

"Go on, heretic! go on! Get up, sinner! go, and do penance afterward!"

The noisy voices of the priest of Chilly and the egg-seller mingled their discordant tones.

"I did not eat eggs myself," cried the egg-seller.

"I did see the shells of eggs at your own door. Will you — dare you lie to a priest?" yelled the ecclesiastic, who lifted his heavy cane above her.

"I cooked the eggs for the young knight. He told me that hens and fish came on one day, just alike. The teachers said so."

Ami saw it all in an instant. The faithful old egg-

seller had believed the faithless youth. She was sure that he could not lie to her. Loving him, as she did, pitying the hunger of so beautiful a youth, she had dared to prepare him some eggs, — that was her sin. Of course the shells proved the indictment. She had been eating eggs in Lent ! She must be punished. Here she came. All her sinful hens which had ventured to lay eggs in Lenten season were tied together by the same great flaxen cord ; and they were cackling their protest against being thus wrapped about her neck, like a living rope of flesh and feathers which also covered her shoulders and fell upon the ground. The priest came after her, making her suffer this public punishment, in addition to the labor which the task involved, to which she was evidently unequal.

As the condemned woman came near, Ami recognized her. He leaped from his horse. There was a sudden stopping of the flash of steel, as it flamed through the air ; then a howling priest tumbled into a ravine near the roadway ; and Ami, with knightly grace, cut the cord with his sword.

“ Oh, my hens ! Catch my hens, my Lord, my Knight ! ” cried the liberated egg-vender, as her poultry ran away with a rapidity suggestive of the unpleasant bondage from which they had been freed.

“ Mount your charger ! ” commanded the lame knight.

Ami obeyed ; and as they silently rode toward Paris, even Francesco laughed when Ami plucked an ordinary chicken-feather from his spur, and said, to the great amusement of Nouvisset, —

“ This feather would make a fine plume for a knight. Knighthood seeks the weakest, not the strongest.”

As they journeyed along, Nouvisset rehearsed to them the meaning and value of the various exercises he had given them. He did not belie his pride in these his companions, as he spoke of the fact that they had not

been compelled to serve a seignorial household, and that this private school of chivalry was not inferior. They were quite able to dictate etiquette in any master's court. Their manners he knew to be as refined as their bodies were agile and strong. Energetic, bold, versatile, they were also scholarly and pure. Everything, save Ami's one desperate passion, had been conquered as easily as the lame knight broke a charger. Faithful were they to duty, as sentries or gentlemen. The eye of Ami was especially quick, and its vision comprehensive. No master on a field of conflict need ever wait too long for his valiant assistance. True, they had not stopped in the intermediate rank. Neither had either of them been *pursuivant-at-arms*. But distinguished knights had practised before them; they had attended loftily descended ladies, who had visited Chilly, and they had visited other lands in books.

Even now they expected to be honored in the ceremony by Bayard himself, and to visit other countries with the king or with Admiral Andrea Doria. Scarfs embroidered by Marguerite, perfumes from Genoa and Naples, spotless garments selected by Louise of Savoy, awaited them. They grew impatient as they talked together.

Three nights constituted their prayerful vigil in the chapel of the king, who graciously received them with the Prince Francis. Masses were at length said for them, as on bended knees they worshipped, each having his sword fastened to his neck preparatory to the moment when it should be girded to his side. At a dramatic instant Louise of Savoy, whom he hated, approached Ami, who however honored every woman; and the duke's mother handed him his helmet and spurs.

She repeated the words: "These two spurs of gold are to compel your horse onward. Emulate his eagerness,

and imitate his docility. Obey the Lord, as the charger obeys you."

At the conclusion of the words Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, clad in gorgeous armor, smote him with the sword. The accolade was soon in his hands. Lance and shield were presented; and Ami Perrin walked forth to mount his charger — a knight.





## CHAPTER X.

A YOUNG SCHOLAR AND A YOUNG KING.

“Nutrisco et Extinguo.”

JANUARY 1st had come. The device of the salamander in the fire, and the baleful motto printed at the head of this chapter had taken their places in the armorial annals of France.

“Frenchmen, we declare unto you the most fatal news you ever heard. The good King Louis, the father of his people, is dead! Pray to God for the repose of his soul!” Thus cried the watchmen of Paris.

“My son is king! What a recompense for all the trials and adversities of my youth!” Thus exclaimed, with transports of joy, Louise of Savoy.

Ami was now with Nouvisset and Francesco at the capital. He heard both remarks.

“This is a strange land,” said he, with deliberate thoughtfulness; and checking himself, he added, “But I love my king and friend.”

“I also loved his Majesty Louis XII.,” solemnly replied his instructor.

“*That* no one can doubt!” and Ami asked in a breath, “Should love for the dead keep back devotion to the living?” Then he said with pathos, “I had a

father whom I loved ; and he taught me to love a cause also."

Nouvisset would have given worlds to tell him that neither his father nor his father's cause was dead ; but Francis was now King of France.

One thing in the rush of emotions and ideas he would tell him : " The King Louis XII. was good, and often was wise. It was his Majesty — whose coffin will lie by the side of that of Anne of Brittany, his true spouse — who said of the new king — Long live the king ! — Ami ! "

" He did not say, ' Long live the king ! ' I cannot believe it."

" No ! " answered the embarrassed Nouvisset, " I said it, — ' Long live the king ! ' "

" But what of Louis XII. ? "

" He said, ' Francis, I am dying ! I consign our subjects to your care. ' "

Ami was a little surprised that Nouvisset should have seemed at all hesitant about repeating such affectionate sentences as these. Nouvisset was relieved that he had succeeded in keeping back what might have made him seem untrue to the new king. But what the lame knight really meant to say was that Louis XII. once remarked, quite truthfully as it appeared to him, " We are laboring in vain ; this big boy will spoil everything for us."

The young knight straightened himself, and simply uttered these words : " I am the loyal subject of Francis I., King of France, and — "

" And your own conscience," interrupted the lame soldier.

Ami was silent and thoughtful.

Nouvisset knew at this hour what a conscience might mean to a soul loyally devoted to the new king. Every touch from Plato and Aristotle which had been transmitted through the words of his proud and wise instructor,



had emphasized the rights and privileges of the moral power in Ami. Every energy which had moulded and tempered the will of Francis I. had tended to make him scornful of these high behests.

Supremely devoted to him in passionate love, invested with a dim consciousness that his own sacred place in God's world was by the side of the gracious Duc de Valois, who had now become sovereign, Ami's mind was not so dazzled by the glitter of royalty, nor was his reason so enslaved by his ambition to excel, as a courtly knight and scholar, that he did not feel the baneful influence upon the new king's arrogant and susceptible spirit, exercised through years of association with falsity, intrigue, and crime. He was reasonably charitable.

Perhaps the early recognition of the character of the duke's environment would keep Ami patient when others grew resentful. It would help him to cling to the king when even Marguerite, his brilliant sister, who always seemed to have had at least the amateur's love for high character and good morals, would surrender to a nature which seemed certain to love and do the wrong.

In a burst of charitable loyalty to his new sovereign, Nouvisset begged Ami never to yield his conviction of the right, or, on the other hand, to expect a man with such culture as was that of Francis I. to adopt a theory of right and wrong such as Ami himself had in-breathed and assimilated in the mountains with puritanical Waldensians.

"You are to pass from my care into the task of caring for one whom you love."

"He has cared for me," said Ami, a little weary of Nouvisset's implied criticism of the character of the young sovereign.

"What said Socrates? 'You can bury me if you catch me!'" He knew that the 'I' or 'me' is the soul, Ami. When did Francis care for your soul?"

"When he loved me," was the intense reply.

Nouvisset knew that even the philosophy which he saw Ami had believed, would have no chance just then against such an all-absorbing love. He only trembled when he thought how jealous Ami would certainly become if the king should some day fall in love with some one else and cease to think of him. He thought also how difficult it would be for Ami, with the freedom which was exercised by loving and beloved ones in France, to have a love affair of his own. He dreaded the invasion which jealousy might make upon his bright future.

On these points, however, he said nothing, but continued to moralize in this way: "You must be a light of heaven in a dark vale of earth. The king has had an unfortunate education in morals."

"He is a child of the Holy Church," said Ami. "Bishops and Popes will be his friends."

Nouvisset was not at all astonished that so soon the charm of the Church had bewildered the brain of the orphan. It had come at last. Nouvisset had resolved upon his course. He would not disturb the illusion. He could wait. By and by the seeds in Ami's life and thought would sprout; and the awful weight would lift above them, then totter, then fall.

"The king has known nothing but ambition, superstition, and greed. He has a great heart and a clear head, but his culture has enfeebled his will and moral sense. Who loves Louise of Savoy?"

"Yet any true knight will honor her name," was the instant reply of her former page.

"Ah, yes," said the lame knight, a little surprised that while Ami had so readily comprehended the secret of knighthood, he would not now acknowledge the command of the truer knighthood whose day seemed just before their feet. "Ah, yes! I am proud of that answer, and I am glad that you have made it; but you

admire her not. Who can admire her? She rejoiced that he who dressed the wounds of Chevalier Bayard's horse at Ravenna had left a dying soldier before the tent. No true knight can love one who adores such neglect. She has made for the throne of Francis only a spoiled boy."

Nouvisset had calculated not unwisely upon Ami's reverence for facts, when his jealousy did not consume them.

"Do you know," said Ami, his whole temper having changed suddenly, "what Madame d'Angoulême asked me to record in her journal for the day on which her son — and I love him! — escaped the runaway horse?"

Ami repeated with a smile that well known page of Louise's diary. Historians quote it as follows: "The 25th of January, 1501, Feast of the conversion of Saint Paul. At two o'clock P. M. my son's horse ran away with my King, my Lord, my Cæsar, right across the fields near Amboise."

"No Greek mother ever made a Spartan soldier with such senseless vaporings," said the aged son of Hellas. "Flattery is not so fatal as falsity, however. The king's teachers have been false."

"But was not Artus Gouffier, Sire de Boisy, a true knight?"

"True knighthood for times like these," said the wise Nouvisset, testily, "I have often taught you to believe, has more serious studies than even our knightly Chevalier Bayard attempts. We are at the opening of a mighty epoch. The young king knows the use of arms, but not the use of ideas. He has been with men who blaspheme and stake their souls on a throw of dice. They have taught him that the lower orders, such as you saw at Chilly, have no rights; but the true king will not bully the people. Ami, I determined to educate you, if I

might, amid the classes of which the court of France is ignorant. Gouffier of Portou knew not the task of government which lies before the duke. He could fit our sovereign to reign at a banquet or at a tournament, or to talk for a brief time as if he really possessed learning."

"'T were well if Francis had the learning of his lovely sister," remarked Ami, a little puzzled to know what Nouvisset thought of a woman whom he had then dared to call *lovely*.

"'T were better if he had been left undemoralized by her worship of him."

"Yes, truly," said the youth, his cheek aglow, utterly unconscious of the flame of jealousy which then burned within him.

The knight was pleased at the discovery which was made. He had trembled for the fate of these two susceptible hearts, as Ami and Marguerite d'Angoulême had sat together poring over a manuscript or talking of the Trojan War. Even Louise of Savoy had been anxious. The old knight's difficulties entirely cleared away when he comprehended the fact that Ami had already become envious of her rivalry of love, perhaps of influence.

Nouvisset wanted to say something about a character so inconsistent as was hers, — a soul addicted even then to writing religious hymns and helping a dissolute brother out of the difficulties consequent upon his evil ways. But he had resolved not to touch any of that multitude of fasting saints and mitred sinners, or even Marguerite d'Angoulême, of whom Ami was both so fond and so jealous.

Nouvisset's talk rambled on, as the spirits of Ami, who had begun a little to enjoy the wild optimism which ruled amidst the carousals, turmoils, and indifference of that heyday time sensibly cooled, bringing upon his soul again the sense of the imperious importance of every life, even that of his own, — a consciousness such as he

dimly remembered possessed the soul of his father. In fancy the youth once more stood by his father's side, and heard his deep, noble words. He felt the contrast more vividly than before, and began to wonder how Francis I. should ever be able to rule France. The lights were dim; and silently, as the lame knight fell asleep, the youth sitting near pondered.

A youth at that hour amid those surroundings could not have felt the significance of the weakness of that handsome young monarch, Francis I., as we, looking back upon the young Reformation and the aged Renaissance, feel it to-day. To-day's student of principles and progress cannot help but pity the shade of the king, as in the Louvre he beholds that armor made for a man of six feet rusting beneath the memory of one whose greatest failures grew out of a dominance of physical over spiritual powers.

The governance of Artus Gouffier had so influenced Francis that he was happier at the recognition of his skill when, having found the ferocious boar which he had put in the courtyard of Amboise entering the living-apartments of the castle, he recklessly drove his sword into the beast, and hurled him wounded to death back into the courtyard, than he could be at the success which he achieved at discussing Latin poetry with Marguerite. Only the influence of Ami made him at times more fond of Greek philosophy than of the hunt.

Nouvisset had wakened when Ami said aloud, "I like not Anthony Duprat."

"That is because you love your king," said Nouvisset, who knew Duprat to be a lover of absolute power and a venal servant of the ambitions of Louise of Savoy. "The shadow of the President of the Parliament" — for such was Duprat — "may be lifted by the Constable Bourbon, who will now perhaps be chancellor of France. The king's mother will make her own use of the experience

of the premier, whom she fears ; and she will listen — may Heaven grant it ! — to the young constable whom she loves.”

“Do kings and kings’ mothers fall in love with whom they will ?” asked the young Waldensian, who had not yet been invited by his sovereign into intimate acquaintance with any of the numerous intrigues of the court.

“Yes,” said the old knight, “and they throw them away when they get weary of them ; but of *that* we must not talk. Ami, I am glad that you discern the haughty offensiveness of Anthony Duprat.”

Nouvisset knew that Ami’s unaroused jealousy would soon flame when he beheld the submission into which Duprat was leading the young king. He was more than pleased to be made sure that Ami’s prophetic instinct detected the peril of his sovereign.

“Now,” said the teacher, with loving pride, as he placed his hand upon the shoulder of the youth whom he had instructed, — “now you pass into the service and associations of Francis I., King of France. I was commanded to assist in your proper education. It has been a constant conflict against many of the theories of your friends and mine ; and knowing what your life is to be, it has been in opposition to the tendencies and spirit of the very court which you are to serve.”

“Perhaps,” gracefully remarked Ami, “I shall be no less able to perform knightly service to his Majesty because I have been thus led. Francis I. can do his own thinking. My value to him and to the world shall lie in the fact that you have taught me to do mine. I am grateful.”

“Oh, you brave but ignorant Waldensian !” Nouvisset was about to exclaim ; but he had no wish to curb the genius which belongs to youth, or to make another reference to Ami’s earlier life. He however proceeded to remark instead : “It is a majestic hour in human history.

I have tried to make your intelligence as broad as your coming duties. You have seen the peasant, and you have lived with him at Chilly. You have known the king, and you are at home in his castle. Be careful of the rights of both. Be sure, — I also dislike Duprat ! — be sure that Francis the King of France has no right which infringes upon the best hope of the meanest of his subjects. I beg you to forget not that your own father was a cottager and a peasant."

"But my mother," said the young knight, who was already the victim of a court atmosphere, — "my mother was the daughter of a count."

Nouvisset saw that it was useless to expect this susceptible and brilliant youth to escape entirely the passion for noble ancestry which beset the veriest menial at the castle.

"Your mother told you of knighthood, and you are now able to endure privations, fatigues, and service as a knight. You know thoroughly the use of arms, you were a page of the Duchesse d'Angoulême ; and Bayard himself has given you his heartiest word of praise. In games and fencing you are sufficiently successful ; and even Robert La Marche is unequal to you in the tilt and tournament."

It was the hour when never so true was the saying of the eloquent Chartier : "The senseless notion of to-day is that a nobleman has no need to know the alphabet ; that it is derogatory to a well born man to be able to read and write."

Ami, like all other men, was as egotistic as he was jealous.

"I have this day completed a translation of some of Plato's 'Gorgias' for you, my best helper," said he.

"Yes ; you have learned the way to Athens. Ami, you must go back to Greece with France in your bosom, before France can go forward to her destiny. Be true

enough to your king to keep the fires of thought burning at his court. He is generous, extravagant, reckless. I dislike the presence of Duprat. You, my bright boy, you must teach the king the gallantry of learning. Many a lady for whom the knight may rush into the fray is altogether unworthy of such devotion. The only mistress worthy of such blind and heroic love is learning."

"So, also, religion?" inquired the young man.

The Greek said nothing. He was anxious to avoid a topic so delicate, upon which an honest and honorable pagan, such as he was striving to be, could not speak without assaulting all that Ami was soon to hold dear.







## CHAPTER XI.

### THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Church of God, — that Church which wound  
Around the globe the Apostles' zone:  
What clasped that zone, that girdle bound?  
The Roman unity alone.

AUBREY DE VERE.

IT was not strange that the page of Louise of Savoy and the chosen friend of the young king should become so soon a loyal child of the Holy Church. The mind of Ami was of the mould, and it was dominated by those forces, which at once rendered him easy of approach and certain of being profoundly influenced by that attractive power wielded by the Holy Catholic Church. If to-day often upon highly cultivated and oppositely educated men the Roman Catholic Church, shorn of the splendid and arrogant prerogatives freely conceded to her at the opening of the sixteenth century, crippled by the victorious march of learning over her innumerable assumptions, out of harmony with the vast powers which drive and guide the gathered significance of modern life, antagonistic to the distinctive intellectual and social influences which make the Europe of to-day more desirable than the Europe of that bloody and ignorant yesterday, many of her miracles abolished by science, more of her saints impaled upon the sharp results of

historical research, still more of the heretics whom she murdered exalted by every dictate of learning and manhood, — if to-day upon these she exerts a fascination so brilliant, so resistless, as to attract them to worship with glad pride at her shrines, what must have been the splendor of the charm upon such a youth at such a lofty moment in the history of this gorgeous institution?

It was before a boy in whose veins rushed the characteristic currents of luxurious France and sunny Italy that this majestic power was to exhibit and enforce her persuasions. Her right to rule him was to be voiced through every eloquent art, and uttered by every commanding tongue. Kings and queens, with their diadems and thrones, were to be missionaries unto him. Cardinals and popes, with blazing apparel and fiery tiaras, were, if possible, to make this promising child a proselyte. Beautiful women amidst dazzling gems, seductive enthusiasts in plume and helmet, crowned rulers in imperial palaces, world-famed scholars in halls of learning, were to vie with renowned saints in pathetic poverty, for the establishment of the Virgin's shrine in the heart of this exiled and orphaned Waldensian. For years the Roman hierarchy, at the moment of most superb rule, with all the pageantry it might assume, with all the holiness to which it must pretend, in the immediate presence of the prince most promising to its haughty ambitions, was to utter its curses, pronounce its benedictions, intone its messages of life and death, exhibit its sublime ceremonial before a homeless boy, without a solitary whisper to dissolve the stupendous illusion.

The bright, quick, nervous, and comprehensive imagination of his father, Gaspar Perrin, was his own; and in him it had all the restless vigor and fearless strength which characterize that faculty in large-brained children. Ami possessed mental energy and grasp; and the imagination of the boy was conscious of no limitations

in its horizon-line, nor did it conceive of a star to which it might not fly. His life was full of pictures, thrown off by the tireless operation of this artist-power; and ever was it searching height and depth for some new or more entrancing vision. Symbolic representations of ideas crowded upon his eager soul; images of abstract truths made his mind a fascinating picture-gallery.

In youth imagination not only dreams her fairest dreams, but, often weary of dreaming, it is the imagination of youth alone which seeks for the largest ministry of noble symbols.

The Holy Catholic Church held, at that hour, the loftiest achievements of imagination in her jewelled hand. That institution alone, at that moment, called upon every energy of such a boy's imagination. If he believed her legends, his imagination used its wildest freedom. If he accepted her solemn and consecrated story, his imagination must dominate his reason. If he allied his hope with her promised destiny, his imagination had preempted the realm of the entire future. From the lowest hell peopled with blackest devils, to the highest heaven crowded with angels and resonant with saintly songs; from the farthest past with its thrilling legend to the remotest future with its grandest triumph for the Church, — it was an unapproachable and unimpeded march for this faculty divine.

With the very beginnings of Catholic worship, the imagination was called to the heroic task of sympathy with pictures of sin and of salvation which made the world alive with presences. In the waters of baptism imagination was asked to insert the power of regeneration. In the Holy Eucharist the imagination must detect renewing grace; and despite the lapse of centuries, it was expected to taste the very blood and flesh of Incarnate God. In the sacrament of penance the imagination must see sins forgiven. When some human

being by his side entered holy orders, the imagination must discern the replenishing of a soul by omnipotence itself; and when death came, the imagination was expected to observe in the Extreme Unction, on this side the grave, the consummation of this gracious process; and beyond the grave it was to send its prayers to an imagined world, amid whose lights and shadows the lost friends wander, above them all the Mother of God beseeching her Son to save. No institution or power of earth ever so honored and so bewitched the imagination as has the Holy Catholic Church.

As with a king and a knight he entered the cathedral, his imagination met in passionate admiration the loftier and trained imagination of illustrious architects. In their souls, under the inspiration or command of the Church, sprang the innumerable arches, the stately columns, the solemn vaults which half revealed and half concealed infinity. Human hope had arisen and become incarnate in the vast cathedral. Human aspiration had shot upward, with a wild sublimity which fascinated the youth, in spires lost in the heavens. Far on the summits of the swelling domes, which amid the purpling clouds and azure distances rivalled the solid grandeur of the rich blue hills, as they lifted themselves above the roar of human passions, troubles, cares, and sorrows, stood clear the all-victorious cross, solitary in unvexed brilliance, glowing with triumphant fire.

Every sacred place was either glorious with rags and relics, which latter were the emblems of heroic poverty, or splendid with the testimonies of genius and gorgeous with the tributes of power. The finest genius of earth had studded the long lines of vast interiors. Alabaster and gold had yielded themselves to the artistic energy which worshipped as it toiled. Peasant and prince had piled upon the dazzling altars their devotions and their rubies. Stately processions, with gleaming armor and in

gayest color, even then walked solemnly beneath the lofty arches. Barefooted bishops carried blazing crucifixes; and undefeated soldiers bore the white mantle of the Virgin, under the gigantic cupolas. Nave and transept met in fondest intersection above the uncovered heads of weeping kings and angry popes. Carrara marbles, touched and moulded by the most exquisite art, bas-reliefs, and symbolic sculptures surrounded pulpits resting on carven apostles and martyrs; and within their holy precincts stood the vicars of omnipotent Jehovah.

Without this magnificence, enclosing it like an impregnable fortress, huge walls, created of blocks from the everlasting hills, rose grandly by the side of the pauper's grave and the king's castle. Adorned with façades whose bold and beautiful outlines testified to the pride and piety of ages; decorated gables and pinnacles out of whose recesses looked benignantly saints and prophets; finials and canopies under whose pointed arches faith had placed her symbols; shafts, capitals, and cornices which rehearsed the sacred history and ardent prophecies of seer and psalmist, — the whole noble mass seemed never so much "frozen music" as when the thunders of melody were rolling through its capacious aisles and echoing from arch to arch in the groined and fretted roof, while between the noisy world without and the untroubled world within, through countless windows, the sun poured his richest splendors, flooding the jewelled mitre and the peasants' rags with myriad glories which surged like silent waves midst clouds of incense, against the Virgin's shrine.

For years, without a break, the vision of such triumphs of imagination was to work upon a lad whose best memory held the picture of a little nook in the midst of the mountains, where his father gathered together the ignorant but honest herdsmen and their families and some-

times preached to them in simple words, where poverty was not so poor as to be ragged and monkish, where religion was so barren of ceremonial as to seem mean and insignificant.

Nouvisset and he had often stood together and studied the southern and western fronts of Notre Dame. Then the old man would tell him of the streams of time which had borne down upon their current the ideals, hopes, tendencies, which were embodied in that architecture, and of the wreckage enclosed within those walls.

"See," said Nouvisset, — "see how such a cathedral is the only honest historian! There are energies from great times and from many lands toiling in those workmen. The past is incarnate here in the various styles of architecture. There is the Roman; but it took a hundred currents from far out at sea to make it. Every surge of the waters in the sea of thought or feeling has modified it. Above the Roman, the tale is told of another more aspiring and more worshipping era in the life of men. Away yonder, near the top of the picture, the struggling harmonies of the Parthenon and the Forum are visible. Do you see it?"

Ami was conscious that Greece and Rome, and the France which reached backward to both these nations, towered before him toward heaven. Various and widely separated centuries had told the story of their deepest life in that vast fane.

"If I were not so old," said the teacher, "I would make these churches tell their story. It would be an honest history which they would relate. The men who made them did not mean to write history, and so they did not lie. The true story of man's life lies in his temples, not in the parchment records about battles and sovereigns, not in the mouths of priests, but in the way they have piled stones upon one another. Ami, I hope *you*

will do that. But I am sure you cannot do it and be a popular man at court. Serious things are at a discount. The court is only playing with learning, amusing itself with art; and now it is a little worried by Lefevre, Louis de Berquin, and others of the reforming crowd. It may find them a greater annoyance by and by."

Ami wandered, by permission of the king and priests, into the cathedral itself. It chanced to be the hour when the long and elaborate services incident to the visit of the Bishop of Paris were at their highest point of magnificence. He sat where he beheld pictures and heard harmonies; and as he listened and saw, he wished, in a child's dim way, that little Alke could have known of these; and above all, that his poor slain father had seen and heard what majestic powers were there.

"Certainly," his thought was, "he did not know how beautiful it all is, or how great. If he had known of it all, he would never have been a heretic."

As the cardinal, borne upon the shoulders of four lords, came in with the long procession of knights and auditors, he remembered indistinctly but forcefully his father's unadorned presence or that of the *guide*, as he talked without authority about holy things to the mountaineers. How poor and worn it all seemed now, as the brilliant robe of the cardinal blazed in a new light!

Ami could not forget one of those frosty evenings in the cavern, and the haste in cutting short the worship when the herdsman and their families huddled together to sing and pray. Art had not touched those rocks on which they sat, moulding them into friezes or transforming them into capitals.

As he had looked about the proud cathedral for an hour before entering, he had gained an impression of its

imposing significance. He had heard that it stood on the spot to which once conquering Romans had been gathered in a pagan shrine. Within those walls Heraclius had sounded the trumpet-call of the crusade more than three centuries before. That nave had been lifted skyward in the reign of Philip Augustus. From the hand of the founder of the porch which he had just left, yea, in this very temple, Saint Louis had taken his staff and scarf. Every building in surrounding spaces seemed to bow in reverence before this consecrated pile. The Hotel of God and the Palace of Justice existed, like the Church of St. Stephen the Martyr, only to be razed to the ground, whenever the larger effect of the great edifice might demand it.

The arches crowded with the statues of kings, the figures of the ancestors of the Holy Virgin, the vast windows filled with scenic grandeur, were forgotten as in solemn procession came pouring in the vicars and canons, choristers and officers, and the one hundred and twenty chaplains of the spiritual lord of Paris. And just then the whole cathedral trembled with the mighty harmonies which a master-hand found in the great organ. As Ami had listened to the love-songs and pious hymns which the king had written, and which he would often sing accompanied with the lute, he had often thought more favorably of the crusading hymns and simple sacred lays which had come to the ears of his childhood. His soul had also been ravished with chants, rendered amidst other gorgeous ceremonies by a cohort of musicians and choristers. Masses of the Gregorian order he had heard, rivalling the secular songs which commemorated battle-fields and had reorganized armies. The choir which sang them was one of the richest gifts which passed from Louis XII. to Francis I. In 1515 Milan heard its notes, while Leo X. was charmed. Melodies low and sweet, psalms echoing with the thunder of battle or the



throb of a shepherd's heart, *Te Deums* which wove their fine harmonies of the most opulent tones, *Glorias* which breathed of heaven, had swept Ami into an ecstasy of devotion. The masters, Ambrose, Gregory, Fortunatus, Saint Hilary, and Robert II. of France, Peter Damian, Saint Bernard, and Thomas a Kempis, had each of them allied the tenderest words or the sweetest chords with the genius of the brilliant chorister Guillaume Guinaud, and the king's chapel-master, Claude de Sermisy, to uplift and lead the worship. But never before had the soul of the boy been so moved by the might of sweet sounds. Whispers of angels seemed to linger and float upon the thunderous waves of harmony, as the great building quivered in their movement. It appeared impossible that his father ever could have heard such rich melodies. The Holy Church alone seemed able to wed such chords, and possess such pledges of heaven.

These harmonies seemed to vie with those which had been caught by artists of equal power, and fastened in the great windows of this august fane. The eye became an avenue through which the Church drove its arguments of heavenly beauty and superb dominion; and yet he knew not that he was then the beholder of but one moment's splendor in one building, among many throughout all Europe, whose windows had told, in many-colored poetry and eloquence, the story of the Church. Age after age this eloquence had gathered in opulent strength and increasing beauty. Holy pensiveness had for centuries dwelt under prismatic and harmonious glory. Every variety of tint, every excellence of position, every inspiring or pathetic scene in the life of lawgiver, saint, psalmist, prophet, martyr, Virgin, or Christ, had been put under tribute to furnish with completeness this sacred pageantry. Distinguished artists had labored with the molten sand; illustrious minds had shaped the fragile products; patient

enthusiasts had selected the pigments ; great painters had arranged the brittle pieces with an ingenious industry ; eminent architects had set the brilliant combinations in their places, until the choir, apse, altar, and mosaic floor on which Europe worshipped, appeared a sacred dream of transcendent radiance.





## CHAPTER XII.

### THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

For this,  
The gospel and great teachers laid aside,  
The decretals, as their stuffed margins show,  
Are the sole study. Pope and Cardinal,  
Intent on these, ne'er journey but in thought  
To Nazareth, where Gabriel op'd his wings.

DANTE (*Cary's translation*).

AMI made no wild plunge into the bosom of the Church, because of any desperate desire to escape the perils of infidelity. His personality was simply weaker than the institution which overshadowed him. The imagination of the boy was taken by storm.

Not less impressive, however, to a youth of this nature was the impression which the Church, ancient and catholic, made upon such as was he, as he was led by so amiable an instructor into the study of history.

Since that hour when Ami sat at the feet of Nouvisset, the unreformed Catholic Church has added so many dark and bloody pages to the story of humanity, and history has been written with such honest freedom, that we can scarcely appreciate the impression made upon his mind as he saw this ever-young and growing institution stretch the list of her triumphs from the hour when, having fought with infuriated beasts, she rose out of the dust of the Roman amphitheatre, to the hour when his

grandfather and others of the heretical Waldensians fell under the hands of Innocent VIII.

As he read of the revolutions which had crushed empires and overset thrones, he saw the papal chair steady through them all. He saw the inextinguishable youth of the Church amidst the sneers of her foes. As Chaucer in England had smiled at the Church, the Cathedral of Milan had begun to rise starward. While Poggio laughed and amused the South of Europe, she was burning Lollards, sending La Salle into the wilds of America, and commanding Veronese and Fra Angelico to decorate her temples. Something resistless and grand lay in the charm of these gathered centuries upon her brow. She had stood, in the person of Gregory IX., in that hour when the University of Cambridge was founded, and the Cathedral of Cologne was yet in the mind of Conrad. Years before, when England was rejoicing over Magna Charta, she was eloquent in Saint Francis, or pious in the person of Elizabeth of Hungary.

Did Worms Cathedral begin to attract the footsteps of a solitary and rebellious monk? She was there when, five hundred years before, its foundations were laid. She had crowned Charlemagne; she had conquered Mahomet; she had entered England with Saint Austin; she had seen Romans come back from Britain; she had beheld Attila defeated and Aurelius die; she had bled under Vespasian; she had walked into Nero's prisons unafraid; she had looked out, even from them, backward into the eternal past, feeling her relationship to the purpose of God, while Rome staggered, "drunken with the blood of the saints, and drunken with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."

As Ami learned of strifes and factions, pillaged towns and burned cities, mobs and armies, crusades and dismembered kingdoms, he saw some Ambrose unquailing in the presence of a Theodosius, Flavius successfully

begging for Antioch, or Hildebrand holding barefooted Henry IV. at his command amid the snows of Canossa. From the moment when Felix trembled unto that in which Ami beheld Louise of Savoy exercised as to the opinions of the Pope, the Holy Church had preserved this august, imperative, and haughty dominion. She seemed the one historic fact, changeless and unchangeable. Human passion had builded fires at her feet which she had quenched. Royal licentiousness had brought flagrant sins in her sight, and the sinner she had excommunicated. Rich barons had oppressed her poor, until she had punished their rapacity. Goth and Hun and Vandal had sought to destroy every glory of old Rome, while she had hid the powers of learning and of art in her monasteries, and erected a new and spiritual Rome upon the ruin.

She had used all sorts of men, — Peter the Hermit and Polycarp, Barnard and Augustine, Alcuin and Saint Anthony. Her line encircled the history of human nature, and her command lay upon every heart.

As he dreamed of his father and that little church amidst the hills, he was perplexed that such a trifling and infantile movement as that of the Waldensians should have ever measured its babyhood with the long motherhood of the Holy Church.

"Could my father have read a page of history?" thought he. "Is it possible that he knew of the councils which are beacons, and the fathers which were flames of fire, stretching from the very opening into the catacombs to the day of the Pragmatic Sanction? He was not unlearned. What could have possessed his mind, that he forgot the ever-advancing tread of this gigantic power, and solemnly satisfied himself with the child's-play of this new-born heresy!"

So mightily did the awe-inspiring past, huge and inexplicable, fill the eye of Ami's soul. He was not come

to that intellectual manhood which perceives how often ivy-like fancies of ignorance conceal the rough walls within which dwell horrible tyrannies ; nor had he learned how that ancient institution threw the shadow of its imagined sacredness upon something far more venerable, far more sacred, — the soul of man.

Reason often seems late in coming to the rescue of true faith.

Every such superficial notion of what constitutes salvation as would belong to the mind of a youth without a man's experiences with sin, was satisfied — is still satisfied — with the priest and the absolution. Had not God's authority been deposited with his confessor? If full satisfaction had not been made, surely the experiences of purgatory would make heaven certain. In obeying the visible hierarchy the boy *saw* the power which saved. It taxed not those powers of his soul to look beyond, — powers which are later in maturing. Those conceptions of sainthood which accompany spiritual youth, — the lonely ascetic living his negative, self-conscious, unaggressive life ; the meditative pietist, introspective and calm, fleeing from the world, in quick retreat from the battle of life with its hopes and despair, its fascinating ambitions and its ennobling problems, — these were satisfied in the roll of martyrs, confessors, and heroes of the Holy Church.

As he remembered the struggling in his father's prayers at the fireside, and the fervor with which he fought out the battle of life in the world, he thought : " Oh, if he had known of some monastery in which the world never came, or of some priest whose assertion of pardon was ratified before the throne of Heaven, then my father could have been the saint he wished to be."

A present, living, growing teacher, with plenitude of power to condemn or to forgive, — a teacher which gave no invitation or command to men to do unpleasant, toil-

some, bewildering reasoning, — so quieted his mind, so reigned above the rising tumult of debate in his soul, that he gave over to the Church in fee simple his entire spirit.

“Oh, if my mother,” said he, as he thought of one conversation which he dimly remembered to have heard long ago, — a conversation in which she sadly broke back to the old Church, and cried for the Eucharist, — “oh, if my mother had lived, it may be that he who died for the new heresy had died in peace in the bosom of the Church !”

Sufficient truth the Church has always held to make her better than the world from whose tyranny men desire to escape. With ease she comes to the soul of a penitent or to the heart of a struggling saint, and advocates an ever-present grace. She, however, commands peace where there is no peace. She rouses the spirit to desire the ministries of her peculiar power ; she puts a swift forgiveness upon vices, and makes sacred the spiritual conceit which is its consequence. Thus, as Ami was swept on into the atmosphere of a designing hypocrite, amid the splendors of the court of her son Francis I., the unreformed Church caught the weaknesses of his impulsive youth and blessed them.

The warm currents of his mother's blood gave to this youth a large emotional life. The Church of the sixteenth century dazzled the imagination, and developed while it fed the emotions of men.

The music breathed those sounds which rolled through the chambers of the heart in deep diapason. Every chord which uttered tenderness, every note which touched the sensibilities, every instrument which swept the feelings, every combination which deepened sorrow for sin, quickened a love of goodness, filled the eye with tears of gratitude or of remorse, was employed with unsurpassed art and incredible constancy. The windows

chronicled those scenes in which the boy Joseph had been sold, the child Samuel was called of God, the persecutor Saul was beholding the Christ, the Holy Saviour was agonizing in death, the saintly Stephen was being stoned, or the Mother of God was enthroned on high.

The altar was one rich, vast, constant appeal to the feelings, — agitating them by its pictures, rousing them by its services, blessing them by its awful significance. There quivered the sacred heart ; there bled the riven side of the Redeemer ; there died in inconceivable pain the Son of God. A single week in the life of a worshipper was sufficient to create an era in the history of a soul's emotional life. A Calvary — a dark, hideous, consecrated Calvary — approached painfully by slow progress in prayer, and with meditation upon the one saddest scene in human story ; seven stations, each more awful in suggestions of grief, leading at last to a realistic reproduction in the mind of the most affecting of all deaths, — this alone opened the floodgates of the soul.

Not even the worship was the strongest power to engage this boy's feelings. Death had come upon his life ; and he often had wondered if life might not have been less tragic if his mother had been spared to him. He knew that there had been moments when her intense zeal for the cause of the Waldensians flagged a little ; and once he buried his face in her lap when she told him not to hate the statue of the Virgin. He could yet feel her hand upon his head.

To this boy the Holy Church came with the realm beyond the grave, peopled and very human in its ways. Angels walked with the lost and loved. Prayers which issued out of his affection or his faith as a witness to solitude and to suffering, reached, as he was led to believe, beyond the grave, and filled the lives of the dead with benediction.

Soon, very soon, the height of his emotional life bore



a form,—the form which he adored. He was a motherless boy. In immaculate splendor, clad in sinless beauty, his guardian, his friend, Mary the Virgin Mother of God was enthroned in silence and without ceremony upon the heart of the orphan. He could not help thinking that his own mother looked like the vision which he beheld when he took the sacrament.





## CHAPTER XIII.

### FADING FACTS AND LIVING DREAMS.

Glory and boast of Avalon's fair vale,  
How beautiful thy ancient turrets rose !  
Fancy yet sees them in the sunshine pale  
Gleaming, or more majestic in repose,  
When West away the crimson landscape glows,  
Casting their shadows on the waters wide.  
How sweet the sounds that, at still daylight's close,  
Come blended with the airs of eventide,  
When through the glimmering aisle faint misereres died.

BOWLES

**L**ET us go back to Somersetshire, to the England of monastic days. As in the last hour of that sunny afternoon he welcomed Vian with rebukes and tears, when the latter entered his apartments in Glastonbury Abbey, tired and dust-covered from his journey homeward, Abbot Richard Beere, conservative and politician, was sure that a long and unwearied effort must be made to uproot from the rich soil of Vian's young mind the seeds which two such men as More and Erasmus had, perhaps unwittingly, sowed therein. He knew enough of the boy's character and breeding to abandon all attempts at forcing him into credulity, or at flogging him into hearty obedience. He was both sadder and more hopeful when he saw that Vian trembled only at his tears. Man of the past that he was, the head of Glastonbury felt

that he must summon up the entire force of that past of which he was master, if he should obtain for the Church the future which gleamed upon the brow of Vian. It never occurred to him that a man holds the past only as he seizes the present, and through that the future. It never concerned him, or his plans, that youth gives no surer witness to its own genius than when it beats its wings uneasily against institutions whose glitter and antiquity have bedazzled the feeble eye of age.

"He is not at all impressed with the dignity of the Church," said the abbot one day, as if forced by the disappointing months to a doleful conclusion.

The next day he would win him, and astonish him by the splendor with which a servant of the Holy Church in his position could go fishing.

But Vian looked upon the scene much as did Fra Giovanni, who, walking with a brother,—the custom of Glastonbury compelled them to go two and two, no man being companionless out of the enclosure,—and encountering the magnificent cavalcade, said with fine irony, "This cannot be a procession composed of men who have taken a vow of perpetual poverty, and who do not love the gaudy pleasures of the wicked world. What think you?"

The long retinue of more than one hundred elegantly costumed monks, bearing arms which glittered in the fire of that bright day, followed after the abbot, who was preceded by a solitary and muscular brother bearing a huge shining crucifix.

Every doubt as to the persons composing the train would have been banished, even in a mind less acquainted with such pompous scenes than Fra Giovanni's, by their advance.

"Ah," said Giovanni, "I shall have to flog the abbot for his pride. Yet it is all so churchly; it is only the Lord Abbot of Glastonbury toiling alone, as you see,

through that crowd of sycophants, who have found out somehow that he is going fishing for a perch, and who kneel like menials for his blessing. Ha ! he is as nobly attired for meeting a pike, as he will be on his way to Parliament, when he will astonish Harry himself with his mitre and crosier."

Vian had fled to literary pools, and was casting for living ideas.

As the afternoon wore away, and the shadows in the scriptorium grew longer, the young man read from the Scripture which he was copying with another novice of the same age, the story of the disciples fishing in Lake Gennesaret. It was boyish logic, perhaps, and certainly quite evident heresy, that led him to make certain remarks to the librarian who was the monk nearest to Giovanni in humor and sympathy.

"Then Peter himself had no retinue, even when he fished in the lake ; did he ?"

"No, the Church was poor in those days."

"And yet that was the Church of apostles and martyrs," said Vian, with a furtive glance.

"Even so ; but the Holy Church was poor then," remonstrated the librarian, who was humorous as he lost ground.

"And pure, also?" asked Vian ; "poor and pure !"

"Even then Judas was a disciple."

"But Judas, who was not poor very long, was not made a cardinal or a bishop," firmly added this son of a Wycliffite, as he reverted to the scene of the morning. "It appears to me — I know that I can understand little — but it appears to me that the Holy Church is not so pure as when she was poor. Why should the abbot — and he is not even Peter's successor — why should he be guarded and wear costly garments? The people who fell on their knees before him as he passed, acted like slaves, and they seem very ragged. Peter had no silver and

gold ; yet he blessed people like unto them. Nobody seems to want to bless them now, except when those who bless are sure to receive silver or gold. I know I cannot understand it." And Vian went to work again, copying with firm and excellent hand a page of vellum which lay before him.

"The novice is a thinker," said the monk, as he found Giovanni a moment later, and related to him the conversation.

Both of them smiled, when Giovanni said : "It will be the turn of the thinker soon. The abbot has something else on his line, besides a hook in that novice. Poor, disappointed abbot ! He knows he has failed to impress Vian with the grandeur of the Church when the Holy Church goes fishing. He will try it again when the Church goes to Parliament."

At length the day which Giovanni's remarks anticipated came. The soft airs were floating like whispers over the green fields, carrying within them the silent shadows of the white clouds above. The cavalcade was ready to start ; but Vian, who was to ride at the side of the abbot, could not be found.

What a night the boy had endured ! When the morning bell tolled for matins, he was on his knees alone, praying, as he had heard the Lollards pray at Lutterworth. Taking his seat in the church, he sang with a trembling and weary voice the fifteen Psalms, tears running down his cheeks. Fra Giovanni noticed his emotions, when Nocturn came, and then missed him, when the chanter and choir returned from lauds. No one thought the fishing excursion of the day before to have been such an event as to take the sweetest voice out of that choir. Tierce and Morning Mass found him not ; and he was absent from the procession which wended its way to the chapter-house.

The sub-prior hastily discovered these facts, as he

sought to relieve the agitated mind of Abbot Richard Beere. Could it be that Vian had again escaped?

It was past time for the cavalcade to start.

Still did the airs play tenderly with the tears which quivered upon the stern, hard face of the abbot. He would not move toward London. He believed, in a dim but potent way, that the child, who now was rapidly coming to be a man, — the novice Vian, — had a hold upon the future which he would fain acquire for the Church. It might be lost, if he should depart at that moment.

Could it be that the heresy of the hour had such influence?

Not this heresy alone. The heart of the Middle Ages had what were heresies also to monasticism, — heresies which were often more potent and disruptive than those of the head.

That magnificent procession had halted because of a boy's vision, — a vision which rose above the towers of Glastonbury, and outshone the splendor of the crucifix.

While the abbot was worried, and hastened to the inevitable conclusion that he must go to Parliament at once, the sub-prior was beholding something of the beauty of that vision, — a tattered thing, torn as it was from this youth's bosom; still its fragmentary beauty held him charmed.

The sub-prior himself, months before, had made the acquaintance of a wonderfully interesting specimen of human nature, to say the least, when he brought Vian back on that afternoon from More and Erasmus, who were glad enough to give him up to Glastonbury. His monastic soul had gone out with the boy's hopes; and his worn and wasted heart pulsated in deepest sympathy with him, as the youth said, "I hate all monks, and I love Master More."

The remark had precipitated a vast amount of vague sadness in the sub-prior's soul ; and now it was full of hard crystals of doubt. He became less servile in his thoughts ; and often he saw, or thought he saw, the dawn just ahead. Still he was sub-prior, and that position he need not give up ; still would he be loyal to the abbot. He quite loved the young Vian ; and when, in obedience to the abbot's command, he continued his search until he found the youth in concealment, living in a sort of dream, as he afterward told the prosaic head of that abbey, his heart was touched ; and instead of a rebuke, the sub-prior gave Vian a pious kiss. It was also sufficient to emphasize the protest within him against the shadow of the past. The sub-prior had kissed the future.

Parliament and the abbot's duties there must be attended to ; and on the assurance that all was well with Vian, the procession started, the heart most set upon its success feeling sad, as the abbot moved on and mused concerning the dreaming novice.

"I wonder what he can be dreaming of. Ah ! Joseph dreamed," said he.

What a dream for one who had already shown himself a rationalist ! What a vision for one who had so soon found his life environed with such hard realities as set themselves against even the propriety of such an hallucination as was Vian's !

It was an old dream, and yet in the midst of his mental agony, which arose at his contrasting the Church of the past with its fraudulent representative in the present, it came to the youth like a new dream, so unchurchly, so apparently impious, but also so imperious. The sub-prior in after years saw into the working of his mind. In a youth's dim way Vian was conscious of what was going on within himself even then. He had felt himself entirely appropriated by that great ecclesias-

tical institution, and had thought indefinitely of his own intellectual individuality only as a dear wreck.

At the moment when he was discovered by the sub-prior, he knew that he, even he, abided; and he was held to that faith by a dream, — a vision rather, which could bode nothing but disaster at Glastonbury.

It was a lover's dream.

Friar Noglas of Lutterworth had told the abbot about what he was pleased to term "the child's mental affliction." Even his mother expressed the hope that no pains would be spared to render him free from such a mysterious phantasm. Only Vian, the child, took a sane view of the remarkable phenomenon. It had not recurred for five years until on that night after the sight of the fishing expedition. It had never remained so completely in charge of all his mental faculties, nor did it ever appear so sacred as then.

A lover always dreams in portraits. Even if his fancy should put about the figure which he beholds a landscape like Lorraine's, love yet paints like Rembrandt; and the richest lights and shadows fall upon some human face. Vian was born a lover; and in every quality of his mind he was a painter. It was not remarkable, therefore, that in his very boyhood there should come slowly and abide upon his soul a picture which had all the hues of ideality and all the lines of reality within its exquisite features, — a portrait into which his vivid imagination and his affectionate heart poured their treasured hopes, — the portrait, as he loved to say, of his "soul's mate." It used to furnish his mother with a sort of curious amusement to hear this loving boy of hers, in the long summer afternoons, talk of a radiant little maiden whom he had never seen, and whom she knew that her child had not seen.

She at first had thought it a most interesting and harmless exercise of fancy and affection in which he indulged



himself, when, with his brown curls still clinging to his boyish head, he entertained her alone beneath the purpling lilac-trees in the garden, discoursing, like a poet, of his loved one. By and by the child himself apparently saw that the phenomenon of a little boy dealing so deeply with such passionate energies as this floating portrait had inspired within him, caused his mother no little concern. He always remembered hearing a conversation which occurred without his presence being noted or desired, in which the priest Noglas was taken into the secret; and asked if he did think there could be the slightest danger of madness in such a persistent and intense devotion to an ideal love.

The priest was worried. He nevertheless assured her, and avowed that Lutterworth thought Vian was to be a great man, and that it must be expected that he would do strange things. True, the boy was half spoiled.

He learned then, for the first time, that in him centred the pride and hope of the whole community, and that his rather large acquirements at such an age had astonished the respectable talents of his elders; but as the little fellow had heard them talk of means which should be tried to divert his mind from this picture which always stood on the easel of the thought and hope within his soul, he ran in upon the conversation, and hid his face within his mother's bosom, as he told her that he never could be great or good without seeing constantly this picture of his little mate. The priest retired to make his plans.

That love had taken possession of Vian's life; it was the central light whose radiance made everything else visible. It was the solitary silken string on which jewel after jewel of that young life was being strung. The bewildered mother saw it long ago. Throughout a boyhood which was guarded by care and ambition, as the

days were lost in months and the months in years, this solitary and misunderstood boy was painting that ideal portrait, — that exquisite picture of the sweet little girl who lived somewhere in God's universe, and who already was and forever would be the real wife of his soul.

Gradually did the portrait grow. As he grew to be an older child, so did this lovely girl-image. The picture seemed to gather loveliness and beauty from every touch of his experience. Did his eye catch sight of a beautiful girl? The one immaculate flash of glory which made her beautiful went into that picture which he never forgot. His father knew nothing of this process. Did his father ever read from the line of a poet, or from the fragment of an orator, whose delayed message now came upon the sleepy mind of Europe, some fine characteristic which belonged to human nature? Instantly this portrait which Vian was producing bore another delicate line, and Vian's loved one seemed more lovely. As he played over the hills and through the dew-covered clover, or climbed upon the hill-top to watch the soft tints of the rising sun, or gathered bunches of wild-flowers for her whom he had never seen, did he find some beautiful tint which he had never beheld before? Then he became a painter again; and his fancy and love mingled that erubescient color with the rich blushes upon her cheek.

As sometimes he came through the wood, and the birds were still, and only the lark in the meadow below the streamlet along whose flowery banks he wandered so much alone, was talking in bird-tones to its mate, he would sit upon the soft grass and listen. Oh, how far away did she seem! Then he listened again. Oh, how near she came!

He could almost see her golden hair, and her sweet lustrous eyes, — that much of the picture he never

changed. He could not listen longer; the strain was too intense. She was too far away. And then he would gather the ripe berries, oozy with richness and glossy with beauty; and then as he would string them for her, placing one after another upon the long grasses which he found, he would listen again for her voice.

One day he heard what his heart certainly knew was *her* voice. His dreams always took him to that spot where for years he had gone, as upon a soul-pilgrimage, and left his tears with the morning dews. Then the great forest-trees threw their cool shadows upon it, and the wild roses made the air fragrant round about; and the brown-thrush uttered his notes amidst the woodland leaves.

Now, to the eye of a traveller in rural England, it is only a plain, prosaic pasture-field, with the masses of sunlight falling unbroken upon its simplicity; yet at the last visit one who bears the name of Vian found there a beautiful wild rose, which lived upon a broken and ancient little bush, and seemed to have come out of all the changed circumstances to tell him of an experience whose beauty was perennial. That rose was carried to Vian's grave, and placed over his very heart.

The spot is as sacred as heaven. There love had heard the voice of his loved one, whose portrait had been worshipped in his soul.

As before that morning, to which he was always returning, his imagination had made its happiness out of lines and colors; so after that morning when he thought he heard her voice, imagination found also a noble delight in tones. His fancy had, up to that day, lived in his eye; henceforth it should also live in his ear. He must not only look, he must listen, if his soul were to have the fullest joy.

Sometimes a tone of the voice will do everything to clear up and make vivid the lines of a face. Oftentimes one finds the mind looking upon some mental picture and trying to remember some dear line in its exactness, when suddenly one hears the voice as of old, and the ear helps the eye, so that one seems to have a definite picture before the soul. It was so with Vian when the sub-prior found him. His soul had listened ; and he had heard her voice. Instantly his closed eyes *saw* her, as he never saw her before. Oh the rapture of that hour, as he both saw and heard !

Of course the voice was just the voice which he had expected to hear. If he had not been thinking of her at all, he would have discovered those unique tones in the midst of universal confusion ; but as his soul was intently thinking of her, the sounds which seemed to have floated to earth from heaven took his hushed spirit prisoner, and he said, "*That* can be no other voice than hers !"

It cannot be considered marvellous that so thoroughly did these tones harmonize with the pictured tones which his eye had beheld. The voice is the surest interpreter of character ; its tones lie deeper than the lines of the face. Yet behind face and voice is the one soul ; and each of its revelations harmonizes with the other, when both are understood. Vian's sympathetic spirit heard on that June day the very tones which he had somehow felt must lie in the breast of this peerless little girl. With what commanding sweetness did they seize upon his very life ; with what delicate authority did they touch his happy heart !

Just as that fancied portrait had filled every chamber of his vision with its radiant beauty and satisfied every demand of his growing culture, so these sounds, which floated in upon his soul from the *somewhere* of God, ran their melodious way along through the avenues of his

mind, roused his thought and sentiment to a strange ecstasy, and bade his soul quiver with loving emotion, as he gave audience. It seemed as if his very nature had been created for the superb harmonies which appeared to lie in her simplest tone. His spirit had become a palpitating atmosphere, which caught up and transmitted the veriest whisper of her melody. Every sound came into him like a sweet wanderer; and it entered through unknown doors into his heart, to find itself forever at home. Surely there was but one voice in the whole universe; and his ear had listened to its music. Thrilling, rich, and powerful, its melody had stirred him again, even to tears, when the sub-prior found him.

Were they tears of sorrow which came because he had heard her again? No, they were tears of joy that what he had so often seen had at last uttered something to his soul again. It seemed that every sweet chord which he had ever heard elsewhere was woven into her song. The sighing of the tree-tops in the evening; the laughing, rippling melodies of the brooks which tinkled in every silvery drop like a chorus of clear-voiced bells; the liquid notes of the bird which just then flew out into the sunlight to be touched with its gold, and back again into the emerald forest; the flute-like harmonies which rose from those æolian harps which were then made as the slender reeds beyond him deflected the fragrant southern breeze, — all these, beside something so incommunicable, so celestial, so unheard before, lived, moved, and spoke in that incomparable voice. He was back again at Lutterworth. He stood listening; the long evening shadows again disputed on his face with the retreating sunshine; the voice died away. With tears like unto those which the sub-prior detected upon his cheeks even now, he had often thanked God for what he had heard, and gone wearily homeward.

The sub-prior withdrew ; but he understood it. All that night Vian lay listening in vain for that one voice,

“ Wearily came to the heart of the night  
Echoes of music which lived in the light :  
Drearly weeping, the night throws away  
Jewels which flashed on some fair yesterday.”

He kept saying to his soul, “ Somewhere and at some time I will see that face and hear that voice.”





## CHAPTER XIV.

### A VISITOR AT GLASTONBURY.

Hard by, the monks their Mass were saying;  
The organ evermore  
Its wave in alternation swaying  
On that smooth swell upbore  
The voice of their melodious praying  
Toward heaven's eternal shore.

AUBREY DE VERE.

ON the evening of the 25th of May there arrived at Glastonbury Abbey an innocent-looking man, who immediately excited the interest of every one, from the Lord Abbot to the least important of the lay-brethren. He was a countryman, without doubt ; and in his dress he bore every evidence of having no small desire to measure up both to the duties which devolved upon him and the place of their performance. Most of his wardrobe was upon his body ; and it consisted of such a collection of excesses in apparel as indicated that the wearer had perhaps borrowed for the occasion, of each of his neighbors, the one most pretentious article of their possessions, and gathering them together thus, had intended to impress Glastonbury, for which he must have a noble regard, with his fitness as a guest. His sturtops were new and unworn by any contact with the rough roadway which he must have travelled.

"How did he get here without even soiling the laces of his boots?" was the query propounded by the humorous Giovanni. "He must have dropped down from the skies. Ah, no; that could scarcely be. The trunk-hose, stuffed as they are, cannot be of heaven. There would not be room for all the saints of the calendar, if many of the celestial inhabitants should persist in wearing trunk-hose like unto his."

The garters he wore were of Granada silk, which contrasted unpleasantly with his close-fitting doublet, fastened as it was around his waist by a most elaborately decorated girdle which belonged to another day, and never seemed quite sure of keeping together the inharmoniously colored garments which it touched. On his head was a green hat of French manufacture, which had a brim gayly embroidered in silver and gold; and under his significant chin peeped out an elegantly worked shirt-band, whose whiteness was broken in upon by wandering threads of Coventry blue.

"The great breeches which he has upon him must have made his journey wearisome; for he came to us on foot," remarked Fra Giovanni, as he sought to contain his humor, when the visitor came sweating through the cloisters, ambling along industriously with the sub-prior, the preposterous amount of stuffing in his trunk-hose making a respectable distance between him and the superior.

The monks became jolly, as Giovanni led the way for their merriment. Gratitude vied with good-humor; for every one who came to break the dull monotony of the monastic life was looked upon as a benefactor. Not always, however, were the monks so careful to preserve ascetic decorum so far as to prevent their having what fun they might find in the appearance of an itinerant saint or the blunders of a peripatetic sinner who chanced to travel in their paths.



One of the monks was set to entertain the stranger, and soon found out that he had come from a part of the country where abbeys were not held in the highest esteem, and that his business connected itself with Vian.

"From Lutterworth?" That explained the carefulness of the sub-prior and the anxiety of the Lord Abbot. The visitor answered that his home was at Lutterworth, and showed that, in spite of all Wycliffite influences, he was ignorant and superstitious, and possessed an awful sense of the obsequious regard which he ought to show to a Benedictine friar at Glastonbury Abbey.

Fra Giovanni had been very dull of late; but this chance for entertainment at the visitor's expense was too good to lose.

"I hold myself able," said he to Abbot Richard, "indeed, I am willing, so to entertain the visitor who has come from the heretical atmosphere breathed by John Wycliffe, that he will go back emptied of all local pride, and made humble before the sacredness of this venerable abbey."

The idea impressed the abbot as a good one. Truly, the days of hope for stalwart Churchmanship were not numbered, so long as Giovanni would undertake voluntarily to undo what the Lollard influence had done at Lutterworth within the mind of this somewhat pompous visitor, Thomas Jenson.

"Set about it, with my desire and blessing. He is here to treat concerning the novice, Vian. I am beset with heavy cares. I do not trust his laxity of doctrine. He is full of unwise conceit of Lutterworth," was the grateful reply of the head of Glastonbury.

"I will extract the whole of Lutterworth from him," promised Giovanni.

Now Giovanni had determined to attack this problem through those immense trunk-hose, which he believed were stuffed with wool. The Lord Abbot supposed that

the Italian monk meant to proceed through Thomas Jenson's head or heart. The name, Thomas Jenson, flew from monk to monk with astonishing rapidity; and every monk smiled, when it was known that Fra Giovanni proposed to show to the ploughman from Lutterworth the sights of the abbey.

"I will take the local pride out of him," said Giovanni.

Visiting the House of Parliament, under the invitation or command of Abbot Richard Beere, several of the monks had seen the posts placed in the walls which upheld a sort of scaffold, upon which those were accustomed to sit who wore these great breeches. Giovanni had been informed that sometimes they were filled with sawdust or with bran; and he determined, at the proper moment, to pierce one of Thomas Jenson's hose, not to reduce its compass, but to take the local pride out of him. That proper moment had arrived.

Standing in front of the abbey clock, which had sufficiently excited the wonder of the stranger from Lutterworth, the humorous monk explained to him that the Devil loved to ensnare a victim whom he might catch exhibiting undue curiosity in sacred places; that no one who had ever absolutely obeyed the instructions which Giovanni was about to impart had ever lost his soul in that way; that, on the other hand, others who had disdained such advice had become the prey of the Evil One; and that, to be specific, those who desired to behold the glories of the abbey must on no account look backward. "We gain heaven," said the monk, in pious tone, "in looking forward and upward."

Giovanni had punctured the breeches. A small hole was left open in the lower part of Thomas Jenson's trunk-hose. Bran began to fall upon the floor of the south transept, in a small but constant stream. Still did the man of Lutterworth marvel at the splendors of this religious house. Giovanni now led his victim through the

Chapel of St. Joseph, leaving behind the visitor a stream of bran five hundred and eighty feet in length. Out into the cloisters and into the arcade they went, on to the east side, even to the entrance of the chapter-house, where the monks were assembled for confession. As monk after monk afterward sought the ear of his confessor, that solemn individual's ear was astonished with a burst of laughter from the sin-burdened brother.

The Lord Abbot's throne was immediately in front. Thomas Jenson had not looked behind him, though for long minutes he had been suffering agonies of distrust and fear. Giovanni's face was serene. But the Lord Abbot beheld the shrunken visitor, who, his eyes assured him, was the veritable Thomas Jenson of Lutterworth. The latter was perspiring immoderately, and for a while he gazed first at the abbot, then toward Giovanni, as if he desired to ask if it would be perilous to remove the sweat-drops from his face, and at length he was piteously insisting that in spite of the fact that he had obeyed every injunction of Giovanni's, the Devil had infested his trunk-hose.

"I did not know," said he, "that the Devil could get into such holy places."

For this once Abbot Richard dared publicly to censure Fra Giovanni; but one look from the Italian silenced the throne. Every monk laughed; and Fra Giovanni agreed with the Lord Abbot, that if any brother in Glastonbury had played the part of Satan with Thomas Jenson's breeches, he himself should see that the culprit suffered severe flagellation at his hands.

"The local feeling has gone out of him, at least so far as his hose is concerned," said Giovanni to the sacristan. "I was set to reduce his importance and his impression of himself, and to produce an impression upon him of our importance. I have not succeeded; but I have made it impossible for any monk to get the same impression

which he at the first made upon my innocent brethren in Glastonbury Abbey."

Thomas Jenson had come to the abbey to represent the proper authorities of Lutterworth, and to announce that the property which belonged to Vian, under the will of his father, must now be given over to his uses, and that Vian, with a competent witness from Glastonbury, must proceed to Lutterworth and at once conclude the business.

Thomas Jenson, in other years, had known Vian's father, and in spite of his ignorance, had become one of the guardians of the property. It consisted of an oaken box, containing many manuscript letters, and the books which, in obedience to the will, the other guardian had purchased.

Abbot Richard, who himself had once been a devotee of "the new learning," had not a single perfectly orthodox friar at Glastonbury with whom he dared to trust what small funds might thus pass into the treasury of the abbey. His mind had often remarked that the monks of his house who set such store by correctness of belief, were most reprehensibly derelict in practice, and that the men of "the new learning" were both honest and clean.

He chose as the companion of Vian, the sub-prior, who had often served Abbot Richard, though he had given him no little trouble and cause for further worry, because he had allowed the brethren who could read the Greek and Latin authors to converse freely concerning what they read, and to talk together of well-known heretics. But the sub-prior was at least honest; and he was trying to be loyal to the traditions of Glastonbury in spite of his growing thought.

From the hour in which Vian was torn from the affectionate but temporary protection of Erasmus and

Thomas More, he had never once lost sight of a hope bound up with the life of the famous Dutch scholar. For all these years had his thoughts wandered away from Glastonbury unto Erasmus; and when on that May day of 1514, the sub-prior of the abbey was sent with him on the mission to Lutterworth, Vian was delighted to find out that they were instructed also to visit at the University of Cambridge, in order that the sub-prior might consult with reference to the education of certain young men who had been placed under the care of the abbot. There Vian knew he would be accorded the privilege of seeing Erasmus again.

Little did Abbot Richard suspect, as he was thinking that day that for a time at least Vian would not be able to hear the heretical monks of Glastonbury quote Greek and Latin odes, that, instead, this hopeful child of his heart should overhear a conversation in Cambridge which was calculated to make such an one as he a pronounced heretic.

They had been in Cambridge three days, when they were asked into Queen's College. It seemed the edge of heaven to Vian, as, with the sub-prior, he waited for a word with the scholar. The eye of the boy soon gazed upon the figure of Erasmus, as he, acute and self-contained as he appears in the etching of Van Dyke, rose to make a correction in the manuscript which contained the results of his labors on the works of Saint Jerome, or as he sat, as we still may behold him on the canvas of Holbein, holding in one hand the pen with which he wrote the paraphrase of Saint Mark, and bearing upon the fingers of the other an elaborate adornment of rings. His white and delicate skin was not less lustrous, because of the dark yellow hair which fell about his ears. His tireless blue eyes were set like warders above a face whose principal features were a nose whose every portion trembled with the man's emotion, or stood out

sharply like a sword keen as his wit, and a mouth whose flexibility and power any orator might have coveted. When he spoke, what he said, and the sentences in which his ideas were expressed, became witnesses of the fact that he was putting the instrumentalities of learning into order, and that it was possible that the machinery of scholarship might soon be used for loftier purposes than his measure of courage should adopt. There was always a tentative and hesitant tone in his voice. The deep friendship of Erasmus for Andreas Ammonius, who was the Pope's collector in England and Latin Secretary to Henry VIII., indicated how easily eminence which shuns great crises seeks the companionship of mediocrity.

Even the sub-prior enjoyed the witticisms of Erasmus, as they fell unsparingly upon cardinals and monks.

"My good friend here," said Erasmus, pointing to the secretary of the king, "has provided me with better wine. I dislike the beer of Cambridge as much as your Lord Abbot dislikes the sermons of Master John Colet. But the wine of Glastonbury and Colet's sermons need no praise of mine."

Erasmus was quite safe in the hands of the sub-prior; for since the accession of the latter to that eminence, and through the influence of Fra Giovanni and the "Praise of Folly," this worthy dignitary had grown quite liberal in his views as to the work of Dr. John Colet, and he was almost convinced that the Church was about to pass through a reformation or a revolution.

Andreas Ammonius, who had begun life as an apostolic notary, was only a well-furnished and intelligent Italian who kept Erasmus from certain embarrassments attendant upon dwelling in the unfurnished apartments of the Augustinians when he came to London. His mind acted as a foil to the intellect of the stronger man. As secretary for the king in the Latin tongue, and a friend of the scholar, he labored, often with a zeal which went far

beyond wisdom, to bind together in common affection the Dutch scholar and the king's greatest man, Thomas Wolsey.

To the Italian mind it seemed remarkable that two such powerful spirits should, as often as they met, appear as eagerly to avoid a friendship. To each of these, however, for whom he labored in vain, it was evident that such an affection as he proposed was impossible. Wolsey was pre-eminently a man of affairs; Erasmus was a scholar. Wolsey considered Oxford as a means to an end; Erasmus looked upon every Cambridge as an end in itself. Wolsey, born of the democracy, was sure to become an aristocrat, even an autocrat. Erasmus, born an aristocrat in ability and trained to be almost an autocrat in the walks of learning, had already broken in upon the exclusion of arrogant and learned pretence with desolating power. The Renaissance with Erasmus was at first a quiver of lightnings with which he had dared to play in the vicinity of masses of inflammable material which had been gathered together in the course of long centuries in the history of State and Church. At the first instant of their appearance, Wolsey had seen that each bolt was as full of fire as of light. He was willing to use both the light and the fire, — the one to illuminate a path to the highest position; the other to burn away, if necessary, every obstacle in that path. Neither he nor the foreigner who had come into Henry's realm with so much of revolution in his words had comprehended the moral aspects which so soon portray themselves in every intellectual movement. The Chancellor was to hold back, if possible, the causes of a moral revolution; the scholar was to control, if possible, the effects sure to proceed from those causes. One was to die at last with the shadow of the throne upon his soul; the other was to die with the gigantic upheaval which he had helped to initiate, hurling his repressive conservatism into the air.

"And so you think that monastic institutions are certain to pass into decay," said the sub-prior of Glastonbury.

Vian listened with the ears of a Wycliffite.

"I should not be a monk leading a secular life, otherwise," replied Erasmus, who at that moment also reminded Ammonius, who had remarked on his dress, that long ago he had been allowed to abandon his monkish habit, and that, in obedience to the desires of the Bishop of Utrecht, he clung to the white linen scapulary which fell over the cassock and was crowned with a black hood.

Not the dress but the remark of Erasmus struck the novice forcefully. He thought of the one flogging which Abbot Richard himself had administered to him on a certain day when Giovanni was absent, and he could yet see the fiery eyes of the spiritual lord, as the latter cried out, "You will never be a good monk. The curse of Saint Benedict be upon such a Benedictine novice as are you!" — and Vian remembered also that the disappointed old man tenderly embraced him afterward, and cried, as he said, "I would release you and send you to the court of the king, if I could trust the heretics there."

Association with Erasmus at London, and his visits to him at Cambridge had made the secretary of the king somewhat of a radical. He was at least plain-spoken.

"There is surely something else in life for a man such as Vian will make, — something beside a frock and the word-mongering of unlearned priests."

The remark of Ammonius fell fruitlessly upon the ears of the sub-prior, who only stroked his ample chin and sipped the excellent wine. He was wondering what Vian and he would most likely find in that package of papers at Lutterworth. Vian was a promising scholar, and he



was aware that he himself was distressed, as he heard this elder scholar talk in his presence so freely. Surely Vian could not endure much more heresy and remain at Glastonbury. These reflections made him glad that Vian was absent from them for the nonce.

"Tell me," said Erasmus, — "for I have quite fallen in love with that novice Vian, — tell me of the youth's culture. What can Glastonbury Abbey do for such a soul as just awhile ago looked out at me through those calm eyes? Ah! I do not forget that Abbot Richard Beere intended him to be head of the abbey by and by."

The sub-prior began to reply, conscious only of the difficulties with which life's way is beset, at the moment one stops to think: "He has been a troublesome novice, Master, a high-mettled youth; and no abbot can control the seething life of his mind, as it overflows barriers the most ancient and reverend. He was once the abbot's hope; he is now the abbot's despair."

"Nothing," said Erasmus, "nothing whatever is so ancient and reverend as the human soul. Nothing is so worthy of our despair as an acquiescent youth in an abbey."

Vian had come within hearing. Every word of Erasmus made his breast lift with revolution. He was becoming sensitive to external facts and their supremacy over him. To hear what the sub-prior might say would perhaps interfere with the working out of his life's problem, by the hands which he had begun to feel must undertake it alone. It sometimes seemed as if others were living his life for him. He must leave the overhearing of that conversation at any sacrifice.

"Abbeys, great men and small men, revivals of learning, reforms, changes, — these are huge, inconceivably great or little," thought he. "They are tossing me about every whither, and it may be that through all my

life they will toss me about. But hereafter I shall at least keep my feet under me and the open sky above me."

As Erasmus spoke, Vian was listening; and as the novice recollected that episode in the abbey, it occurred to him, for the first time, that perhaps a secular life would be his good fortune by and by.

"Not a great man in scholarship or in ecclesiastics has come forth from an abbey in many years. Abbot Richard Beere coming up to Parliament with a splendid army is to-day a reminiscence of a bygone age. The Church is dealing with the length of men's beards, instead of those important changes which are forcing themselves upon her. The people will not always pay pence or listen to Mass so uncomplainingly. Ah, child, — no, a young man you are now, as I see, — I remember you on the dusty roadway. What have you read?"

"The 'Praise of Folly,'" said Vian, quietly, — "the 'Praise of Folly,' Master, and some other books."

Erasmus shrugged his shoulders, and the sub-prior was quite unnerved. He had not hitherto suspected Fra Giovanni's complete treachery to Abbot Richard Beere. The one book which Vian had been prevented from seeing, so thought Abbot Richard and the sub-prior here present, — indeed so promised Fra Giovanni, — was the "Praise of Folly," by Erasmus.

"We must hasten on," said the sub-prior, strangely connecting in his thought the book mentioned with the packet of papers at Lutterworth which at this age, by the dictate of his father's will, Vian was to receive, in addition to the Caxton and Aldine books which had been purchased for him, according to that testament. "We must hasten to Lutterworth. Our stay here has been only too long. I have come to observe the course of certain youths who are being taught here, and are under the control of our worthy abbot. I fear, Master Eras-

mus, that if Abbot Richard Beere knew that you had spoken thus before such a youth," placing his hand upon the stool upon which Vian had been sitting, and from which he had just vanished, "he would consider them worthy of safer surroundings."

"I have been made to feel that nothing is as safe as truth," thought Vian, who stood without, near the open window, and looked up into the infinite solitude of the blue sky.

A moment more and he had silently walked away, and reaching the close shade by a well-worn path, he had seated himself beneath a young elm, to find his boyhood's vision stealing over his soul.

Meanwhile the sub-prior was attempting to enlighten Erasmus concerning the short and disappointing career of Vian at Glastonbury.

"As I have said, he was almost unruly in his thoughts, and he would have avoided many pains for himself and those who loved him well, if he had kept his thoughts to himself."

"The only hope of age is that youth will not and cannot keep its thoughts to itself," suggested the scholar.

"I would not have you think of him as an ill-bred and rebellious novice," pursued the sub-prior. "On the other hand, no one could surpass him in external obedience. He outwardly took leave of every relative —"

"Except, perhaps, the ghost of that Wycliffite father."

"Yes, except that heretical father, whom he has in his very blood."

"I could see it in his dislike of monasticism," said Erasmus.

"Even Abbot Richard has had to yield before that dead man oftentimes. But the lad has bowed with reverence to the command of the master of novices, learning so rapidly, however, that he has often made him to bow unto his youth —"

"And to regard him as heretical, I doubt not, because he knew more than his teacher. That is the way of the world."

"Even so! I believe it, for I count not Vian among the young heretics, although, like myself, he reads many forbidden books. He is an industrious novice, and has never refused a mortification or a labor; oftener has he labored at studies beyond his years. Fra Giovanni has taught him Italian."

At this point Andreas Ammonius withdrew; and almost before the sub-prior had begun another sentence with Erasmus, the Latin secretary had broken in upon Vian's dream with a question spoken in Italian, and had found himself engaged with an accomplished young linguist.

"That Andreas, best of good fellows, has gone to try his Italian," said Erasmus. "Proceed; your story interests me."

"Pacing the cloisters, as one would to search for talent, no manlier novice could be found. But Vian never seems to have found happiness. If achievement in scholarship were joy, he would be most joyous. He has translated 'The King and the Monk Compared,' from Saint John Chrysostom, from Greek into Latin; and although our abbot dislikes Greek, even in the Fathers, he rejoiced at Vian's accomplishment. Three years in the abbey, and now his second in the novitiate, he knows as much as the eldest, of the higher studies. He is always hearing Abbot Richard piteously repeating the words of Saint Benedict, — words and tears mingling as he remembers Vian's Wycliffite father, — 'Let the abbot understand that to the shepherd will the fault be ascribed, if, when the father of the family comes, any of his sheep be found missing. Then only shall he be justified, if he has given all his care to an indocile and refractory flock — ' "

"Oh," remarked Erasmus, with a trifle of impatience,

"I know all the rules. What of the novice? He may perish with all these rules. What else has he learned?"

"He knows the theology of the mystics and ecclesiastics and scholastics by heart. But I know your opinion of these."

"Ah! you may know my opinion. Even the world *must* know it," said the scholar, warmed into a flame, as he stood and spoke to the sub-prior as if he would lecture the theologian from Glastonbury.

At this moment Ammonius and Vian entered, but Erasmus heeded not. "I suppose," continued he, "that no such mass of useless persons ever existed. It might be better for me to pass the divines by. They are a supercilious and irritable race. If provoked, they may rush upon me in a body, armed with six hundred conclusive arguments, and force me to recant. If I refuse, they may forthwith raise the cry of heresy; for that is the thunder with which they terrify. It is true that there are none less willing to acknowledge themselves dependent on my bounty; but for all that they are deeply in my debt, as it is I who bestow upon them that self-love by which they are able to fancy themselves caught up to the third heaven, and to look down on the rest of mankind, as if they were so many sheep feeding on the ground; and indeed they pity their miserable condition, while they are themselves protected by so vast an array of magisterial definitions, conclusions, corollaries, propositions implicit and explicit, and have so many loopholes of escape, that no chains, though they should be forged on the anvil of Vulcan, can hold them so fast but they will contrive to extricate themselves; for which purpose they are provided with a number of fine distinctions with which they can cut all knots more easily than the sharpest axe, and with a vast supply of newly invented terms and words of prodigious length."

Erasmus seemed to hold his breath through this

mighty sentence. To the sub-prior it was an indictment which easily took his breath away. Ammonius looked at it as a sentence of judgment, and was transfixed. Vian's face bore a smile ; but it was not the smile of silly youth, though it half irritated the sub-prior.

Erasmus talked on, until the silence wearied him. Then, perceiving that he had taken undue advantage of Abbot Richard in thus speaking in Vian's presence, he asked Ammonius to show the library to the novice.





## CHAPTER XV.

### A SHAKING FAITH.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

TENNYSON.

"TELL me more of the novice," said the scholar. When the sub-prior was sure of his own tongue, he said, "Vian has mastered the decretals also; and having learned canon law, he has become, for one so young, a scholar in the civil law."

"That," said Erasmus, "has been told me by Ammonius himself. In his conversation of yesterday he found the novice ready in reply. He will tell the Lord Chancellor Wolsey of this, I am sure."

The sub-prior was startled with the fancy that perhaps at some distant day so great a man as Wolsey would require the services of Vian. Erasmus was more than willing to hear everything as to his knowledge of history and his love for politics and statecraft; and it appeared to the sub-prior that he chattered with a sort of suspicious glee, as he led the way toward the greensward near which Vian and Ammonius were standing.

Suddenly stopping, the sub-prior said, "I should feel I had wronged you, if I said not that one unfortunate hallucination besets him."

Erasmus turned, and walking with the sub-prior back

toward his lodgings, asked, "Has he ever seemed mad?"

"Not mad, Master, not even melancholic. No. But a novice must not dream of the other sex," said the sub-prior, solemnly.

"Is it more wicked in a novice than in a pope or a bishop?" inquired Erasmus.

"Ah, but such a dream he has had since his childhood. Now and then he is possessed by it."

"Would that I had kept my child-dreams!" said the great scholar.

"And I mine," added the sub-prior, as he proceeded to tell Erasmus of Vian's vision.

Silently the scholar listened; and as the moments flew by, these two men — full-grown, and partly disillusioned by cares and studies, one of whom had been officially connected with an institution which made love unholy and the marriage of souls an iniquity, the other of whom was still under the vows of a monk, and yet a profound student of human nature — abandoned themselves to the luxury of Vian's beautiful dream, took up into their own imagined experiences this sweet vision of the novice; and so they travelled hand in hand, as children grown old, wandering with the youth's glad feet over the soft grasses of Lutterworth and across its streams, sitting down on the thymy banks with Vian's little mate, hearing them utter to each other their tender vows, while the nightingale fluttered and the lark slept, beholding the innocent rapture of their hearts as they walked over the meadow orchis and the blue veronica, for very joy gathering cranesbill and white violets to strew the turf withal beneath the wide beeches, — there they lived, loveless, unloved, in a boy's dream, until tears hung like livid, fiery protests against the monkish life which denied the sacredness of such a vision.

The scheming and solitary Ammonius soon returned,



and at once, but altogether unconsciously, changed the direction which the conversation had been taking. He had found a companion in Vian, and was full of a politician's plans, to the proposal of which the sub-prior and Erasmus replied not. "No youth in England," said the secretary, "will so ably support the cardinal in his conversion of the monasteries into colleges;" and the moments passed by rapidly, as they talked about all possible careers for young men in England.

This conversation bore sufficient testimony to the feelings which possessed such minds at that hour. England, like France and Germany, had already been transformed by the Renaissance. Each seemed to foresee the changes consequent upon a finer consciousness, on the part of the common people, of their own social and intellectual importance, and a less generous estimate of the ecclesiastical aristocracy, which consciousness and estimate were to come in with this sort of reform.

Vian supposed that by this time all conversation pertaining to himself had been abandoned, and that it would be perfectly proper for him, without a word of announcement, to walk into the apartment of Queen's College which he had left so suddenly.

As he came up the well-worn walk and was about to enter the room, the laugh of Ammonius, hearty and yet hesitant, as if obstructed by an uncongenial atmosphere, broke upon his ears. Little did Vian know what the excellent sub-prior had been suffering while Erasmus had been giving a few hints of his visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham.

This dignitary from Glastonbury had found it impossible to accede, by so much as a smile, to a theory of saints and shrines which he had begun to feel was the true one. He saw that if he laughed outright, having more conscience and less intellect than Erasmus, his own soul could not occupy the standpoint of the Dutch scholar,

and most likely would go over to the Reformers. And then he was on his way to Lutterworth, the old home of John Wycliffe ! And Vian, — Vian might hear him laugh.

While he struggled, Erasmus proceeded with the story, much as he has told it to the world of readers in the "Familiar Colloquies," to the infinite amusement of Ammonius within, and to the great interest of Vian, who still stood without ; also to the total discomfiture of the vacillating sub-prior, who did not know where he was ; who however wished he was on the road to Lutterworth with Vian.

"I was trying to be worshipful as any monk. I intended to go and pray for the triumph of the Holy League. Indeed, I was ready to hang up what I knew no monk would be likely to be able to read, — a votive offering, a Greek ode. Thinking I might not be sufficiently pious, I asked Robert Aldridge to accompany me. We arrived as the winds were sighing through the windows, and the tapers burned brightly above the shrine, which was covered with costly ornaments. There stood the greedy canon at the altar, watching for thieves with one eye and estimating the value of everybody's gift with the other. Now you know that saints never grow old, and so I was not surprised to see Saint James looking so young. He looked a little disturbed, however, — the great apostle that used to glitter with gold and jewels, now brought to the very block that he is made of, having scarce a tallow candle. The Virgin Mary, you know, being of stone, has written a letter objecting to such neglect as will expose all the saints to the danger of coming to the same pass. She puts the blame upon the Reformers, who think it a thing altogether needless to invoke saints. It has always amused me to see her stand there so unconcerned, while a pilgrim pretending to lay one gift on the altar, by some sleight of hand steals what another has laid down.

“At the north side there was a certain gate, — not of a church, don’t mistake me, but of the wall that encloses the churchyard, that has a very little wicket, as in the great gates of noblemen, — that he that has a mind to get in, must first venture the breaking of his shins and afterward stoop his head too.

“But yet the verger told me that some time since, a knight on horseback having escaped out of the hands of his enemy, who followed him at the heels, got in through this wicket. The poor man at the last pinch, by a sudden turn of thought, recommended himself to the Holy Virgin that was the nearest to him. For he resolved to take sanctuary at her altar if the gate had been open, when behold, which is such a thing as was never heard of, both man and horse were on a sudden taken into the churchyard and his enemy left on the outside of it, stark mad at his disappointment.

“Toward the east,” continued Erasmus, without a smile, “there is another chapel full of wonders; thither I went. Another verger received me. There we prayed a little; and there was shown us the middle joint of a man’s finger. I kissed it, and asked whose relic it was. He told me it was Saint Peter’s. ‘What!’ said I, ‘the apostle?’ He said it was. I then took notice of the bigness of the joint, which was large enough to be taken for that of a giant. Upon which said I, ‘Peter must needs have been a very strong man.’ At this, one of the company fell a laughing. I was very much vexed at it, for if he had held his tongue, the verger would have shown us all the relics. However, we pacified him pretty well, by giving him a few groats. Before this little chapel stood a house, which he told us, in the winter-time when all things were buried in snow, was brought there on a sudden from some place a great way off. Under this house were two pits, brimful, that were fed by a fountain consecrated to the Holy Virgin. The water was wonder-

ful cold, and of great virtue in curing pains in the head and stomach.

"I, observing everything very diligently, asked him how many years it was since that little house was brought thither. He said it had been there for some ages. 'But,' said I, 'methinks the walls don't seem to carry any marks of antiquity in them!' He did not much deny it. 'Nor these pillars,' said I. He did not deny but those had been set up lately; and the thing showed itself plainly. 'Then,' said I, 'that straw and the reeds, the whole thatch of it seems not to have been so long laid.' He allowed it.

"And they tell us the same stories about our Lord's cross, that is shown up and down, both publicly and privately, in so many places that if all the fragments were gathered together they would seem to be sufficient loading for a good large ship; and yet our Lord himself carried the whole cross upon his shoulders.

"I paid a pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Thomas à Becket. My companion had read Wycliffe's books. It is one of the most religious pilgrimages in the world.

"Iron grates enclose the place called the choir, so that there's no entrance, but so that the view is still open from one end of the church to the other. You ascend to this by a great many steps, under which there is a certain vault that opens to a passage to the north side. There they show a wooden altar consecrated to the Holy Virgin. It is a very small one, and remarkable for nothing except as a monument of antiquity, reproaching the luxury of the present times. In that place the good man is reported to have taken his last leave of the Virgin when he was at the point of death. Upon the altar is the point of the sword with which the top of the head of that good prelate was wounded, and some of his brains that were beaten out to make sure work of it. We most religiously kissed the sacred rust of this weapon, out of

love to the martyr. Leaving this place, we went down into a vault under ground ; to that there belonged two showers of relics. The first thing they show you is the skull of the martyr as it was bored through : the upper part is left open to be kissed ; all the rest is covered over with silver. There also is shown you a leaden plate with this inscription, 'Thomas Acrensis.' And there hang up in a great place the shirts of hair-cloth, the girdles and breeches, with which this prelate used to mortify his flesh, the very sight of which is enough to strike one with horror and to reproach the effeminacy and delicacy of our age.

"From hence we returned to the choir. On the north side they opened a private box. It is incredible what a world of bones they brought out of it, — skulls, chins, teeth, hands, fingers, whole arms ; all of which we having first adored, kissed. Nor had there been any end of it, had it not been for one of my fellow-travellers, who indiscreetly interrupted the officer that was showing them all.

"He was an Englishman ; his name was Master John Colet, — a man of learning and piety, as you know, but not so well affected to this part of religion as I could wish he were for the comfort of Abbot Richard Beere. He took out an arm having yet some bloody flesh upon it ; he showed a reluctance to the kissing of it, and a sort of uneasiness in his countenance ; and presently the officer shut up all his relics again. After this we viewed the table of the altar and the ornaments : all was very rich ; you would have said Midas and Croesus were beggars compared to them, if you had beheld the great quantities of gold and silver.

"After this we were carried to the vestry. Good Lord ! what a pomp of silken vestments was there, of golden candlesticks ! There we saw also Saint Thomas's pastoral staff. It looked like a reed plated over with silver ; it had but little of weight and nothing of workmanship, and was no longer than up to one's girdle.

“In a certain chapel there was shown to us the whole face of the good man, set in gold and adorned with jewels; and here a certain unexpected chance had near interrupted all our felicity.

“My friend Colet lost himself here extremely. After a short prayer he says to the assistant of him that showed us the relics: ‘Good father, is it true, as I have heard, that Thomas, while he lived, was very charitable to the poor?’ ‘Very true,’ replies he; and he began to relate a great many instances of his charity. ‘Then,’ answered Colet, ‘I don’t believe that good inclination in him is changed unless it be for the better.’ The officer assented. ‘Then,’ says he again, ‘if this holy man was so liberal to the poor, when he was a poor man himself, and stood in need of charity for the support of his own body, don’t you think he would take it well now when he is grown so rich and wants nothing, if some poor woman having a family of children at home ready to starve, or daughters in danger of being under a necessity to prostitute themselves for want of portions, or a husband sick in bed and destitute of all comforts, — if such a woman should ask him leave to make bold with some small portion of these vast riches for the relief of her family, taking it either as by consent, or by gift, or by way of borrowing?’ The assistant making no answer to this, Colet being a warm man, ‘I am fully persuaded,’ says he, ‘that the good man would be glad at his heart that when he is dead he could be able to relieve the necessities of the poor with his wealth.’ Upon this the shower of the relics began to frown, and to pout his lips, and to look upon us as if he would have eaten us up; and I don’t doubt but he would have spit in our faces and have turned us out of the church by the neck and shoulders but that we had the archbishop’s recommendation.

“Again my John Colet behaved himself in none of the most obliging manners. For the gentle prior offered to

him, being an Englishman, an acquaintance, and a man of considerable authority, one of the rags for a present, thinking he had presented him with a very acceptable gift; but Colet unthankfully took it squeamishly in his fingers, and laid it down with an air of contempt, making up his mouth at it as if he would have smacked it. For it was his custom if anything came in his way that he would express his contempt to. I was both ashamed and afraid. Nevertheless the good prior, though not insensible of the affront, seemed to take no notice of it, and after he had civilly entertained us with a glass of wine, dismissed us, and we went back to London."

Poor Vian was discovered by the sub-prior, listening.

He was surely in a most pitiable condition of mind to use for the developing of his faith the air of Lutterworth, to which town the sub-prior now insisted they should go as soon as possible.





## CHAPTER XVI.

### AT LUTTERWORTH AGAIN.

But rich was he of holy thought and work.  
He also was a learned man — a clerk.  
That Christ's gospel truly would preach,  
His parishens devoutly would he teach.  
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,  
And in adversity full patient ;  
And such he was yproved often sithes,  
Full loth were him to answer for his tithes,  
But rather would he given, out of doubt,  
Unto his poor parishioners about  
Of his offering, and eke of his substance.  
He could in little thing have suffisance.  
Wide was his parish, and houses far assunder.  
But he ne left nought for ne rain nor thunder.  
In sickness and in mischief, to visit  
The farthest in his parish, much and lit,  
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.  
This noble example to his sheep he yaf,  
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.

CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales*.

AS on horseback the sub-prior and Vian travelled across Northampton toward Lutterworth, the former tried in vain, for the sake of the abbot, to whom he had pledged his faith, to revive Vian's interest in the scholastic theology. But the summer-time was more eloquent to this poetic youth than either Scotus Erigena or the sentences of Peter Lombard. The sub-prior knew that scholasticism was once a most needed revival of intellectual life ; and he was sure that Vian's love



of free inquiry must honor such a soul as Abelard or Thomas Aquinas. But much as he respected their fearlessness and power, he had not a thread of the scholastic in his whole spirit. Vian was a mystic.

"Scholasticism is quibbling about shadows. I prefer the blue sky and the broad green fields. I do not expect anybody to explain them. I can understand neither. I need not. They are realities to me ; and I have a sense of liberty with them."

There was a snapping of chains in these sentences which did not wholly displease the sub-prior. Still he persisted in the discussion of the question as to the language probably used by the devils in hell.

It was difficult for the sub-prior to find an anchorage for his own faith in the religious feelings. He felt that something must be settled, and knowing Vian's scholarship, he sought to obtain with his knowledge a conclusion on this topic. Vian now and then would contribute a remark indicating his acquaintance with the struggles between the "Greeks and Trojans," as the literary combatants of the time were calling themselves ; but his attention constantly wandered to the turf at the wayside, and the play of shadows on the stream. Through all the murky theologizing of his companion, his own ideas were entangled with the anemones and primroses as he saw them struggling together with the gorse on the side hills, and the cowslips and celandines in the valleys below.

"No Pope Leo X. dictates to the bluebells," said he ; "and yet they are beautiful, — beautiful because they are free to be true to themselves and to Heaven."

The sub-prior felt that this was only another outburst of Vian's mystical thought, — so mysterious, yet so fresh and charming even to his jaded soul.

"Think of the flowers behaving as we do !" proceeded the novice impatiently, and yet with a strain of sorrow in his words. "Nay, rather ; the Son of God had not said,

‘Consider the lilies of the field,’ if they had toiled and spun and had corded themselves with unwelcome and coarse cloth, or had fought about tassels, and had conjured up sacred patterns of painful ugliness, as we monks do.”

“I told Erasmus that you had read his ‘Praise of Folly,’” said the sub-prior.

“Pardon me ! I myself told him that piece of news, at which he shrugged his shoulders. It appears plain to me that the mighty Erasmus fears the consequences of that humorous book. He is not as brave as he is keen and learned. Did you think I was then praising folly?”

At length they were on the bridge which in two heavy arches crossed the Swift, which, to use Fuller’s oft-quoted words, “conveyed Wycliffe’s remains into the Avon, as,” added he, “Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they to the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed the world over.”

The day, however, of Thomas Fuller had not yet arrived ; and even the youth, now fast coming to his manhood, who was looking at that monument upon the tower of the old parish church, as it rose above the roofs immediately in front, had no thought that any such ideas as once occupied the mind of one of his ancestors should cause an open breach between him and the Church.

“Let us behold the books,” said the young scholar, who had returned from the churchyard where at last his mother’s dust peacefully slumbered by the side of that of his heretical father. “I would get what God may have left for me in this lonely parish of Lutterworth, and then depart. Those graves are farther apart, I trust, than their souls be now.”

The young monk’s face was filled with the soft bright light of the infinite daytime, as he looked up to heaven.

Old Roger Fleming, who had been a traveller in all parts of Europe, and the friend of Vian's father, had carefully made the purchases provided for in the will.

The bibliomaniac of to-day feels a lively envy at the thought of the sight which greeted Vian. Here, on vellum, was the "Vision of Piers Plowman," an exquisite manuscript, and stainless, save at the page which some one had read too often, — the page which says much of the sins of the clergy and the hope of reform.

"This," said old Roger, "was Master John Wycliffe's copy. Those," pointing to the marks upon the page, "were made by his own hand when he was master of Balliol. See ! he has even placed the date on the page."

The words marked were : —

" If possessions be poison  
And imperfect them make,  
Good were to discharge them  
For holy church sake,  
And purge them of poison  
Ere more peril befall."

"Ah ! John Wycliffe was a prophet," said Vian to the sub-prior, who answered not.

"Here is another page which the master marked." The aged Roger turned to the lines, —

" And yet shall come a King  
And confess you all  
And beat you, as the Bible telleth,  
For breaking of your rule,  
And amend you monks and monials,  
And put you to your penance,  
*Ad pristinum statum ire.*  
And barons and their bairns  
Blame you and reprove."

"Not in your day or mine," said Vian to the old man, "shall these things be."

"Henry VIII. of England is a brave and thoughtful sovereign," answered the aged Lollard ; his blue eyes,

which were hidden by heavy gray brows, looking out with a steady gleam of hope. He placed his finger on the Latin word *spes*, which Wycliffe had written opposite these lines; and the old man's frame shook, as he said with defiance, "Hope!"

The echo often came back to Vian, — *Hope!*

The old man hobbled away, as if he had said all that he desired to utter, and Vian and the sub-prior were left alone.

"This will never be allowed a place in the library," said the sub-prior, to whom Fra Giovanni had one day recited some of the epigrams, and who now held in his hand "Calderini (Dom) Commentorii in Martialem."

The sub-prior could no longer conceal his joy. He patted the thick small folio as tenderly as would a bibliophile of modern days, opened to its first page, and found gold and colors on the borders; admired the Roman type, and thought of the forty-two years which had elapsed since the hour when, in Venice, it first saw the light.

"How will Erasmus, if ever he should visit Glastonbury again, and if ever we get this book through the gateway, — how will Erasmus like this, think you?" and Vian carried to the sub-prior the 1477 folio edition of Lucian's "Pharsalia."

"Erasmus, you say, is the Lucian of our age," replied the sub-prior, in the midst of the surprises, as he opened to the Milanese designs which some one had added to the titlepage.

Here were copies of "Æsop's Fables," in leathern and oaken boards, printed also at Milan in 1480; the "Game And Playe of ye Chesse," which Caxton had brought out in 1474; the Aldine "Horace" of 1501, and the "Dante" of the next year, whose pages were worn with memorials of the student's interest, which manifested itself in significant lines.

"We shall be overloaded," said the sub-prior, who added, "These are priceless."

"I am the richest man in England," said Vian, with enthusiasm. "I would be the richest man if I were not a Benedictine of Glastonbury."

"But no abbot who is in his senses will allow these books within his holy precincts."

The sub-prior had just found a play of Terence, Venice, 1471; and a volume of Ovid, by Aldus, 1502; also the "Lucretius" of 1486.

"Why should Abbot Richard object to these?" asked Vian. "Lucretius was no more atheistic than some of the cardinals of the Church, and the penny-monks," — for so the Dominicans and Franciscans who in the fourteenth century wove buffooneries and poor tales into their sermons, were called. "They have used 'Gesta Romanorum' as a preacher's resource for long years. The fables in 'Gesta Romanorum' are stolen from Ovid and his like."

"And Master John Wycliffe castigated the penny-monks with his censures at Lutterworth and Oxford," said old Roger Fleming, who had hobbled back again, carrying a little oaken chest whose weight did not burden him.

"What have you there, good man?" inquired the young scholar and the sub-prior.

"The most valuable treasure which your father could give you. Good friar, I know not what you will be able to do with it in Glastonbury Abbey; but here it is. I have done my part in keeping it; God help you do your part!"

There was in the air a strange feeling that they were standing in a holy place.

The monk knew not how heavy with revolutions was that small box which had been so easily carried by the weak old man; neither did the sub-prior suspect that the

entrance of its contents into Glastonbury Abbey could make those solid walls tremble, in the eyes of the brethren, as never any most potent explosives made any city's battlements tremble under the attack of a storming foe. Ideas alone are able to dissolve rock and fortress, and yet leave them apparently untouched. Beneath the ivy which overspreads, and within the mortar which attaches the hugest stones, the potency of truth works its quiet transformations ; and while men sleep within, the untroubled solidity of the most massive enclosure has become a monument or a ruin.

That box was full of the letters which John Wycliffe, scholar, saint, and heretic, had written to Vian's great-grandfather in the stormy years immediately preceding the heretic's death.





## CHAPTER XVII.

### A WALDENSIAN OF THE RENAISSANCE.

*"Post tenebras spero Lucem."*

ON the 6th of June there was joy at the house of Gaspar Perrin, who with Alke was occupying a picturesque habitation to which they had removed, from whose doorway could be heard the plash of the torrent of Angrogna, and what is now only the ruined fortress of La Torre could be seen. It was the anniversary of Alke's birth; and the friends of the industrious cottager and the admirers of his remarkable daughter came with congratulations for him and kisses for her rosy lips. The Barbé, whose ministerial duties lay in the valley which was protected by the mighty chain of mountains stretching round about, had arranged to make his annual visit to Gaspar at this time; and the very bells of the cattle mingling their sounds with the music of murmuring cascades tinkled the gladness of the holiday.

Alke had just come in from the field with a large sheaf of ripe corn in her arms. The golden beards almost out-rivalled her beautiful hair in delicate splendor. The broad leaves of rich green ivy, which half hid the doorway in which she stood, vied in depth of color with her dark, entrancing eyes. A smile lit up Gaspar's face. Even the unworldly Barbé was impressed with the beauty of the picture.

"To what curious use do you mean to put the sheaf of grain?" inquired the father, who had humored every innocent whim of his child, and whose pride in her ability to create a world of beauty out of homely facts manifested itself in his manner, and made him quite oblivious of the fact that they could hardly spare from their poverty even this much of the harvest for the demands of art.

"I am going to show the Barbé how I paint the illuminations upon the parchment. He likes to see my pretty pictures; and he made me promise him, when he was last here, that I should paint for him when the corn was ripe."

From Venice the father had brought some acquaintance with the secret of staining vellum with what could scarcely be distinguished from the true Tyrian dye; and now Gaspar knew of no one quite so competent as was Alke to outshine a monk as an artist on parchment, or so able, if need be, to watch the goats in their wanderings for food. He could not forget a saying of Aldus Manutius: "There is no distance in a true life between the real and the ideal; the practical and the poetical are one." Alke had found wood upon the mountains, when her father was sick in midwinter; and recently she had been indulging the hope of keeping the two from starvation by selling secretly, through means into whose nature he would not inquire, to the monks of Turin, an elaborately painted but small manuscript, which the audacity of girlhood had undertaken.

"Ah!" said the Barbé, who in spite of much wisdom was a reflection of that bigotry so often born of anti-bigotry, "I would not have the child make pictures for monks."

"She shall be permitted to keep the skeleton of penury from her father's door, shall she not?"

The Barbé was convinced that Gaspar's strength of tone had already answered that question. Hunger still looked gaunt in the eye of the peasant.



"I should not allow her to paint such pictures as adorn Ave Marias. Nor would she be holding before her innocent eyes even the visions which such a maiden may have of saints and vigils. You answer, that she gets coin from our foes? We cannot afford to spoil even the Egyptians in this holy contest," said the preacher, who had heard that Gaspar's daughter was shrewd enough to obtain many bright coins from the priests.

"There can be no peril in Alke's tasks, for the child regards the saints as she does the personages in Homer and Virgil," answered Gaspar.

"What can she know of Homer and Virgil?" was the Barbé's instant query.

The proud father arose, went to the little shelf, and returning, handed the pious critic the Aldine "Homer" of 1504, adding: "I set the types for this volume. I have taught Alke the whole story, and she reads some Greek. As for Virgil, I may have something for you to look at some day, — something which even Erasmus longed to see."

The radiant creature who had meanwhile arranged the masses of corn and flowers so that their appearance was a piece of art; came close to her father, who held the "Homer" in his hand, put her beautiful arm about his neck, pulled his rough face to her soft lips, and kissed him.

"That is nobler than painting upon a missal; and the act itself is finer than any picture," said the Barbé, who was not yet pleased with Alke's tasks.

Alke had learned at this very early age what, if she had lived in a monastery and had found more missals to illuminate, would have been called missal-painting. Gaspar had told her of the wealth of exquisite color and worshipping affection which in other centuries monks had lavished upon the stories of saints and the life of the Saviour. He was not sufficiently puritanical to dislike

the idea of his daughter's efforts at creating beautiful things. The Renaissance had not given him any more precious substitute for a fragment of a certain breviary, which was once the possession of Alke's mother, — an heirloom of contending memories, which had come straight from the family of Count Aldani Neforzo. In an hour of tearful memory he had given it to Alke's eager girlhood. The leaves comprised only a soiled fragment; for everything which in any way perpetuated a holy fable or enshrined a breath of superstition had been torn away, in one of those other moments when Gaspar had felt himself almost a militant protester.

"As young Angelo confessed the Torso in Lorenzo's garden to be his master, so, my child, you must take these to be yours," said the proud man to his ambitious child. And then he would talk on and relate again the well-known story of Michael Angelo, which he had heard Pico della Mirandola repeat to Aldus the printer, in Venice.

There, in that little cottage to which they had removed so recently from sadder scenes, through the afternoons when others were tending the goats, sat this sad and burdened girl, surrounded with the materials for her art. As the Barbé looked over these, he found himself partially reconciled to the idea of his sheep wandering in what had appeared to him to be perilous pastures. With a saintly look upon his worn countenance, which he did not in the least affect, he followed the maiden, as she explained to him the making of a gilt ground and the laying in of a silver border.

"Whence does my child get the gilt and silver?" Gaspar saw that question asking itself upon the Barbé's lips, and he spoke it.

Alke blushed with her fresh beauty, as she thought of a certain youth whom she had met as a shepherd boy in the fields near the foot-hills.

The Barbé feared that he had exceeded the liberty

involved in the discharge of his pastoral duties in creating an atmosphere of curiosity, and he was relieved when she did not answer, but instead, pursued her way in making clear to his wondering eye the secrets of such exquisite calligraphy.

"The printing-press," said the Barbé, "will make you the last of the race of scribes and illuminators."

"It will never destroy the beauty of ornamentation by hand, I well believe. The organ has not taken any charm from the singing of a melodious voice." She answered with a song in every word which she spoke.

"T is a large world. Perhaps there is room enough within it for everything except a monk."

This last Alke knew was directed against her furnishing to a monastery anything so desirable as illuminations. But genuine love of art, fear of want, and the idea of "spoiling the Egyptians," by obtaining money and by placing in monkish hands an illumination full of the reforming zeal and ideal, kept Alke on her feet, while this wave of pastoral opposition passed over her.

"The older writing beneath, on this sheet, is more interesting to you than the new," said he, as she showed him a palimpsest, on which the ancient Latin lines were fairly clear, lying beneath the newly inscribed lines of a homily which perpetuated the story of Saint Benedict untying by a word the cords which bound the Arian Goth, Zalla.

"Ah!" said Gaspar, who happened near for a moment, "you can see it all in that palimpsest. Old and unconquerable Rome looks out at us to-day from beneath the incredible fancies of modern ecclesiastical Rome. See the ancient uncials."

"But," said the Barbé, who had no patience with the Renaissance alone, "old Rome was pagan, and is pagan yet."

"Modern Rome — the Rome which rules now — is

superstitious. What we need in the world, first and above all else, is freedom. These visits to old Rome, by the human mind, made by way of manuscripts and monuments, make the soul feel how great and free was man before the Church had enslaved him. They lead on to the wise suspicion that the human mind might get on again, with some issue of success, without such a thing as a Pope. Europe knows now that a Christianity no better than paganism is much worse ; that a Pope who is only a spiritual Cæsar cannot be so valuable to the world as a Cæsar."

"Alas !" said the Barbé, fearing, as have many since his day, the healthful rationalism which lies at the heart of all thorough reformation, and yet not sure to grasp a remedy for such fear, "old Rome will not free mankind from new Rome. A Cæsar is worse than the Pope."

"Nay," was the reply, "nay ! Freedom comes by the truth. The truth shall make men free. But the discovery of so great a past beneath such a hard and intolerant present as is ours, is the truth with which to begin. It makes us free from the notion that God is confined to the days of the papacy. The reason of man is liberated, and there will be great changes."

The fresh evening air fanned the cheeks of Alke ; and her bright eyes were abysmal with a mysterious glory, as she tried to disengage the Barbé from his thoughts as he stood there, his eyes resting upon two uncial letters, which she had made in imitation of those of the sixth century, when the patient calligrapher had not yet surrendered to the speedier tachygrapher with his easy minuscule. His mind, however, did not cease pursuing through endless ramifications the vitalizing idea, with the expression of which Gaspar had left him, until Alke had placed before him a richly embellished copy of the Lord's Prayer.

His eyes were two fountains of joy. "I would that

you could sell that to any monastery," he said at once. "The ignorant mumbling of syllables which they do not understand might cease, if every monk were bound to read from this parchment as he prayed."

Alke had reserved this precious leaf for her pastor; and now that he had confessed such extraordinary delight over it, she herself was overjoyed. Only one thing she desired to do. The Barbé had asked to see her at her work. Study of Virgil, and of that nature which Virgil had interpreted to her, under the all-pervading idea of the Fatherhood of God which had possessed her life, had led her to feel — what now she even attempted to realize — a desire to make others conscious of the significance of the growing corn, as a part of that revelation of the Divine Fatherhood, which, with her Greek temper, she beheld in a half-panteistic way in the field near by.

The Barbé was soon sitting by her side; and as in deep thought he stroked the long beard which Alke knew he had suffered to grow because the priests shaved instead, the light came in over the shoulders upon which lay the sunny hair, and falling on the parchment, played with the purple background upon which were particles of burnished gold. The hand which had so often by day gathered sticks at the foot-hills, and the fingers which at eventide had pushed their loving way through the thick locks of Gaspar Perrin, seemed instinct with power and grace, as she retouched the parchment. Alke had lifted many heavy burdens, — the prominence of the wrist-bone showed the Barbé how overtasked her youth had been, — but her arm now appeared to possess all possible loveliness, as she placed her hand upon the unornamented portion of the parchment, or found the right color near it. Saucepans and bowls made a background of suggestive realism for the no less real cuttle-fish powder with which she had rubbed the manuscript, her silver-

pointed brass pencil which had been brought from Venice, plaster made ready for the ground of gold, the slab of porphyry on which she had ground her Greek green, dragon's blood, and saffron, which being covered now with water, and near at hand, were ready to be transformed into a likeness unto the sheaf of corn, which also with a red blossom stood before her.

As the Waldensian maiden, in the presence of her shepherd and friend, drew the lines and added the colors which in the form of flowers or heads of corn embellished the words "OUR FATHER," the Barbé concluded that in spite of all that he had feared of the danger to which such a rare soul was exposed, in creating beautiful pages for the eyes of the monks, he ought to say something in praise of what he saw while she abstractedly painted and sang, tone and color vying each with the other in harmony.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MAIDEN AND NOVICE.

Yet better were this mountain wilderness,  
And this wild life of danger and distress, —  
Watchings by night and perilous flight by day,  
And meetings in the depths of earth to pray, —  
Better, far better, than to kneel with them,  
And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.

BRYANT.

“THIS is at least beautiful,” said the Barbé reluctantly, as he took up a piece of parchment on which the girlish hand had copied the sentence, “The trees of the field shall clap their hands.” Around and within these words she had so arranged the coniferous trees that they appeared to wave with joy under the influence of the mountain winds ; while below them were broad beeches, half lucent with a gentle dawn, and heavily laden chestnuts in whose branches played broken lights and shadows.

“None of the saints are to be found in my collection ; but I do paint the holy apostles.”

“Alas, I must say, even to you, Alke, have a care !” The Barbé repeated the injunction. “Have a care, my child, — whom I can no longer call my lamb, as I used to do, — have a care, lest in painting even them you continue the superstitions about them by your art.”

“Here is the holy apostle John,” said Alke, hesitantly,

as she brought forth a richly toned page from an old carven case which was a relic of other days.

"Of course you cannot sell such pictures as this to the monks. I like this picture of Saint John. He is dressed like a Barbé," remarked the Waldensian minister, with a sort of pious and bigoted glee; "he is one of us. We belong, as you know, Alke, to an early age."

"I have been taught that ours is the Church of the Apostles. I know that the Holy Church is not holy," said Alke, with a religious *naïveté* quite unappreciated by the Barbé, who was looking upon the picture.

There was something so intelligently serene and yet so passionate in the face of the apostle, that Gaspar, who had been most careful to note the physical and mental development of this precocious child, found a shadow inclining over his soul.

He was silent as he thought: "No one could have made those eyes, and put the quiver of life within those lips, without a feeling, profound and comprehensive, of what is in man's life and woman's life. Alke—my baby-girl no longer!—Alke is growing toward womanhood. The problem of life,—its fire, its frost, its terrestrial and celestial energies,—all the problem of saint and sinner has just recently opened its significance unto her. My little child has already put the history of the eating of the tree of knowledge in the face of the most blessed apostle."

Gaspar had not seen Alke's picture of Mary Magdalene, and it was perhaps well. He felt the warm tears hanging upon his eyelids; but through them, with the Barbé, he was soon looking at another picture.

The Barbé was startled. Gaspar was as serious in his thought as he was calm in his bearing. The young artist had transfixed their questions and emotions with her illumination. It was at once a commentary and a revelation. There on the piece of parchment, which bore



on the other side the fading memory of a drawing which had long ago been made to perpetuate an improbable Romish legend, the Waldensian girl had painted sober but inspiring history. It was a martyrdom, the burning of a heretic.

The fire seemed to consume the very parchment. Every color was livid with the heat. It trembled and leaped, and twisted its wrathful flames upon a rock, which was portrayed with such powerful realism as to evoke from the Barbé the exclamation: "The rock of Mentoules! the rock of Mentoules!"

Then the illumination silenced him. Arrows and javelins appeared instinct with murderous intent, as they lay within reach of the lambent flames. The face of the persecuting prior, who stood by, was a portrait of satanic hate; and the suggestion of armed bands of cruel men crowded the pictured scene with resounding footsteps. Out of the rising, living pyramid of fire looked a scorched face.

"It is Louis, Louis, my own brother!" ejaculated the Barbé. "Curses upon them that burned him! Nay, nay!" — the Barbé was looking into the soft, clear eyes of Alke, — "nay, nay! God counted my brother Louis worthy of martyrdom, and you have painted the hour —"

"The hour of coronation," said Gaspar, who saw that the Barbé was busy wiping the fast-flowing tears from his cheeks.

From that hour the minister was entirely reconciled to Alke's art; though once afterward, having been led by her to read Dante's "Purgatorio," he ventured to call her attention to the fact that of the two illuminators whom he celebrates, one of them is in the state of purgatory. He never again, however, sought to inquire how far she had wandered from his own religious opinions in making this art supply the necessities of her father's

home. If he had inquired further, he might have discovered that at that hour she was desirous to be at work finishing the manuscript, and that she had been persuaded and enabled to attempt it through the machinations of a priest who, though thirty miles away, had heard of her work.

This was the story: A brother in the monastery of Turin had, a year before, been fortunate enough to be passing through the town of La Torre, upon an errand that permitted the novice who was his companion to find a scrap of parchment which, on presentation at the sacred house of the Capuchins, proved to have been freshly colored with a dye resembling Tyrian purple. Every man in the scriptorium partook of the excitement which it roused. Could it be possible that the secret of making a dye which in the days of Charlemagne made the parchments so proper a background for golden letters, had been recovered? Who possessed the precious secret? Besides, here, upon this trifling scrap, were certain letters, placed there with almost perfect art! They composed the Lord's Prayer.

"Surely," said the priests, "it is a Waldensian's work."

"I saw a maiden of great beauty drop it in the street," was the information which the novice of Turin finally yielded to the authorities.

"The secret shall be ours," were the swiftly uttered words in reply.

Before a month had gone, this very novice, properly instructed, had been placed under the priest of La Torre, and in the clothes of a peasant's son had obeyed the priest in going forth morning after morning to the mountain-side, until he had found Alke tending the goats. With consummate care, and as the result of desirable rewards, such as appealed to this maiden's power which was thirsty for opportunities, he had found out that her

father Gaspar Perrin had once been a printer in Venice, and knew the secret of empurpling parchment, and that she often illuminated the colored material. His talk opened a new world of hope before Alke.

Very soon through this youth, who so excellently executed the schemes of these authorities, the priest of La Torre had made purchases sufficient to justify the opinion of his friends and that of the neighboring monastery of Turin that the safety of Gaspar Perrin was desirable. It was agreed that in no event should his life be imperilled until this secret should be found out; and more especially was it understood that the girl, who had been an artist even in childhood, should be drawn by every politic measure into the service of empurpling and illuminating parchments for the monastery.

"She shall be ours, — she and her secret shall be ours!" swore the priest in charge of the scriptorium.

"Oh, if only I could buy parchment!" said Alke, one day, in the hearing of this disguised novice, who had paused with a bundle of fagots at his side to speak with her. He had been taught to await the mention of that necessity.

"Would you like to make some coins by painting on some new parchment?" was the studied inquiry.

Alke's innocent eyes brightened. It had been a winter of sorrowful hunger, and Alke knew that the larder was empty. The father stood before this heroic maiden in all his gaunt and gracious weakness, as she attempted to speak.

"I could —"

It was impossible for her to keep the tears out of sight; and they meant so much more than words could mean to him, that the young Capuchin felt a strange twinge of joyous pain in his heart.

"I know where we may find a small missal, which you could make much more beautiful. It is not far

away; if you will illuminate it, you shall have many coins."

This missal had been in Alke's hands from that day; and now the last lovely picture had been completed. It lay in the oaken chest, and it was the only work of Alke which the devout Barbé did not see.

It seemed sufficient to both Alke and her father that the kindly pastor had been so easily reconciled to her art by the sight of the painting which he had just looked upon. Alke and Gaspar were able to keep a secret which was assuredly innocent enough, and which yielded such comfort in mitigating the sorrows of their poverty.

"That missal," said the happy child to her father, when he seemed sad because she worked so diligently and became so weary, — "that missal will help us to keep all the books which you brought from Venice." Then Gaspar would look proudly upon her and upon the books, to the list of which Aldus and his son had contributed additions from time to time, all of which he had been compelled to think of selling.

For the Barbé an hour of sorrowful recollection had come and gone. It had, however, quickened his sense of ministerial responsibility. His mind was full of plans for the day or night of communion. He had been compelled to fix upon the midnight hour.

"Our meeting shall occur at midnight," said he to the chief members of the fraternity, as they loved to call their simple organization, who had just come to consult with the Barbé. There was a firm tone of commanding courage in the voice, as he looked into the face of the youthful assistant with whom he always made his visitations. The members of the fraternity retired.

"Perhaps our joy on this birthday will end in mourning," ventured the young man.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to

the house of feasting,' " replied the elder, as they started together toward the simple repast which in Gaspar's home made the evening meal.

Holiday that it was, and happy as the friendly neighbors had seemed throughout the day, that evening meal was itself a tender, loving communion service. It was the Waldensian eucharistic reminiscence of apostolic times.

"Benedicte, Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison, Pater noster," broke forth the rich voice of the Barbé, as they were seated at the table.

Alke's golden head was bowed; but the devil-like eyes of a monk who gazed in upon them from his place of hiding without, saw that no one made the sign of the cross, and that the room was bare of images.

"God, even our God, who provided food for His prophets and feedeth His children with manna, bless our meal and this reunion!" said the devout Gaspar; and he added, "In nominis Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

The cruel eyes of the stout monk who had concealed himself in the bushes near the open window, might then have beheld them making the sign of the cross, but for the fact that in his hiding-place he was trying to complete his plan for the killing of the Barbé, for whose noble heart he had a poisoned dagger.

There was but one topic at the table of this militant Waldensian, and Gaspar was loquacious.

"It is the same with us as it was with our ancestors,—the same foe, the same fight. We—God be thanked!—are surer of our ground. The Pope still pretends himself to be more than man, and only less than God Himself. Men believe it only where they cannot read God's Word; for the Scriptures say not that the Pope should rule over men and kingdoms. Only one is master, and that is Jesus Christ. So long as the priest anoints

the king, the Church will be tyrannical and full of abomination. The Church neglects her righteous duties in not blessing the souls of men, and becomes corrupt in the attempt to control nations. Ours it is to oppose by life and doctrine, not the right, but the wrong which the priests smile upon and bless."

"There is nothing right in the Church. The Church is beyond remedy. Priestcraft is wholly evil. The monasteries are the hiding-places of iniquity," urged the more radical and dogmatic Barbé, who detected in Gaspar a feeling of tolerance toward the monks of Turin which he could not allow to go uncorrected.

"There are yet some benefits which may come to us," said Gaspar, "even from the monasteries. They have kept the manuscripts of other days, and have often been the only hope of learning."

"They are not now," said the Barbé, with earnestness. "Learning such as yours has come into the world in spite of monkish opposition, not by the help of abbeys and bishops. Besides, religion is greater than learning. I would rejoice to see yonder monastery in flames."

The concealed monk without gnashed his teeth in his rage. Gaspar within hesitated to speak, because he was not quite sure but that the Virgil manuscript which Erasmus sought at Turin had come to La Torre. He could not think of the walls of a scriptorium in flames. The thought of the manuscript kept him silent.

The monk outside had made a favorable construction of Gaspar's silence, and had found himself restless at eavesdropping when he considered the heresies of the Barbé. "Surely," thought he, "the father of the girl is not heretical." And into the shade he ran until he had found the leader of his fellow-conspirators, whom he persuaded to spare Gaspar's cottage, which they had planned to burn over the Barbé's head.

Scarcely, however, had the monk left the bushes near

the window, when Gaspar explained the true reason for his interest in the monastic institutions in that vicinity. He told the Barbé of the visit of Erasmus ; and forthwith, as he remembered Erasmus sympathizing with him when he had spoken of the loss of his boy, he surpassed all that the good pastor had said in his expressions of violent heresy.

"They count us more dangerous than Saracens ; and the cruelty which they show in the murdering of loyal men is more malignant than that with which they kill Turks. Never were there such base, bloodthirsty knaves as the Dominicans ; nothing is so holy to a Capuchin as a massacre. And yet — and yet I shall have that manuscript of Virgil."

This he said, feeling that his orthodox hatred of priestly crime was always likely to seem to be waning at the remembrance of Aldus and that manuscript in the scriptorium.

"My brother may lose his soul in trifling for a fragment of ancient and corrupt Rome," said the Barbé, solemnly.

"I shall never lose it to the modern and more corrupt Rome," was the answer.

"No, Gaspar ; you have been true. Your household knows all the story. You are honestly trying to be a Waldensiän and an Erasmian."

"Never !" cried out Gaspar. "Erasmus is afraid. Am I ?" and the scarred wrists, which bore their awful testimony, were immediately thrust before the Barbé's eyes. "I fear nothing, but being untrue to God and the holy Scriptures."

"The holy Scriptures say, 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added.' You shall get the manuscript for the cause of learning, when the cause of religion shall have conquered and prostrated the walls of these monasteries in the dust. The kingdom of God on earth will bring every other righteous sov-

ereignty along with it. It will not come as Erasmus thinks — ”

“ How? ” interjected Gaspar.

“ Not under the wing of the kingdom of culture,” replied the Barbé. “ It will come in its own triumph ; and it will turn and overturn all else, until, with its establishment, these kingdoms of freedom and culture shall be safely builded in its majestic shadow.”

“ I told Erasmus as much,” said the charmed Gaspar, as he saw the eloquent lips of the Barbé pause.

“ The contest is upon us. May God make us strong ! The world is not able to use a manuscript of Virgil worthily, until it has read without a tremor the manuscript of Saint Paul the Apostle. To accomplish this means the overthrow of the kingdom of darkness by the kingdom of light. Jesus Christ, not Virgil, is the Light of the world. All genuine kingdoms are comprehended under the kingdom of Christ the Lord.”

As the Barbé with shining face turned toward Alke, the red glow of evening shone upon his gray dress ; and the maiden’s eyes were restless enough in that expectant air, as she thought of the days immediately to come, and reflected that if one of them proved true to her hope, before the Barbé should leave their affrighted community, she herself, according to the word of the young peasant shepherd, would have in her own hands the manuscript of Virgil.

“ It is an outrageous law which would prevent us from meeting together and discussing the Catholic faith,” said Gaspar. “ How gladly do the spies of Rome run to the confessors and inform their prelates of our conferences ! Doubtless at this hour you are watched.”

“ I escaped a band of monks near the opening of the valley. Brutal faces had they, yet not so brutal as the faces of some who made the doctrines which we cannot obey ! ” answered the Barbé.



"Brutes rule us!" said Gaspar; "and however worthy the children of heretics may be, they may not hold office until the second generation be passed. Our homes are kept pure, and prayers arise continually from households which may be demolished at any time for sheltering a heretic. Even if I know a heretic, — a man who insists upon the right to his own soul, — and if I do not report my criminal knowledge to the authorities, it is likely to mean banishment for me. And yet I trust God —"

"And so does Alke?"

The fair face smiled; and eyes which looked fearlessly toward heaven made sufficient answer to the Barbé.

As they arose from the table, about which such lightning-like forces had been playing, the first word which escaped the lips of the Barbé was, "Peace!" and in tones of musical praise there followed the words of the Revelation: "Glory, wisdom, thanksgiving, honor, power, and might be to our God forever and ever."

No monkish embellishment could have added beauty or dignity to the appearance of this simple man of God when he prayed: "May God reward with plenitude and bless with abundance those who have been our blessing and joy; and having fed our bodies, may God feed our souls. May God be our companion, and may we be with Him through eternity."

Gaspar and Alke said, "Amen."

There they stood for a moment in silence, the Barbé holding aloft the hands of Alke and her father, which were joined to his, while he whispered another prayer.





## CHAPTER XIX.

### HOLY COMMUNION.

Hear, Father, hear Thy faint, afflicted flock  
Cry to thee from the desert and the rock ;  
While those who seek to slay thy children, hold  
Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold ;  
And the broad, goodly lands with pleasant airs  
That nurse the grape and wave the grain, are theirs.

BRYANT.

FOR two hours before midnight the disguised monk, who had left his priestly habit in the convent of La Torre, was listening to the sounds of muffled voices which proceeded from a point far up the side of one of the mountains which guard the approaches of the valley of Angrogna. Since noontide he had been toiling upward, seeking the opening to the cavern in which the papal party rightly surmised that the Waldensians held their meetings, wondering meanwhile at the fierce courage of a rebellious fanaticism which could lead men, women, and children to a spot, as yet undiscovered by him, in which they could bid defiance to bishops and armies. He was now assured that the sounds which had floated to him within the last two hours came from a height immediately above him ; and he had abundant reason for the suspicion that the mountaineers were gathering loose stones, placing them near the mouth of

the cavern, from which, at any moment desired, they might hurl them upon their foes below.

Religious persecution has, in all ages, made most curious alliances. Certain well-known architectural remains have been aptly described as "half church of God, half fortress 'gainst the Scot." To this class of memorials would have belonged that altar-like creation which, under the hands of two of the most stalwart of the Waldensians, — Claude Rodan and Hyppolite Meane, — was rising at one end of the huge cave.

Troubled as was the exploring monk below them to find a path to that opening which the mountaineers had been entering and re-entering for two hours and more, these men had marked its way from the adjoining mountain, so that, approaching it from above, any one of the Waldensians, who understood the language of the rocks placed in position on the route, should not lose it by a footstep.

The mountaineers now waited at the opening of the cave for their companions. The last stone had been carried within; and there, inside a smaller but high-arched enclosure within the expansive cavern, it stood, — a communion-table, which in an instant could be transformed into an armory of weapons such as no ordinary band of Dominicans or Capuchins could withstand, as these missiles should be thrown to the roadway below. This latter fact the concealed monk of Turin had known never so well as a few minutes before, when a single rock, not larger than his own head, had slipped from the grasp of one of these mountaineers above him, and sped like a fateful thunderbolt, carrying dust and broken fragments of dead branches with it into the gorge beneath.

"Heresy has a most frightful energy," said his muttering lips; and he wished himself back in the Capuchin monastery.

By eleven o'clock that night, the path along which the

bouquetin walked with steady but careful step, had become a highway for men and women, young and old, who from Angrogna, Brackcrastro, Lucerna, and even Bobbio beyond the Pelice, trod on, with hearts beating with emotions of worship and valor, toward that communion. The guiding wisdom of properly placed rocks on the way had saved them from the abysses.

"Never did a conquering host come back from a field, carrying the weapons of their enemies, with more heroic joy than is yours even now," said Gaspar Perrin to an old man, who sat by the pathway upon which he had fallen from exhaustion. Alke, whose tenderness had already begun its ministry in wiping the blood from his forehead, which had been lacerated as he staggered against the sharp stones, sat with the aged man for a moment, and listened as he described the difficulty with which he had made this much of his pilgrimage to the new shrine. Her luxuriant hair was like a rich morning, falling often upon the white head of the old man as she listened to his whispers. He seemed to feel, as he smiled his gratitude, that the sun had indeed gone down with him, and only the silver moonlight of life, bright however as that moonlight which now illuminated the scene, was left.

"Oh, you are Gaspar Perrin's daughter! You are the angel of the dawn," he said, when, in unwonted brilliance, the moon irradiated the edges of the cloud and burst forth again to glorify them both. And then he arose, and as if supported by an enthusiasm of which her young eyes were fountains, he trudged noiselessly on. He was an aged Barbé, who had come, as he believed, to take his last communion.

One by one, they entered the place of worship. An opening in the rocks far up on the side of the smaller chamber allowed entrance between its mighty edges for a rift of light. Omnipotence had pierced the hard

brown texture of the mountain ; and through the slight aperture glowed the weird and solemn light. At first the radiance faltered upon the rocky edges of the altar-table. Then the moon's softest beams lit up, with a rapturous and majestic glory, the symbols of the broken body and outpoured blood of the Redeemer. Every ray seemed to quiver with instinctive and divine sympathy, as it touched the bread and wine. Every crumb of the bread was a radiance. The ruby drops of wine gleamed with a living splendor. Even Gaspar, who had generations of truest rationalists in his blood, found himself looking upon the scene with an awed soul. Before him stood many of the neighboring mountaineers, each unconsciously making the sign of the cross.

"I have beheld the Host elevated within the walls of St. Mark's," whispered Gaspar, "and I have felt the sublime calm of worshipful emotions, as I gazed upon the high altar ; but never have I beheld such — "

"Never before," said the resolute and affectionate Alke, "have you beheld God himself touching the sacramental emblems with His own pencil."

Gaspar's strong hand found the warmer hand of the maiden, to whom every revelation of the good had become also a revelation of the beautiful and the true ; and he was sorry on the instant, when he found that he had said rather peremptorily, "Hush, my child !"

But he could not break her spell. From that moment Alke was an object of peculiar reverence and affection to all the Waldensians. Even the regidor—the elder of the two Barbés who travelled together was called the "regidor ;" the younger, "coadjutor"—quoted her saying in the sermon which followed. When the aged man whom we have seen with his scarred forehead smitten with the moonlight, and trudging on by Alke's side toward the cavern, heard her speak, he only averred once more, "She is the angel of the dawn !" Very soon

the Waldensian mothers who had carried thither their little ones, had crowded about her as she stood outside in the faint firelight, looking dreamily toward heaven. Each mother was silent, that she might hear what else Alke should say which would seem like a revelation. But Alke only kissed the little ones.

"May God preserve them in His abundant love!" said she, as she carefully folded something from which she had been reading in the moonlight, — something which the simple-hearted wives of the mountaineers declared did tremble and shine as did the emblems of the sacrament, — and she went into the cavern again. For these who lingered without, meditating on Alke's words, she prayed.

Alke had become deeply conscious that she was living in a superstitious age, and that even she must not become a stone of stumbling unto those who often had felt, as they turned aside from the elaborate ceremonial and impressive worship taught by the Roman Church, a barrenness of belief and vacancy of faith which it was sometimes hard to reconcile with the richness and sublimity of truth. Alke prayed devoutly for them. She knew that she possessed an awful charm for their awakened religiousness. She and her words in that cavern had at once suggested and outshone the picturesqueness of the Church of Rome. Some even whispered that she looked as the Virgin must have looked at the hour of the annunciation.

The regidor had begun to speak.

In a low and impressive voice he said: "We are here as the children of a Father whose are earth and heaven. But our Father's earth is held by the enemies of a true faith; and our foes are so strong that we may not worship as God has directed in the Scriptures. We are denied even the open sky for a pure faith. We have been driven here by the recollection of cruel swords which have gleamed through many years. Our fathers

before us toiled up these steep, and crawled with careful labor down these fissures, not because they were not God's children, but because they were truly such, and sought to worship Him in spirit and in truth. We have this night placed our feet in their old path. It led them unto Him ; it will lead us also. No rich windows filled with monkish fables invite this light which falls upon this table of our Lord. It comes through an air unvexed by man's fancies. God Himself touches these emblems with a divine pencil. He has provided His poor children with tapers for the altar which were lit beyond the stars. We have no cathedral save this which God builded. Our defence is the munitions of rocks. No long trains of priests and choristers animate this scene ; but the angels of God, who are silent, encamp about them who love Him. Our song of triumph will break forth when that silence which evil and pretentious things cannot endure, shall have swallowed up those who confound God's people."

The coadjutor arose and stood by his side in the pale brilliance. Almost as by inspiration, a voice full of religious fervor and tender with the consciousness of memories awakened by the emblems upon the stony altar, exhaled a breath, sweet and all-pervasive, — a breath of sacred melody. Fear may have at first compelled all others to remain silent. The Barbé was mute ; and soon a look of approval added beauty to his sad and worn face. The voice, which had once grown hesitant on feeling its loneliness, now gathered strength and richness, as still more solemnly and tenderly it filled every heart with rapture, and with a deliberate grandeur continued its praises within the echoing vault, until the old mountain's heart must have grown warm with the melody.

The voice at length ceased its ministry. The tones which fell at the last from Alke's lips seemed prayers. Every one found within his bosom a Christ, to whom

alone sins were confessed. Even the Barbé's blue eyes were tearful ; and Alke, when with almost entire self-forgetfulness she had sung the entire canticle of Simeon, covered her face as she prayed.

So profound an impression had the song made, so did its heart-searching strains lift the soul of each above the praises or curses of men into the very presence of God, that the Barbé, always anxious wisely to substitute for the rejected confessional of man's invention something more divine, stretched forth his hands, and only interpreting what was occurring in many breasts, said, —

“Confession to us, confession even to the most worthy of men, can only be blessed of God, when in private conversation age and good character give their admonition and comfort to the soul. I beg all of you even now to confess. Confess ye to the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep ; and let no one be mediator, in such a moment as this, save the great High Priest who hath entered into the Holy of Holies !”

At that instant, when silence was teaching every one how much more stable was that confidence in God which their unuttered confessions expressed than any confidence in man could be, a veritable son of Anak, strong, stalwart, and untamable as all believed him to be up to this moment, with tears flowing down his dust-covered cheeks and losing themselves in the thick, unkempt locks of his coarse, long beard, staggered forward, and looking like a huge ghost in silvery radiance which hung before the communion table, cried out, as he gazed into the face of the regidor, —

“I have wronged you ! ”T is you, also, I have wronged. God has forgiven me ; will you also forgive ?”

The face of the regidor was a bright benediction when he said, “In the name of Christ, all is forgiven ; I have nought against you.”

“Ah !” said Gaspar Perrin, who had comprehended



the whole scene, "this is a judgment day at midnight. God's throne is set up in a cave. Surely" — his eyes were fixed upon the emblems — "the crucified Lamb of God shall judge the earth."

The truth as to the circumstance was this. A year before, this same Catalan Boursuer had been found in a quarrel with a fellow Waldensian, involving the possession of a harvest. In all such matters the Barbé usually nominated arbitrators, thus hastening for truth's sake the settlement of all disputes. Most basely had that muscular mountaineer insisted, when the arbitrament was held against him, that the Barbé had purposely appointed enemies. With a poisoned tongue, which sort of tongue is never so venomous as after it has learned pious phraseology, had Catalan Boursuer slandered the just and altogether unsuspecting Barbé. Now, and before that communion-table, his Lord and Master had judged Catalan. Alke's delicious song; Catalan's rough figure stumbling through the dark and falling before that brilliance as he uttered a half-sobbing prayer, — surely this was the gate of heaven to their waiting souls!

In all these circumstances and events there had been little to remind any one who had ever worshipped at the altars of the Roman Church, of the ceremonies of Catholicism. In the haste of the next few moments, which was caused by an alarm from without, a contrast was instituted between the celebration of the communion — if we must use so protestant a phrase — as the regidor conducted it, and the more ancient and churchly spectacle. Such a contrast, indeed, it was as to prophesy the simplicity of coming days.

Two incidents will serve to show the condition of the Waldensian mind, which at a later date, on matters theological and liturgical, was in some incidental regards as easily satisfied with the opinions and practices of the Reformers as they had previously been with the ancient

forms. Alke was only one of many in that band in whose blood ran a Romish culture. Only now and then had Gaspar detected in her mental or spiritual life an intimation that Count Aldani Neforzo was her grandsire.

That night as she sat by his side, gazing upon the moonlit bread and wine, she was thinking of the Transfiguration of her Lord which she had dared to attempt placing in illumination on parchment.

The hours were passing swiftly. The régidor took up the service with a solemn joy. No cardinal in robes of office could have seemed more sublime. Instead of muttering the words of the Mass, which they had begun to abhor, there came from every lip the softly repeated Lord's Prayer, — as simple as yonder baby's cry, more sublime than those mountain heights round about. Every one had bowed upon the cold floor of the huge cavern ; and instead of "Ave Maria," came again, in rich diapason, their simple canticles, shaking again the stone sides with an echo of love divine.

Still did Alke view, with an increasing and wondering interest, the glow of light upon the unleavened bread and the wine whose every drop trembled with that melody. Gaspar saw her agitation. The girl for a moment looked the similitude of her dead mother ; but only as the wife of Gaspar's heart looked one night in Venice when her protesting zeal left her for a little time and she cried for the Eucharist. Could it be that Alke was slipping from him ?

He tried to look a subduing calm into her restless eyes. But no ; she was reflecting : "The Barbé has allowed me to sing ; yes, he has allowed it."

A more brilliant streak of moonlight played upon the bread and wine.

Alke spoke. Nay ; it was not speech : it was a chant, a rapture, a sort of divinely governed rhapsody. Yet every Waldensian recognized the words as they came

from those inspired lips, as did the song of Miriam at the seaside. They comprehended the story of the Transfiguration of the Lord. Every ear was attentive. A hush as of death held the infant quiet in its mother's arms ; and the silence communicated a sacred afflatus to every soul, as each stood still with fixed eye beholding the bread and wine which were now glowing with the silvery fire, and Alke repeated the words : " And his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light."

Had Alke beheld the glory of transfiguring power, in the transformation of the wine and bread into the blood and body of the Redeemer?

For a single moment did this holy interruption disconcert the regidor ; and then he turned the incident, by his very silence, into the energy possessed by the spiritual atmosphere with which each was surrounded, if not inspired. By his side was the youthful coadjutor, who was bewildered. He appeared ignorant of what to expect next in this strangely confused but obviously divinely arranged service.

At length the regidor offered the broken bread to the coadjutor, then lifted a fragment to his own lips. Then the wine was taken by each, amid the silent glow. The men and women arose. Every soul became a communicant ; every heart confessed obedience to the captain of his salvation. One by one they passed in front of the regidor and coadjutor, — one of these repeating the words : " This bread is broken for the communion of the body of our Lord Jesus Christ which we now take ; " the other saying, " This cup of blessing which is now consecrated is the communion of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ."

At length Alke came alone unto the table of her Lord. Every one stood with hushed reverence, as she approached the sacred spot. There and then had the men who looked upon her vowed to defend their faith. There

widows, who remembered on that night the fathers of their orphaned children, had given new pledges to their God. There old age had sipped the nectar of eternal youth, as in those bits of unleavened bread and in those drops of wine was revealed a living cause.

What had Alke to bring?

Once again did she seem to Gaspar to possess the temper and attitude of a Neforzo. Within each of us the passion of forgotten ancestry arises and asserts its feeble existence, at these critical junctures in our own lives, where in the lives of others and at other times it was easily supreme. Surely Count Aldani Neforzo, the father of Alke's mother, whose dust Gaspar buried in Venice, had often beheld at moments such as this, when the oblation of Christ appeared to consecrate all acts and hopes, that impressive scene in the life of some copyist or illuminator, when, seeking the salvation of his own soul through good works, the weary artist who had lovingly copied a homily or embellished a gospel, would crowd close to the high altar, and strain to obtain a sight of the elevated host, as he begged the Holy Mother to receive the long-ripening fruit of his genius and labor.

Whatever force of ancestry was behind her, Alke stopped suddenly before the regidor, and looking only at the bread and wine, on which still trembled the pale splendor which came like a flood through the aperture above her head, bowed herself; flung back the sunny waves which fell over her breast as she uttered a brief prayer; pushed her hand within her dress until it felt her own heart beat, and reaching the parchment, which we saw her folding up as she stood without the cavern peering into the skies, she held the richly illuminated Lord's Prayer before the eyes of the two Barbés and before the sacred emblems. With untrembling grasp she kept it suspended in that streaming flame of whitest light. The hand which had created it out of purple and gold and

silver and dragon's blood, each tint of which now shone as never before, was baptized in splendor from above. In silence she partook of the bread of the communion. The wine was near her lips, when a shout from without penetrated the cavern.

The Barbés lifted the bread and the wine and the parchment from the altar-table. The shout of alarm was repeated.

"An enemy has been seen by the watchman! An enemy!!"

Every eye discerned the crisis. Every Waldensian discovered a missile in each rock which had helped to constitute the altar-table of the Lord. Down into the darkness of the pines, which was broken into by the same moonlight which had illuminated the emblems and the parchment, Alke hurled the first stone.

In an hour the communing church had become the church militant; the altar-table had been thrown, stone after stone, into the gorge below. At the bottom there lay the body of a disguised Capuchin, whose brutal face was scarred by the rock which had killed him; and the worshippers who had been made sure of an attack from above were hurrying to outrun the dawn, as they fled homeward.





## CHAPTER XX.

### MARIGNANO.

*C'est mon fils glorieux et triomphant César. — LOUISE OF SAVOY.*

TO those observant and thoughtful Frenchmen who honored the memory of their late sovereign Louis XII., the coronation of Francis I. in the Cathedral of Rheims appeared to be an invitation to every romantic and adventurous young man to join a standard which had been blessed on that occasion by Robert de Lenoncourt, Archbishop of Paris, and instantly made an object of adoration by all the feudatories and vassals who shared with the army a dislike of the English alliance, and the poets and courtiers whose ardor saw before them a path of glory. Not the least enthusiastic of those whose youth now saw an end of the inglorious schemes which so honored the opinions of Henry VIII., was the knight Ami. Especially was he gratified at the fact that Chancellor Duprat, for whom he felt as active a dislike as he had for the English sovereign, had not succeeded in defeating the intention of Francis I., of making the Duke of Bourbon Constable of France.

Throughout all the jousts and tourneys, processions and banquets, the faithful eye of Ami, never blinded by the beauty of the handsome king, saw two things ahead, — the first, the effect of the idea within the

mind of Francis I. of entering Italy to recapture the Duchy of Milan; the second, a rapidly swelling debt which such pomp and plans were creating, and which had nothing to appeal to save an exhausted treasury and an already overtaxed people.

"I can never forget the labor and sufferings of the peasant at Chilly," said he one day to the king, when his Majesty laughed at his own royal extravagance.

"Well," replied the amused monarch, "we will recreate Charlemagne's palace here, and greater than Arthur's knights shall rule at our court. The women shall be goddesses, if need be, though some of them are frail!"

Ami was not encouraged, when he was allowed to hear the plans of Louise of Savoy and Chancellor Duprat. "Every objection on the part of the populace will give way before the reappearance of royal power," said Duprat. "We have hitherto asked the English to make France respectable in her own eyes. We will now create self-respect. Our Parliament will pay for a magnificent success; they will refuse to pay for a dull and commonplace throne, which is neither a success nor a failure."

To all this, Louise of Savoy, whom the king had created Duchesse, whose revenues had been exhausted and to whom the palace of Amboise had been given, assented, while she protested against the bestowment of the title of "Constable" on Bourbon.

One day, Nouvisset — a gossip who never gossiped unwisely — made Ami acquainted with the peculiarly interesting facts which bound Marguerite, the king's sister, to the Duke of Bourbon, and repulsed the haughty mother from so proud a courtier. Why was he made Constable?

"I know," said the young man, "that it was done to please the gracious Madame Marguerite."

"Yes!" said Nouvisset, "neither Duprat nor his Majesty's mother loves Bourbon as a constable."

"I discern in the king himself a disposition to under-rate Constable Bourbon."

"You are innocent of what you ought to know. I will tell you. The king's disposition to quarrel with so strong a man began to show itself at Amboise. It is only another love-affair, — indeed, everything is love here. Politics is the art of getting into love and getting out again. Statesmanship is the art of keeping out altogether, Ami!"

"Let me have the story," begged the impatient knight.

"It is this. When he was plain Charles de Montpensier, the man who is now constable fell in love. You would not think such a stiff, proud, chilly person could melt with passion. But he loved the daughter of our new duchesse, — he loved even Marguerite. Young Duke Francis used to go about Amboise with Gouffier, calling his sister 'Pearl beyond price;' and under the lilacs young Montpensier — think of it! — Duc de Bourbon was making love to her who is now *Madame!* Oh, *tempora mutant*, Ami! Excited by Gouffier, who also was mad with love for her, Francis, who never liked Montpensier as he did the other young nobles, Gouffier and Vaudenesse, challenged him. The combat was prevented, and Charles de Montpensier left the court and the heart-broken Marguerite." Nouvisset hesitated, and then added: "All this while Madame Louise — *Duchesse!* — was in love with Vaudenesse, who threw off his gray and green and wore the colors of Madame d'Angoulême — *Duchesse!* It was now the chance of M. de Gie, who also loved her — oh, France is a vast love-affair, Ami! — it was now his chance to rid Amboise of M. de Vaudenesse, which he easily did after the night in which the young noble was found in the gallery."

"What about the king's mother, Louise of Savoy?" asked Ami, intently.



"The *Duchesse* ! Yes ; she was compensated. *She* always *will* be, mark me, Ami !" The eyes of Nouvisset twinkled like bright, happy stars. "It must always be remembered in your calculations that the Duc de Bourbon loved the ' Pearl beyond price.' "

Ami had another fact at hand for future use, when by the side of Bourbon Constable stood Odet de Foix, Sire de Lautrec, who had now been made ruler of Guienne, and Bonnivet, who was now Admiral of the Fleet.

Duprat he distrusted and hated ; Bourbon's ability had captivated him ; Bonnivet — formerly plain Gouffier who had already instigated Francis I. to attack Bourbon, who was never able to allow that wound made in the friendship between the king and the duke to be healed — seemed to Ami to be a jealous, self-asserting, inefficient man. How easily jealousy in another finds the toes of our own !

"The pretence !" said Ami confidentially to Nouvisset, when they came together at a later hour at the queen's reception, and beheld Bonnivet's pallor, when the latter saw the blush upon the face of Marguerite as the magnificent Bourbon approached her, — "the pretence ! I should smite him if I were the duke."

"The duke's thought is upon some one more important to him than even the Admiral Bonnivet, Ami. Mark the regret on the face of Marguerite, our beautiful *Duchesse d'Alençon*," whispered Nouvisset. "Look at that selfish passion in her mother's eye ; see the eye of the *Duchesse d'Angoulême*. Ah ! Ami, there is another love-story in all this. *Madame d'Angoulême loves her daughter's lover, Bourbon !*"

Ami was at that juncture more nearly convinced than ever that statesmanship in France, at least at that hour, was the art of keeping out of love altogether. He felt a twinge of shame that he himself had ever felt deeply about the beautiful sister of the king.

The whole court was there. It was the hour in the annals of the French soldiery which could boast of men known as Chevalier Bayard and Constable Duc de Bourbon. The battle-field of Marignano was just ahead, and the ardent spirits of France were shouting, when the Duchesse d'Alençon — his sighing, regretful Marguerite de Valois of other days — caught sight of the brilliant commander, her Duc de Bourbon, whose plume of white and crimson feathers came close to the window where stood the unhappy woman and her husband, known in French history as Duc d'Alençon.

Ami turned from them at once when he saw Marguerite's eyes visit the silvered sash and begemmed poniard of the constable with a shuddering look of pride, and the inferior personage at her side with a smile of pity. The young knight's eye paused for an instant upon the glittering casque of Bourbon, and the flushed cheek of his jealous rival, Bonnivet; then, with the rest of the king's suite, he was himself lost for a moment amid the velvet and gold, until he was startled to hear the King Francis I. say, —

“Too magnificent is our constable. But, Ami, the Duchy of Milan shall be ours, — *mine!*”

The emphasis was on the word “mine.” The proud Francis was himself rankling with envy; but yet he knew that he must use Bourbon and be patient.

“And,” said he to Ami, to whom by this time he sought to explain everything, “I have assented to the suggestion of the Chancellor Duprat to multiply the judicial offices which may be for sale.”

At once the king saw that a better statesmanship than his was offended.

“Frown not upon his Majesty! It is done. Parliament must learn that the most chivalrous army which ever crossed the Alps shall be supported.”

Too young as yet in his relations to Francis I. as his

king, to oppose vigorously, and just sufficiently youthful to partake of the excited hope that the throne of his royal friend might become the greatest in Europe, Ami was silent, while Louise of Savoy was made Queen Regent, and the army whose vanguard was now under command of Bourbon was made ready to set out for Italy.

Close to the sovereign rode Ami, whose figure and whose wise handling of his delicate responsibilities had much of the elegance of Bourbon, but more of the grace of Bayard, who, as Lieutenant-General of Dauphiny, also rode near the king.

"It is probable," Nouvisset had said to Ami, as they parted, "that this may be a victory for you. Let our king triumph while he may. Some day, believe me," and the eyes of the lame knight, who hobbled by Ami's side, gleamed with prophecy, "the burghers will some day rise against feudal nobles and their kings; then the triumph will be theirs."

"Our king does not consult with England. France is her own mistress now," cried old Trivulcio the censor, as he learned that both Wolsey and Henry VIII. were indignant at Francis I., and at his contemptuous neglect of them in this expedition.

Ami looked about when they left Lyons on that day of July, 1515, and he saw forty thousand men with trains of artillery; but it was he alone who began to worry the king with questions as to the difficulty in crossing the Alps. The king answered by calling his attention to the allies and their strength. There was Octavian Fregoso, doge of Genoa; but Ami had found out that he and D'Alviano, general of the Venetians, knew nothing whatever of the problem. News came that Cardinal Sion was rousing the Swiss to a pitch of crusading fury against the conquest. Twenty thousand Swiss under Colonna were guarding the passes. Between Mont Cenis and

Mont Genevre were soldiers awaiting the opportunity to overwhelm horsemen and ordnance. Ami could not be silent, though Louise of Savoy had called him "a troublesome youth." Only Chevalier Bayard was wise enough, amid the enthusiasm of the advancing host, to listen to Ami's suggestion that they find out from the shepherds of the Alps the unknown passes.

"Susa is guarded and is impassable," said he.

Oh, if this Waldensian had at that hour foreseen the future, how carefully he might have studied those roadways which threaded the mountain fastnesses, for he was not far from his old home !

The August snows were melting, and they had come upon the brown rocks which were beginning to grow insurmountable, when Ami with a vassal of the Comte de Moretto, a cousin of Bayard, went forth from the rest to find a shepherd.

"You look like the Piedmontese," said the chamois-hunter, with whom the disguised Ami soon found himself in interesting conversation. There was an all-pervading silence about the young knight, as he thought of his babyhood, and then, jealous again of his own self-consciousness, put the thought aside forever.

The route to the plain was at length accurately described by the shepherd. Ami's brain was a map, in which Lautrec and Navarro found all needed information, when, by order of the Council, they set out to survey the pass. The king embraced Ami, and Bayard blessed him, when they returned and reported the task of crossing by way of the Guillestre ledge entirely practicable.

"The astrologer said it !" remarked Francis I. to Bayard, as Bourbon led on the vanguard toward the ford, and detachments were sent to hold the attention of the foe at Mont Cenis and Mont Genevre.

But the supreme trial was now coming to Ami.

Even the king grew haughty and cold, and Bonnivet

was disdainful and insulting, as the army, after reaching the most perilous ravines, found itself crawling along, hand over hand, through difficulties unimagined, dragging the heavy artillery up the rugged slopes of the mountains.

"Your astrologer, Sire, ought to be made to carry a horse over this abyss," said the wrathful admiral, addressing his Majesty, as he looked with contempt upon Ami.

Bayard alone kept silent, while the king swore, and Talmond and Imbercourt reiterated the oaths of Bonni-vet, whom at length the Constable Bourbon silenced, while the steep declivities confronted them from the other side. Levelling roads through flinty rock ; closely holding to one another, as they rounded a projecting cliff ; bridging abysses and crossing torrents, they beheld horse after horse tumble into the depths below, until at length Ami's name, for five days an epithet of scorn, was the one name which the knightly Bayard spoke lovingly to the king's marshal, De Chabannes. At length they discovered themselves safe in the territory of the Marquis de Saluzzo, with the Alps behind them.

"Prosper Colonna !" said the invincible Ami, who had made another discovery, "the arrogant Colonna !" Ami pointed toward Villa Franca, where Colonna, the Pope's commander, was dining.

Bayard and Imbercourt at once dashed on, with French chivalry behind them, to carry the unwelcome news to this hostile warrior, that his confederates must meet an army and a king which had already put the Alps between them and retreat.

Soon a sword was in Bayard's hand, and Andalusian horses, with jewels and plate, were possessed by the soldiers.

September 13 came. Cardinal Sion's furious audiences were now surging before the Cathedral at Milan, — an army filled with the hope of joining forces with Naples. No eloquence, however, could hurl back the French ad-

vance. Negotiations and parleys had failed. The eloquent cardinal at last shouted, —

“Seize your spears ; sound your drums !”

It was three o'clock. Dust and heat surrounded the advanced guard of the French. Ami, who had scouted the plain, and was now dripping with water, with which he was drenched in the canals which he had swum, crowded into the presence of Bourbon, announced the enemy, and springing into his armor was soon with the constable in the presence of the king.

“Oh, Ami,” said his Majesty, “the astrologer said it !”

“The Swiss are coming, Sire !” was Ami's reply, when the king sprang into his saddle and flew toward the enemy with his body-guard.

It was Ami's first battle. Enthroned upon the king's heart, as never before, he felt himself a sovereign. True, as he believed himself to have been, to the higher statesmanship to which he was as yet sure his sovereign would soon assent, the conflict seemed his own. Attached to Bourbon, and indignant at the jealousy of Bonnivet, he was in rapture when he saw the golden pommel of the constable's sword lifted high above the dust-cloud by that strong hand. Ever remembering Nouvisset, and not forgetful that Louise of Savoy had regarded himself a failure as a page, he thirsted for another opportunity for the exhibition of wisdom or valor. Already hostile to this particular plan of Leo X. and proud of his sovereign, he had pledged every drop of his blood to his king's desire, — the recovery of the Duchy of Milan.

It seemed only a brief, agonizing hour to the young knight.

The bareheaded Swiss, unshod and furious, leaped at once against the cooler intrepidity of France, which was now throbbing with the heart of youth. Ami could not but admire them, as the heavy guns discharged their shot and fire against the immovable mountaineers. Lanz-

knechts by ranks fell back into the ditch to die before the courageous Swiss. Four guns fell into their hands, while Ami hurried to the constable to tell him that the German allies had feared treachery and were therefore wavering.

"Only the king may rally them," said the commander. "They must see the King of France."

Francis I., with Ami at his side, now rushed forward with these soldiers who had fought under the black banner of their own king. Ami gave to the tired king, who was fighting on foot, his unbroken pike, for the fragment to which his Majesty still held.

"I could give you my heart," said the knight.

"The astrologer said it!" cried the king, tears in his throat, as he saw how the lanzknechts now rallied, and the Swiss faltered at the sight.

Unafraid of the mountain chivalry, the mountaineers beat back the tired horses of the French. Through the top of the king's helmet was driven a murderous pike. The French were roused again. Back the enemy fell, until Swiss determination paused in the hope of acknowledged victory.

"Now," shouted Ami, as if he had assumed command of the king, — "now for our gendarmes to charge them!"

Francis I., on the instant, made the charge; and the four thousand foes cried, "France! France!" as they surrendered.

Night had come; it was all confusion and death. Both armies were misled by the soldiers of either side, bearing, as they both did, the white cross. Even the king, but for Ami's cry, "It is the foe, the foe!" would have been captured, as he started on horseback into a wilderness of hostile pikes.

Under the moonlight, within an area of groans and sighing, the faithful young knight was soon watching over

the king, while he sat awake, when the *cornets de vache* of the Swiss sounded, and the French trumpets pealed forth, or while he slept a little on a gun-carriage, assured that Bayard had returned, after his adventure, to the French lines.

The Constable Bourbon was a silent throne of power.

"Put out the lights!" whispered Ami, when in the entangled condition of the armies he descried a Swiss battalion resting perilously near the king. The matches were relighted but once in the long hours which followed.

"Water!" said his Majesty, — "a drink for a thirsty king, Ami!"

Ami produced a helmet; and the king was soon presented with a draught, which he refused to take when in the flickering light he saw that it was red with blood.

Morning flamed her ruddy signals for both armies. The ditch gave the French an advantage valuable beyond estimate. But backward again fell the lanzknechts; twenty thousand were in disorder; the Swiss broke into the quarters of Bourbon.

The critical moment had come. Now the French poured forth volleys of flame into the breasts of the foe. Attacked from the rear, the Duc d'Alençon routed them; stormed at in front, the wall of infantry began to falter.

"D'Alviano! D'Alviano!" shouted Ami to his king, who needed but the assurance that his Venetian ally was coming, to increase his own valor.

Inch by inch, before Bourbon and his vanguard, who were roused by the sight of the king fighting midst dust and heat, — fighting as a true knight, — did the Swiss army yield. Man by man did they fall before the Gascon cross-bowmen, until Trivulcio cried, "It is a battle of giants; I have seen only battles of pygmies hitherto;" and looking about on a field on which lay six thousand dead and dying Frenchmen and fourteen thousand



mountaineers, — a field from which the hitherto invincible Swiss were scattering, — Ami said, as he approached the king, —

“Sire, it is your triumph ! It is no longer a battle, but a victory.”

“Ami,” answered his Majesty, “the astrologer said it !”

Before an hour had gone, that well-known message had been sent from the royal son to his proud mother, Louise of Savoy, containing every evidence of the mingled flippancy, arrogance, and nobility of the king's character.

Before night had come Bayard had knighted Francis I. on the battle-field of Marignano ; and as soon as the most alert policy could dictate it, Leo X. had despatched a nuncio, who carried an invitation to the conqueror, which was destined to be answered by the appearance of the French King before his Holiness at Bologna.





## CHAPTER XXI.

POPE, KING, AND KNIGHT.

*Godiamoci il papato, poichè Dio ci l' ha dato ! — LEO X.*

DECEMBER 8 had come ; and pausing near Bologna, the victor of Marignano saw before him the members of the Sacred College, who had advanced just beyond the gate of San Felice to meet him. He had entered Milan, October 16, and his route from that hour had been that of an acknowledged conqueror.

What a pathway of thorns had Ami travelled, in his conversations with the king !

Proud of his sovereign, and zealous for the success of his reign, the pupil of Nouvisset, who had already listened to the enkindling words of the reformer Lefevre, was made painfully aware that Francis I. had no comprehension whatever of the subtle influence which had been the impulse of the Renaissance and was now to become the soul of the Reformation. Of course, Ami still believed in what were known as the regularly constituted authorities. He had not entertained an idea of such a transformation in the Church as would affect the existence of the papacy, or even the righteous policies of his Holiness. Something, however, he was sure must be done so to purify the institution that it should become more worthy to exercise over men's minds the authority which it so loudly professed. In the dust and heat of Marignano,

the king had apparently lost every sympathy with such a change as had formerly received his faltering praise.

Indeed, as they neared the confines of the Pope's territory, the brilliancy of the victory behind him and the fascinating splendor of the Sovereign Pontiff, whom he was about to meet, appeared so to bewilder his dreamy and luxurious mind, that it was impossible for Ami to get a hearing for the serious interests of his country and time.

"Again you are gloomy, — you who came to be my happiness? Is not Marignano enough for you? Well, then, I will show you a pope who will never again enter into an Italian league against me, — a pope, Ami, who beats us all in festivals and in playing the Ciceronian. Come, good cheer, as the English say! Ami, good cheer!"

The king was in his happiest mood, and his overflowing joy echoed with laughter which died away in smiles upon the faces of the barons, who, close behind the Chancellor Duprat, rode proudly toward the place where they were to meet the humiliated but wary Pope.

When Duprat's attention was a little diverted, Ami ventured to ask, "Sire, why did his Holiness prefer Bologna to Rome itself?"

"*'Ubi papa, ubi Roma,'*" answered the king; and then, as if he himself were not quite satisfied with this somewhat ineffective saw, he added, "His Holiness knew it to be too much to ask of a victorious king that he should endure a journey to Rome, Ami!"

"Sire, your minister believes that?"

"He does," said Francis I., looking swiftly back upon the golden-vestured attendants; "but, Ami, *you* do not believe it."

"Your Majesty," said Ami, with grave affectionateness, — "your Majesty would not keep himself unaware that

Pope Leo X. fears that you may desire to enter Naples ; and Rome is a long way toward Naples."

Pope Leo X. had prevented any display of French power in Rome.

Then was Francis I. enraged at his Holiness and at Duprat, — at the one, because of his shrewdness in making a proposition which had led him toward Bologna ; at the other, because of his stupid advice, which had led the French monarch to accept that proposition.

"Do you know that Leo X. really fears me?" eagerly asked the king, as he remembered that Duprat, the servant, and Louise, his mother, were so warmly attached to the Church that they were constantly overestimating popes and underestimating everything else.

"I only know of the conversation which occurred between the Venetian, Marino Giorgi, and the Pope," dryly answered Ami.

"Let me hear it again!" demanded the dignity of the sovereign.

Ami proceeded, much as the historians do, to relate what had been a common report at Viterbo, that the Venetian ambassador at Rome, before the battle had taken place, seeing that Leo X. was deeply interested in the success of the Swiss arms, dared to remark to his Holiness, "The Most Christian King has a warlike and well-caparisoned army ; the Swiss are not mounted or well appointed ;" and that to this the pontiff replied by protesting that the Swiss were quite intrepid ; to which the Venetian made the rejoinder, "Were it not better for them to illustrate their valor in fighting against your common foe, — the infidel Turk?"

Francis I. broke into Ami's story with the question : "But what said the Pope after the battle was fought? What said he about my triumph?"

"Well," continued the knight, "everybody in Rome knew that the victory was yours, Sire, when Marino stalked

to the Holy Father with such demonstrations. He even made the chamberlain wake his Holiness out of sleep, after which awakening, the Pope, who was but half dressed as they say, heard the unwelcome truth ; and he said with evident fear, ‘ What will be the result ? ’ ”

“ What did the Venetian tell him ? ” quickly inquired the king.

“ This : that Venice all the while was with the Most Christian King, and that their Holy Father could not suffer at the hands of such a son of the Church.”

“ And the Pope ? ”

“ He answered very gloomily, but, Sire, as I think, very craftily ; for he said, ‘ We will see ; we will place ourselves in his hands and sue for his love.’ ”

“ Then,” said Francis I., with great hauteur, — “ then, Ami, we will be generous. None so gracefully as a victor may be truly magnanimous.” •

“ Alas, Sire ! even you cannot afford to forget that his Holiness is a shrewd politician, and that your chancellor leans strongly toward the Church.”

Ami was already acquainted with his king ; and this outburst of proffered magnanimity which he had just heard did not surprise him. There was just one element lacking in it all, which Ami’s character, under such unstrained circumstances, was sure to miss, — the element which always must be present to redeem magnanimity from being only indolent indifference, — and that was conscience.

The king was growing restive under Ami’s words ; and yet he was not content to abridge the freedom which the young knight used. Unpleasant information from this source had often proved most valuable. Ami could not forget that before the Pope had entered into the Italian alliance, no less a scholar than the already eminent William Budé, with whom we shall become more familiar at a later date, had been sent by Francis I. to his Holiness,

bearing many offers of profitable marriages and alluring pledges to be made good if the Holy Father would be so minded as not to oppose the king's invasion of Italy.

"You, my sovereign, had confidence in the ability and learning of the excellent Budé," remarked Ami.

"Budé is one of your scholars," was the brief saying of the king.

"An ornament of *your* kingdom, Sire, and a man of the reforming party. He is with Lefevre, Berquin, and Farel."

"He is an innocent man of learning," said Francis I., who now saw that the knight was anxious to impress his king with his own opinion of the Pope's wariness and skill. "He is too pious for an ambassador, Ami."

"And the pontiff was too much a master of intrigue for his simple honesty," added the knight. "Think you that the Holy Father knew that Budé's learning had probably led him to consort with the men of reform?"

"Learning? What reform?" brusquely answered Francis. "His Holiness, as you shall see, is more learned than Berquin, Budé, and Lefevre taken together. The papacy and the kingdom of France fear nothing."

Again Ami was amazed at the growing conceit of his king, and at the disposition within him to listen with amiableness to the stipulations of Rome. All notions of counting in the reforming movement among the forces or problems of his time seemed to have fled from the royal brain.

"Ami, you have a cloud upon your soul."

"None upon my conscience, your Majesty," was the swiftly spoken answer of the young knight.

"Oh, that is knightly enough!" laughed the king; and he proceeded to say, "You would have me attend to the vaporings of my enemies, would you, Ami?"

The knight straightened in his saddle. The thirty cardinals who had already been in sight for some min-

utes, were now advancing toward the king. The time was short, but Ami must speak. "I doubt not," said he, "but that I have unduly annoyed my king. I doubt not but that Leo X., our Holy Father, is a scholar and a mighty patron of artists, musicians, and poets. But, Sire, your kingdom has been strong in the love of your people. The next age — it seems not far away — will not be so favorable to feudatories and nobles, kings and popes. We have seen the Swiss burghers beaten back; but the ideas which are rife everywhere will rally the peoples, even the peasants, and the kings will suffer. The Church rests in the power of the Pope; it ought to rest in the religious life of all. The kingdom rests in the greatness of the king and in the subtlety of his chancellor; it ought to rest in the love of the people for a just government."

"Ah, then, you would have me abolish the sale of judicial offices?"

"Certainly," replied the youthful statesman. "It is an expediency without principle, Sire. The parliament of the people will ultimately abolish a parliament of twenty councillors, whose places were bought from the crown."

"We could not have had Marignano but for that expedient of the Chancellor Duprat," said the king, curtly.

"Ah! but what of the next Marignano?" Ami's eyes looked with a serene unconsciousness in the direction of Pavia. But Francis I. had seen the Pavia of 1515 throw open its gates with shoutings.

What of the Pavia of 1525? Francis I. was no prophet. He recked not.

Every such outburst of unimprisonable truthfulness costs the human soul a peril. Every act of moral heroism or of mental foresight brings a recoil. Ami was very young, — too young, as it instantly seemed to him, to be lecturing even so youthful a king, — too young as yet to have these notions firmly set together in a creed, much

less in a political faith. He had only come to that hour of political transcendentalism which luxuriates in proclamations. If such a soul keeps his conscience, it is almost certain that he will come to be a most valuable kind of utilitarian. The very youth which was genius, was exposed to all the incursions upon imagination and hope by the spectacular, which those faculties of youth so constantly invite; and Leo X. and his magnificence were sure, at Ami's age, to make an impression overwhelming, if only fleeting, which only the meditation, to which happily he was addicted, and the better associations at the capital to which he was privileged, could by and by test, shatter, or even obliterate.

They were in Bologna. The words of Lefevre, whom Ami had heard so often, as he compared the simplicity and piety of Saint Peter with the luxuriousness and ambition of his successor, Leo X., faded out of the mind of the imaginative young knight, when the two cardinal bishops, who at an earlier hour had supported Francis I. as he entered the cathedral, now delicately directed the conversation in which the Holy Father took such a conspicuous part, toward classical themes, and stimulated his Holiness to eloquent remark on canon law, painting, and music. Ami, with the chancellor and barons, had previously yielded to their emotions of joy in tears, as the king, whom Bayard had rightly called "the handsomest ruler in the world," attired in blue velvet, stood where the light from out of the Italian heavens fell upon the embroidered fleurs-de-lis, every window crowded with admiring faces, every voice shouting, while cannonading echoed from the hills. But now nothing could tell of his limitless delight, as his sovereign, less magnificently clothed, but more regal in manifestations of intellectual power, pursued the pontiff with intelligent questions as to Erasmus of Rotterdam, the restoration of Greek and



Latin, the printed books of Aldus Manutius, — especially the “Plato,” which had been dedicated to his Holiness, — and, above all, certain manuscripts which awaited recovery in the Orient.

It was a golden hour for Ami, for he had himself trained his sovereign on the very phrases which caught the ear of the Pope, and the opinions which fascinated his attention.

While others of the king’s attendants were remembering how, but a few hours before, his Majesty had held up the train of the Pope’s robe as he neared the altar ; or how, at a later moment in the ceremonies, the supreme Pontiff had washed and wiped his hands with the aid of water and napkins presented by the king, Ami’s joy was supreme over the fact that the two rulers had spoken together of the Royal College, at whose head Francis desired to place the illustrious Erasmus, and the other fact that the Holy Father had conceived a plan which had just been intrusted to Raphael, which involved nothing less than the reproduction in the form of a gigantic model of Rome at the hour of her grandeur. . Indeed, the Pope had so fascinated the young knight with his learning and elegance, and so delighted was Ami that Leonardo da Vinci had consented to proceed to France with the return of the king, that he did not think of a single objection to the alliance into which Francis I. had entered.

At length the interview concluded.

The Pragmatic Sanction of 1438 was displaced by a Concordat. Henceforward the king should be less dependent upon ecclesiastical power in his own affairs ; the Pope, on the other hand, became possessed of the wealth of the Church, and was therefore, in his own way, less dependent upon the king.

On the hand of Ami, the young knight, shone a gleaming emerald. Leo X. had showered gifts of all sorts upon the king’s favorites.

"It is for scholarship and courage," said the pontiff.

"For scholarship and courage," was the phrase in Ami's ears, when again he entered the palace of the king, and was rejoiced at being in France again.

Duprat's despotism at the French capital was growing more pronounced. Popular hatred had begun to direct itself against him and Louise of Savoy. Both of these were irritated beyond measure when it became evident to them that the young sovereign had grown arrogant and headstrong, even in spite of the chancellor who suffered most from the self-sufficiency of the king.

Louise of Savoy, who never despaired of controlling her son, knew now of but one avenue of approach by which she might certainly gain the king's heart. She was his mother, but she was anxious to be his sovereign; and confidently measuring the strength and quality of his purpose to extend the number of the ladies at the court by adding the beautiful wife of Jean de Laval de Montmorency, Seigneur de Chateaubriand, she resolved to carry the scheme to success.

One night at Amboise a note was intrusted to Ami by the king, to be carried to a jewel-worker and goldsmith. That note contained a ring, with instructions that another precisely like it should be made at once. On his return to the castle, Ami was aware that two rings were in the packet; and soon he was assured that one of them had been secretly placed, where the day before it had been found, in the room of the Seigneur de Chateaubriand.

Faithful to his king, yet blinded from the infamous secret, Ami, a few days afterward, saw at court the beautiful Françoise de Foix, now the wife of Seigneur de Chateaubriand; and he overheard a chagrined and outraged husband upbraid her with the words, —

"I never sent the ring. Oh, sweet lamb, in the cave of wolves! I never sent that ring to you!"



## CHAPTER XXII.

### UNRENEWED FRANCE.

God will renew the world, my dear William ; and you will see it.

*Lefevre to Farel, 1515.*

BEFORE Mme. de Chateaubriand had fairly inaugurated herself as the favorite of Francis I., even Louise of Savoy, who had, as we have seen, favored the alliance for her own reasons, was disturbed by the remarks which flew into the windows of Chambord as birds of ill omen. Disdainful as she was of the authority of simple goodness, the face of the wronged husband of the lovely François de Foix followed her, — a fact which she might have put away from her mind had it not been that this man, who was now known as Comte de Chateaubriand, had in a moment of gloom told his sorrows to certain of the men of the reforming party, who at a certain critical juncture had refused to forsake their king, although he had tried their loyalty to the extreme. Louise of Savoy and Duprat were confident that, with the complications which now harassed the throne of Francis I., he could not afford to lose the advice and labors of these worthy persons, who preserved a warm affection for their queen Claude, and had centred in their sovereign a still greater hope for a better system of domestic government in France.

“They make much ado about morals,” said the offended Louise to Duprat ; “and the worry is that

our daughter, even Marguerite, has given them her sympathy."

This was a double-edged complaint which she was fond of employing to lacerate into activity the mind of the chancellor.

"Certain it is," said one of the reforming party to Nouvisset, "that even the King of France cannot hold in hand the band of men who are attacking the lives of the monks, so long as our sovereign himself indulges in royal iniquities. The Chateaubriand affair is a disgrace to us all."

At length Mme. de Chateaubriand herself was called upon to offer any suggestion she might have to make to the determined Louise, as to how this intrigue into which Francis I. had gone heart and soul, might be made a little more palatable to the French public.

"I have it," said she, one day, as in the distance upon the velvet green which ran down by terraces to the river she descried Ami practising with Francesco at swords, — "I have it ; my plan will work."

"Let me hear it at once," insisted Louise of Savoy, as she drew near, her small, bright eyes sparkling with a proud interest in the old scheme, of which this new one was a suddenly extemporized part, calculated to bolster up what had not quite failed, but seemed tottering.

Mme. de Chateaubriand's breast yielded a sigh of relief. She was, nevertheless, very nervous. Her beautiful hand grasped tightly the blossom of heliotrope, which was soon entirely crushed. She placed her elegantly slippered foot upon the rich carpet with spirit, and taking the shameless mother of the king close within a tapestried corner, out of whose shadows gleamed the flames from her own hot cheeks, she said, —

"Ami, the young knight, who has troubled you so much with his dreaminess in statecraft and in morals, may be made to serve us. Every one of that brainless

company who ape Farel and Lefevre, and quote Erasmus, is fond of Ami, believes in him, thinks he can do nothing improper, certainly nothing wrong. We purchase our indulgences of the Holy Church; and thus we aid the Holy Father to fight the Turk or to finish St. Peter's. Ami, — why, he gets his, if he needs any, by flattering the opposition. He is flesh and blood like others; they believe he can do nothing impolitic or wicked."

"Well, what of that?" inquired the impatient Louise.

"This, let me tell you. Ami is, as I have said, human, like other men. He has an affectionate heart, and —"

"Yes, I know he has a violent current of love within him, for he has been foolish about the Duchesse d'Alençon, our Marguerite."

"The offensive pretence!" hissed the Comtesse de Chateaubriand.

"The conceited young scoundrel!" added Marguerite's mother, with spite.

"As I was saying," pursued Mme. de Chateaubriand, "the man is very tender and susceptible. He admires a beautiful and intelligent woman. Set a flame going in such a breast as his, and it will communicate itself until it burns away every obstacle. It will at least take care of itself. He is bound to take care of the consequences."

"I do not yet understand you," interjected the excited and perplexed Louise.

"You shall, gracious madame! I know, and so do you know, that if Ami were in love, he would soon find himself where he would have a new set of opinions about what concerns us."

"I see, ah, I see!" and the bright, small eyes of the king's mother were aglow in the stern face.

"If Ami were entirely wound up with an affair of the heart, he would appreciate the circumstances of others.

He can never withstand beauty and intellect ; and I long for the day when he shall be under the sway of love."

" Ah, truly ! " was the happy sigh of Louise.

" I have this in mind. In my old home " — there was something in the throat of the beautiful Mme. de Chateaubriand when she said " home," something which she swallowed with difficulty — " I left a sweet and coy little companion, a sister by adoption ; and there is in this court none so warm or exquisitely lovely in her feeling and form as she. Oh, I have often said to my heart, when Ami's manliness touched it, ' How I wish Astrée could but look upon you, you splendid fellow ! ' She has all the gifts which love could offer to the most exacting lover. Delicious girl is she — and so full of light ! She loves books also ; and if the blundering priest to whom I confessed last, is not already making a mess out of her faith in the Holy Church, she will pour through those dark eyes of hers a flood of radiance upon our affairs."

" You mean," said the serious Louise, who always demanded definiteness, " that if she were here, she is so beautiful and so scholarly — "

" No, not *too* scholarly," interrupted the amiable favorite ; " beautiful and winning, so lovable — "

" That Ami would surely love her ? How do you know that she would love him ? " said the crafty associate of Duprat.

" Know it ? Who could help it ? I almost love Ami for myself."

" I think him a detestable prude," avowed Louise ; " but that has no significance. Then, let me understand ; if these critical moralists of France who adore Ami, saw Ami in love also, — and you could bring that about, so that it would take the tongue out of his mouth, — if things went ill they would find in him such a champion of the king and court as would silence them. Ah,

yes ! I see, I see. Can you bring this girl to our palace ? Astrée, — did you say her name was Astrée ? What a beautiful name ! *Star* of destiny ! Can you get her into our court ? ”

“ She will gladly come ; ay, she longed for the court months ago. If that confessor — ”

Louise of Savoy heard only the first sentence of this reply, and was satisfied, nay, delighted, as she averred, adding, as she concluded the interview, —

“ I shall tell the Duchesse d’Alençon ; but she must never know all of this plan of ours. I will tell her that a beautiful young woman is coming, and that it is fitter by far that hereafter Ami should be seen with her than with the king’s sister. Our Marguerite must rid herself of Ami’s confidences ; this will be her chance.”

In the twilight Francis I. was walking with Lautrec, the brother of Mme. de Chateaubriand ; and while Clement Marot, the poet, was making verses for the favorite of Francis I. and his sister Marguerite, they discussed affairs of state. Days had come and gone, while Parliament had stood stubbornly eying the Concordat, and the wily Duprat was confiding to the syndics of the Sorbonne his purposes as to the suppression of the heresies of Lefevre and Farel, but especially those of Louis Berquin.

“ The Pope is an elegant pagan. The king found that out when he met him at Bologna. He cares for little save his music and manuscripts. But for that testy and spoiled Ami — he was made a knight without due order or consideration — the Holy Father would have won his Majesty to become a crusader against the Turk. The crusade must be against the heretics in France,” said Duprat, as he left Amboise to go to Parliament.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE WHITE PEAK AMID DARK CLOUDS.

“Where huge Taurus, with his brow  
High heaved above the clouds, eternally  
Keeps watch upon the sun, uplifting thought  
Beyond the sensual and the sublunary,  
The darkness and the storm, and stir of earth  
To the unchanging peacefulness of heaven.”

“**L**EFEVRE! The name is associated with prayer and confessions. I cannot think where I saw or heard or dreamed it. Oh, I do remember!”

The eyelashes of bewitching beauty fell; the delicate hands were lifted to her cheeks; the graceful arms held up a head of black, glossy hair; and she was silent until, with a self-mastering change of attitude, she sat more nearly upright, when caresses of light and warmth came upon her calm face, while she was saying, —

“I heard the confessor, to whom I went at the last with my heartbreak at leaving home, — I heard him speak the name Lefevre. He called him ‘beloved,’ and he told me to listen to Lefevre’s wisdom. But the sorrows of departing from my home overthrew the recollection, and I have heard no one at this court speak of him until this moment.”

“No, they are not likely to talk much of such a fearless saint as he. He is too likely to trouble them about



the matter of duties, morals, and the like," said the young man, who sat with her under the reddened trellis at the end of a long vista of olives, whose verdure did not entirely hide a marvellous perspective, into which they both were gazing with dreaming eyes.

They were Ami and Astrée, — together alone for the first time. Only two months had passed since Louise of Savoy and Mme. de Chateaubriand had hit upon a scheme for hiding a questionable affection beneath the attachment which each was sure would spring up between these souls. And now Francis I., who more than ever had need to desire it, was congratulating the royal favorite, as they sipped their wine, that things were going well.

Alone together, after what an experience of agony and distrust ! What wonder was it that as soon as possible Ami had hurried their talk to Lefevre, saint and hero ! What marvel that as soon as Astrée recalled associations of faith and purity in its connection, she felt it to be a tower of defence ; and she lifted her womanly eyes to find benedictions in the eyes of him who had spoken it.

A fortnight before, Astrée, duly attended, had arrived in the capital, and had at once been made a welcome guest at the palace. Soon she was persuaded to become one of the court of the Queen Claude. Astrée's memory of the woman known at court as Mme. de Chateaubriand was not so pleasant as it would have been had the latter never reminded Astrée, in those other days when her charms seemed annoying, that she was only an *adopted* member of the household. Indeed, Astrée was as entirely surprised at the graceful recognition given to her now by the comtesse, as she had been by the affectionate message which the former had answered by appearing at court. Little did Astrée dream of the terrible exigency which had made such a letter easy for the comtesse to write !

Something distasteful the solitary and thoughtful girl knew was in the air of the court before she had breathed it for a day. The Comte de Chateaubriand, — where was he at moments when the luxuriant beauty of his wife exhaled its fragrant balm in the presence of the king? Queen Claude, — where was she in the hours in which Astrée found herself with the young knight Ami, accompanied, as they had been, under the pale lilacs and across the soft lawns by the sovereign and the comtesse?

These queries came up to her thought like ragged rocks out of the midst of a magical lake, breaking up and distorting the beautiful sheen. They grew still more threatening when Astrée recalled to mind the words of the confessor at home, who she noticed hardly listened to the words she spoke to him, so pure and true did he believe her to be; who however, instead, told her with loving seriousness of the evils of the world and the temptations of the French capital.

“Would that his Majesty were a more serious man!” he had said sadly to Astrée, as he bade her farewell.

Still more had Astrée’s nervousness increased, when she was gravely told by the Comtesse de Chateaubriand that she must take the world much as she found it; that she could not be her adviser in many things, owing to her relations to the court, and that she knew of no one who would be so likely to befriend her as the young knight Ami.

What could Astrée do in such a moment as she was sure must come?

That night the soft coverings which hid the costly woods from which the rich furnishings of Astrée’s room had been made, were torn away, and everything was as ugly and hard as iron. The brilliant candelabra grew dull; and she even condemned the nightingale for his presence without, when his song floated through the cypress-trees and vineyards into her window, bringing with

it fresh fragrances and a thousand excuses for the hot tears which gushed forth as she threw back the cloud of black hair about her and cried for home.

"Something about this gorgeous place is so false, so false ! I seem to be stepping nearer to a plank which will give way, or about to gather a flower which will poison me. Everything seems false, — everything?" and she looked out into the moonlight, which wove a splendor around her form, as it panted sleeplessly upon the furs which had been thrown over her couch. "Everything seems false here — except the knight Ami."

Astrée had said it at last, and with the saying of it there came a reflection that something solid remained to her in this transforming life ; and with that reflection she went to sleep, to wake in the morning half ashamed, yet not altogether troubled, because she had gone to sleep the night before, her lips moving with the name of a young knight whom she had seen but for a day.

That one day, however, was invested with many of the profoundest meanings of eternity. It lay in the souls of both Ami and Astrée like an awful cloud-bank over a parched desert. Lightnings and thunders might be hidden within it ; perhaps only sweet rains. It was a dreadful menace of doom, or it was the very breast of the Infinite Love. Neither knew which of these that day would turn out to be ; both of them had looked back to it, however, and confessed its resistless charm.

Louise of Savoy, Mme. de Chateaubriand, Francis I., perhaps even the Duchesse d'Alençon, who now understood the design of the three, could have saved these two souls the scorching fire which at first breathed indignation and then revenge, — a fire which they put within hours otherwise sure to have been the gladdest hours of their lives. But they could not have saved these innocent souls and yet have operated their plan. A base love, by whomsoever abetted, is cruel above all things.

No complete chronicle can be made of that day, because no record can be made of such a thrill of joy as Ami felt when he saw this modest and yet surprisingly beautiful young woman outshine the exquisite Marguerite, whose intellectual hospitality had invited her to the largest liberty, in talking of the men of the reform and the poet Clement Marot. Ami had not been present at the first, when the conversation began, and so found himself at once in the presence of a creature of such brightness and dash, at once so modest and so skilful, that he forgot to notice the loveliness which enwrapped her as she spoke. He had, however, noticed the look of utter disconsolateness which overspread the sallow features of the king's mother as this engaging woman, whom he now knew as a guest of the queen, — who was always unaccountably absent, — sat pronouncing the names of those men in France whose influence Duprat was vainly seeking to abolish. Even the Comtesse de Chateaubriand did not quite excel, as usual, in piquancy and delightful remark, as she searched for the glances of the king.

Soon, however, the gracious Duchesse d'Alençon had allowed Ami and Astrée the privilege of the balcony upon which they had been sitting, from which the other members of the royal party had retired. In the glad recognition which the knight made of such charms, associated with a more than womanly regard for literature and reformers, he was unaware of his being alone with her. Even when the pale shadows became longer, he was utterly unconscious of any stranger feeling than that of having met a most lovely woman with whom he seemed always on the point of being at ease, with whom he constantly found himself in painful embarrassment.

Oh, if he could have known that she also was sure that a poison hung in the air, he had grasped her and borne her away!

There appeared to be enough within sight to talk about, but the air was unpropitious. A brother of hers he had seen dying, — dead, at Marignano. Her tears would have been jewels upon her womanhood had not a foul breath, which somehow stole in from some unseen corner, dried them upon her eyes, while they tried to talk. That awful silence which thrusts itself in like a sword when young souls are innocently feeling for one another in the darkness and yet are not alone, came between them ; and the light which came again to their faces, as they found another agreeable topic, was hot like the breath of a sirocco. Each was sure, at length, that an awful doubt possessed the other ; and in such an air the pain of departure is keener than that which comes with remaining and with bearing it all bravely. Something so mechanical haunted them, as they still sat alone.

In the limpid light which fell upon her slender arm and white shoulders, and through the persuasive airs which came through the myrtle and cypress trees to play about his fine features, there was a hard, predetermined something which each felt, as if each heard a creaking of wheels. A mighty respect each was finding for the other, — and more, it was accompanied with sensations more tender by far ; but neither could fail to feel a growing rage at what made further speech impossible.

How they parted that night neither knew. Only a vague memory remained. Astrée had gone to sleep with his name upon her lips. Ami had tossed himself into a dream, in which were delirious words of affection, even languorous caresses and rushes of blood to his face, which woke him. Then he slept again, — the bright, small eyes of Louise of Savoy and the faces of the king and the comtesse looking down upon his dream of love.

The days which lay between that hour and this in which we have found them talking of Lefevre the Re-

former, had been days of revelation. Ami had found out for himself the wicked plot which contemplated the disgrace of both Astrée and himself; and now he saw, or thought he saw, within the hateful gloom a soul to whom he was bound in the holy secret of knightly love.

The reddening leaves upon the trellis were shaking with the song which came swelling forth from the tiny throat which yonder in the nodding pine was bursting with melody; and much as Ami loved the name of Lefevre, his soul was a tremble with a name which he had just accustomed his lips to pronounce alone, — *Astrée!*

As she went on to tell him what the confessor — who, as the comtesse feared, had planted the seeds of the Reformation within Astrée — had said to her about Lefevre, her face became animated and her lips dropped sentences which to Ami were far more eloquent than those of the Ciceronians themselves. Not, however, until she began, in a tone half confessing to him, half reassuring to herself, to tell him of the fears with which she had set out toward the capital, did her voice seize his very heart. It was so piteous and so true that the true knight was roused.

“The Comtesse de Chateaubriand said that I could trust my questions and fears to you; and yet I fear that this is not right.”

Ami saw the lips labor and the eyes grow misty as she hesitated; and then, like a white lightning-streak from a black cloud, there came the words: “The damnation they meant shall fail, except to them!”

“I am afraid!” she cried softly, and looked as if she would have crept somewhere for safety.

“Not of me, I beg you!” and the stalwart knight rose to his full height, looking as tenderly as he did truly into her very soul.

“No; not of you! But I wish I dare feel that no

harm was intended. The comtesse asks me strange questions."

Ami thought how the king had asked him of his opinion of the "star;" and for the first time, for a moment, the knight hated the king.

He understood it all now. Within the heat of his knightly ire his eye grew prophetic. He could see within this woman a future dear beyond all else to him. As she went on to tell him of her sorrow at finding the court so debased, the negligence visited on the queen, the absence of the Comte de Chateaubriand, the treatment of Bourbon, Ami saw how surely within that incomparable beauty of form and face dwelt a soul whose spiritual life would make this loveliness its throne. Without a spiritual life she seemed too lovely, too fascinating.

"Only an *adopted* sister," said he to his heart, as never the Comtesse de Chateaubriand had said it to hers. "Yes; she has something which the comtesse never had. A saint may be even as beautiful."

Ami saw in Astrée — for he was far from being insensible to her physical charms — that exquisite profile so instinct with warm sentiment, and that honest beautiful-ness of eye which illuminated his conscience. It was as different from the dull lassitude in the eyes about the court, as is the free, stimulating scent of a rose from the sickly odor which often infects the hot air.

On and on she talked, with innocent grace, answering Ami's questions, proposing others, until each saw that they had escaped the prepared meshes.

"You are terrified with the prospect of being enslaved here. Are you willing to trust your whole self to any one?" he ventured.

She looked out into the sky.

"How different it all is from the indolent voluptuousness of this court!" he thought, as she seemed to be searching for God.

The sky was like a green, dreamy sea. Swallows twittered about the red leaves, some of which were falling through the sighing warmth of the late summer. Nature everywhere was taking a long, deep, languid breath, from the Infinite Love. The vista, edged with foliage, was becoming a blurred memory, as he listened for her voice which had vibrated in such tenderness. He knew she was as simple as a child, and that she knew not what had led her to him amid all this cursed doubt.

Why should he stand and burn with such a hope which might be such a rapture? She had not understood him, he was sure. "She wonders if, after all, any man here is trustworthy," divined Ami.

Ah, Ami! she *has* understood. Yes; she only wonders if, after all, any man here is worthy of trust. She is trying to escape the cynicalness which Comtesse de Chateaubriand's experiences have just been teaching her, despite the compliments that lady has lavished on you!

"You are not willing to be enslaved?" faltered the knight, never so certain of how weak he was.

"I am willing to be enslaved in your love, in order that I may be free," she said; and at once the slender hands clasped his, as they stood close together under the reddening leaves.

"Astrée!" said he, his lips still warm with the glow of her own, "I remember that once, when I was a little child, away, far away from this place, I saw the damp and chill clouds gather about the little hills and hide them. My father—poor man! he was cruelly slain—carried me, led me, then carried me again, up and on, until we two looked down on it all,—the whole cloud-covered realm. Then we saw a white peak, like silver for gleaming purity, rising out of the dark mist. It had passed out of my mind until just now."



"Mayhap," lisped the joyous Astrée, as she stopped again with him under the white poplars and looked proudly upon the pure lines in his face, — "mayhap our Father, God, has led us both above the sordid mists which were sent to envelop us ; and we now behold coming up out of all that murkiness a love as pure as it is true."

They hesitated, each soul drinking in the new luxury of plighted love ; and Ami seemed to have sipped eloquence from lips which knew not their own secret power, as he said : "Astrée ! my darling Astrée ! I ought not to have waited. I was afraid of you. Oh, you sweet one, you seemed *too* beautiful ! The very flavor of your loveliness is now my soul's hope. You have dreamy eyes, my own ! But I shall keep the one great dream there —"

Both of the lovers were startled, and instantly they were in hiding.

They saw the King of France and Mme. de Chateaubriand coming. Astrée crept so close to Ami, as these passed by, that she could feel the throb of Ami's heart. Each shuddered at the *abandon* of the comtesse. The wind, which had just sprung up, had a voice of pity as it wailed through the larches and lifted the long black hair of the king. His eyes were languorous, as they sought to mark the decline of the sun which still empurpled the grass. Each was silent.

A moment before, under the acacias, the shivering sovereign had said to his favorite : "It has all gone wrong for us, all right for them. Ami loves Astrée deeply and honorably. She also is bound to him in the purest affection. Our affair cannot hide behind them. We must never break two such hearts. Ours must throw no shadow over their rapturous love. They will come back to the palace to-night — believe me ! — betrothed."

"Rid your Majesty's self of him!" she had replied half in anger.

"I cannot! I cannot, if I will," said the French King. "The astrologer said it. Ah, sweet love! the astrologer told me; and Marignano proved the astrologer to be a seer."





## CHAPTER XXIV.

### EASTER AT GLASTONBURY.

The chains which cramp us most are those which weigh on us least.  
MME. SWETCHINE.

ON the day upon which Francis I., after incredible hardships, had reached the plains of Saluzzo, Pope Leo X. made Thomas Wolsey cardinal ; and at the very moment upon which Ami, the French knight, on the way to Bologna was annoying his sovereign with what is yet called theoretical politics, Vian, the English monk, was attending the Abbot of Glastonbury, as he assisted the Abbot of Westminster in carrying the red hat to the high altar. Unimpressed with the din of bells and voices which made all London tremble, unmoved by the magnificence of Wolsey and the Te Deum which had just ceased to sound in his ears, Vian was beyond measure delighted to reflect that the sermon was preached by no less a representative of "the new learning" than Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's.

For the best of reasons this wearied young man felt himself enthralled at once with admiration for the newly made cardinal Wolsey, who had doubtless selected the preacher.

"Could his Holiness Leo X. have known that the man whom, with Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, the Abbot of Glastonbury had distrusted as heretical almost beyond

toleration, was to preach this sermon?" thought Vian, as they walked through the western door toward the banquet-hall.

"Leo X. is only a delightful pagan in the position of a great Christian." These words of Fra Giovanni, which had been spoken to his uneasy innocence at Glastonbury, often came back to Vian, when in later days he had to know more of both Pope and Cardinal.

Before the days of rejoicing at London were concluded, Vian was made aware that the good Abbot Richard Beere himself had less antipathy to "the new learning" than had manifested itself on previous occasions. Perhaps a long conversation which that spiritual dignitary held with the new cardinal reconciled him in some greater measure to the schemes of the scholars, as it certainly did render Richard Beere in various ways an earnest supporter of the prelate, who at that hour could be reached only by passing through many tapestried rooms, and who, attired as he was in a violet-colored rochet half covered with a tippet of sable, was surrounded by gentlemen in crimson velvet overhung with chains of gold, while he amused himself with statecraft, costly portraiture, or exquisite music.

"Ah!" said Abbot Richard, "my son Vian, I like the new cardinal. He — the saints forefend it! — but he will at some time demand you from Glastonbury. I have oftentimes been harsh in my words with the men of 'the new learning.' Even yet I must keep heresy out of my abbey, though Master Colet speaks eloquently."

Vian saw, or thought he saw, many things within these nebulous remarks.

Had the sub-prior and Ammonius at Cambridge really dreamed of getting him into Wolsey's service, because the abbot had given up making out of him a good ecclesiastic?

Was the Lord Abbot of Glastonbury at last so con-

vinced that the men of "the new learning" meant well and did wisely for England and the Church, that he enjoyed John Colet?

Any answer to either of these questions meant much to our thoughtful and unquiet monk.

It is true that Vian and the box which he and the sub-prior brought back with them from Lutterworth to Glastonbury had done much in that sacred shrine of Catholic orthodoxy to foster a desire in the soul of its revered head for some sort of relief. Not a day had passed after Vian's return until Fra Giovanni, who had used his accustomed whip upon the abbot to obtain the office, had become sole custodian of the Aldines and the Wycliffe letters. That signified trouble to Richard Beere. He was aware that something either unduly salacious or very unorthodox — at all events, something revolutionary of his pious plans — had come into the abbey in such a way as to threaten no end of discomfort. But he was powerless. He could humiliate the Duke of Suffolk, but he could not deny Fra Giovanni.

Easter Sunday, 1517, found Vian, whose talent for music and whose excellent voice had made him prominent in all that related to the festival ceremonies, weary with the exercises of the seven days preceding.

"Ah!" said the wheezing Giovanni, whom nothing but a very severe attack of asthma could entirely silence, "it is well for your voice that pious souls have commanded stillness in the cloisters for three days. The dumb saints are the holier, at all events."

"It is not what cometh into a man," said Vian, "but what goeth out, that defileth."

"True," gasped the Italian. "Since you came from Lutterworth, a good deal of heresy has been going into the brethren here. It would ruin Glastonbury to have it all come out. Those letters of that brazen heretic John Wycliffe have been half worn out by the monks,

who often have not time to stuff them beneath their stoles carefully, when they hear Abbot Richard's footsteps or my orthodox wheezing. Vian, nothing has done so much for the holy faith in Glastonbury for an hundred years, save the blooming thorn and my bundle of birchen rods, as has my whistling windpipe. I have seen many a brother put heresy under his foot, — that is, I have beheld him stuff one of those letters of John Wycliffe in his shoe when I came within hearing. It is a great gain for orthodoxy, that after the bell-ringing these half-grown saints of ours have to unshoe themselves and walk bare-foot in the procession. John Wycliffe had never so many pious walks, as he has had since you brought him to Richard Beere's abbey. Did you find your tongue before Tierce?"

Vian knew that the sly old Giovanni referred to the scene of Monday before entering chapter. It was the annual book-gathering. He himself had been frightened nearly out of his wits, for fear of losing some of the precious books; and he had been amused almost beyond expression at monks who were getting their souls ready for the prostrate psalms.

The keeper of the library had laid out upon the carpet in the chapter every book, as the abbot supposed, which helped to constitute the limited but priceless collection from which the monks could borrow. Every borrower brought with him the book which had been loaned to him. The sentence of the Benedictine rule was solemnly read. Giovanni's eyes twinkled with humor as the sermon proceeded, which was clearly directed against the reading of such books as might offend piety or uproot the faith. The old man wheezed so immoderately when the keeper read the list of books loaned to the various monks, that each monk was reminded of the many times in the course of the year on which the asthma of the Italian had suddenly precluded him from

enjoying a stolen literary feast with one of Vian's "Lutterworth Collection," as they had named it.

"It was amazing to see how many of the brethren who had not read the books which they had borrowed had to ask for pardon," remarked Vian, complacently, as he afterward spoke of the day.

"Every one of them," laughed Giovanni, "had read one of the Wycliffe letters; and some had read 'Piers Plowman' and the 'Praise of Folly' twice. I had to flog the abbot himself last year, for laughing at the story of the Mendicant friars. I caught him reading it on the day of the Feast of the She-Ass. Abbot Richard was not thinking about his Lord riding that blameless animal, when I entered and saw him quite excited. He instantly dropped the book and lifting his eyes to heaven, and looking as if the ass were speaking, as you know the animal does in the procession when Balaam spurs her on, he said, 'Why do you hurt me so with your spurs?'"

Vian could not repress his merriment at this; but Giovanni continued: "I said, 'My Lord Abbot, I am not Balaam spurring you; but, for all I know, you may be the other —' whereat, rallying from the first bewilderment into which I had plunged him, he became furious with holy rage at me."

"What!" said Vian; "Giovanni, did you flog him?"

"That I did; why not?" cried the old hypocrite, as he choked with laughter. "I shall not allow the Abbot of Glastonbury to read such pernicious books on such holy days, whatever the rest of you do. I must keep the head of this sacred institution from the perils of heresy."

Vian's services to the Lord Abbot Richard on that Easter Sunday were most hearty and numerous. He was in an unsettled state of mind. He even hoped that this would prove to be his last Easter in Glastonbury; and much as he loved the holy shrine, all the world without

was calling him with a voice which he had never heard before.

In the procession to the crucifix after Lauds, he walked with solemn worshipfulness, thinking of the changes which had come and gone, and the unchanged power of his Redeemer's cross. Reason in so young a man has its struggle with imagination, within the eye and ear, because through them come the strongest appeals to this picture-making and picture-discerning faculty. One seems to have been so sure of one's faith, which was really the faith or perhaps only the belief of some one else, that when to the tossed soul, by some repeated scene, the era of unquestioning acquiescence is brought back, there is usually a disposition to leave the uneasy task of thought for the balmy passiveness of memory.

So Vian felt, especially as they proceeded to perform the office of the sepulchre.

He was still attired in his fringed cope and the other garments constituting the robe of a singer. His hood was hanging nearly to his feet; and the graceful form of the young monk was half discovering itself beneath the folds which fell about him, as he looked upon the three deacons who were clothed to represent the three Marys, who now were advancing through the middle of the choir and were saying with pathos, as they neared the sepulchre, "Who will roll away for us the stone at the door of the sepulchre?"

As, suddenly, a beautiful lad with angelic look and dress appeared, and the golden wheat-ear which he held was showing richly against his stainless alb, Vian remembered that this was his own place years before, and that now instead he was a struggling doubter, looking upon much within the abbey as superstitious, and sure to look upon this story of the resurrection of Christ as a fable also, if he could not find some securer resting-place than either Rome or Reason.



"Whom do you seek in the grave?" lisped the voice, which was full of the celestial music of innocent childhood.

"Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified," was the answer of the three, each of whom still held a vase before him.

The finger of the white-robed boy pointed to the sepulchre; and his unshaken voice said, "He is not here; he is risen." The angel had departed with the echo of these words.

Two priests — each of whom Vian knew to be far from angelic in his behavior — now spoke from the places without the tomb, where they solemnly asked, "Whom seek ye?"

"Sir," answered a deacon whom Vian now recognized as a violent lover of the abbot's wine, — "sir, if you have taken him off, tell us." The cross then shone in the priest's hand; and the Marys kissed the tomb.

Vian was half inclined to feel repentant that he had allowed his mind to be critical at all, as he remembered his own past. Indeed, he was about ready to yield to the assumption that the personal character of a priest could in no way affect the value of his ministrations. At that moment, however, a trifling and base monk, who had only the recommendation of possessing a certain dramatic talent, appeared clothed in a white alb and stole, stood before the sepulchre, and said, "Mary!"

The deacon habited as Mary was instantly at his feet; and the profligate who continued to act his part, blessed, bowed, uttered sacred phrases, until the censer was lifted before the altar, and Vian found himself trying to sing the "Te Deum."

A shaken faith is never so weak as when it tries to sing. Every tone was dirge-like.

"This night is the beginning of Easter week," said he; "monks cannot converse in the cloister, thanks to the

saints for that ! I should say something very sinful, if I could talk in the cloisters. Ah, yes ! I will read my book which enlightens me concerning the transmigration of souls."

But Giovanni would not let Vian read or remain quiet. Too good a chance was this for the stirring up of the Wycliffite ancestry which slumbered not within Vian's veins ; if only Fra Giovanni could catch him, Vian's day would be made miserable indeed.





## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE GROWING PROBLEM.

*"Et exiit nesciens qui iret."*

IT was soon smiling summer within and without the abbey walls. Fra Giovanni had persuaded the abbot that Vian needed fresh air; and Richard Beere allowed them a freedom about the whole valley and the Avalonian hills quite unequalled.

"How is it," said Vian, who never abused his liberty to go without, "that I am permitted a liberty that no other brother has?"

The monk was growing suspicious that Abbot Richard was actually anxious to terminate his connection with Glastonbury. The thought wounded his spirit, — a spirit without a trace of sourness in it, which therefore made him nestle close to the abbey, as a boy who is sweet-tempered will cling even to one who is tired of him.

Never does such a soul cling so tenderly to institutions as when the faith of which they are the embodiments seems to be fading away out of his thought. Never did Vian find so much within those walls, over which he had climbed once to follow More and Erasmus, as now, when for a reasonable grasp upon the Catholic faith, he would have willingly given up all heresies, heretics, and new

learning, with his books, yea, the world itself, which had recently grown so interesting.

"There is, however," said he, "something so reasonable within these new ideas that I do not seem to possess them at all. Rather, they possess me. It seems foolish for me to talk about my giving them up. Rather, let me say, will they give *me* up?"

How rapidly was this English protester also getting beyond the protestantism of the German monk, even unto the protestantism of which blind followers of the German monk have been fearful, — even unto the protestantism of Coleridge, with his belief in Scripture inspiration grounded upon the fact, "*The Bible finds me!*" And yet how often would Vian return, vainly seeking to assure himself that he had not gone very far, after all!

Beautiful Glastonbury! It was becoming as beautiful as is the grave of a lost belief, from which the soul never desires to depart.

The redwings were flying upon the walls with the last of the meadow-berries in their bills; and the few field-fares, which had not gone away with winter and spring, were chasing after the gray wagtails upon the high enclosure, as if they too ought to be gone. In the churchyard the willow-warbler, having swept upward from the neighborhood of the stream, and now resting upon the sarcophagus of King Arthur or flitting over to the pyramids near by, was uttering from his light yellow breast cadences such as he alone in England may create out of the innumerable half-tones with which he and the black-cap have to do, with such varying mastery. Yellow-hammers were pushing their way into the elms with an offensive energy, which made Vian think of some reformer pecking away upon a defunct article of belief, simply because it is easy to make a hole in it; and down in the sacred spring audacious blue-tits were taking baths; or along the stone sides of St. Joseph's Chapel nut-hatchers

and tree-creepers were finding insects, and chattering about it, as would a jovial heretic concerning some of the follies of the Church which he had discovered. Black-birds were never so lustrous or so noisy; thrushes were never so abundant or familiar with Glastonbury thorn. White-throats were never so careless about their notes, which came indifferently in the form of a squawk or a warble; while the chiff-chaff's tone was as mellow as the sunshine which enwrapped in a mist of gold the dark brown nightingale, that "creature of a fiery heart."

"But what of all these?" said Vian, as he and Giovanni walked along over the green waste,—for such the soft sward came to be, the instant Vian began to think. "These birds do not get their creed here. Those buildings and our ceremonies lie at the other extreme of life. Not a solitary tone could that robin yonder extract out of all our fussy processions and ornamented festival cloths."

"No," answered Giovanni, who put into the bird's throat only as much of naturalism as our modern commentator inserts of supernaturalism, — "no, Vian, the bird is a pure pagan. You are getting the right point of view. You feel as you ought to feel, that what the bird has, you ought to have; what the bird is, you ought to be,—simply natural, without any creed about sounds and sky and abbots. What the bird knows about the sky is enough; it flies right into it. What the bird knows about life is sufficient; it just lives it, and asks no questions. It has no theories about sounds; it just sings. We have theories. When they become a little worn, and when many people believe that they are the last theories we shall ever get, we make them into creeds. When we think they will not last without defences, we build great monasteries in which to teach and mumble and preach them. When they become quite doubtful, we burn people in their name. We religious birds kill others, not because they

do not sing well, but either because they do not sing our tune, or because they do not hold to our opinions about sounds. That is the beginning and end of it, Vian. These birds are all pagans ; they do as Nature tells them."

Vian was entirely dazzled for a moment by this very bright philosophy of spiritual struggle.

He looked into the calm blue of Giovanni's eye, noted again the Grecian cast of his features as never before, and beheld on his lips the expression of that view of man and his possibilities which in the nineteenth century has found a poet — the most Grecian of our choir of singers — whose song has this one ethical note, —

"Wouldst thou be as these are, live as they,  
Unaffrighted by the silence round them,  
Undistracted by the sights they see."

Surely this was, this is, the Renaissance, in its ministry concerning creed-making and practical conduct, — be it the Renaissance of the sixteenth century under Pico della Mirandola, or the Renaissance of the nineteenth century under Matthew Arnold, — "a revival of the spirit of classical antiquity ; a restoration of the divinity, the joyousness of Nature, discerning little or perhaps nothing of a steadfast faith in humanity, an eager aspiration after justice, or a recognition of the equality of rights amongst all mankind."

Was that to be all? All, indeed, until the intellect communicated its light to the conscience. In Vian, the child of a Wycliffite, that communication between intellect and conscience was in the blood.

"Alas, Fra Giovanni !" said he, as he stood over the nest of a sedge-warbler which his foot had just disturbed, and which he had watched as it flew out into the purple radiance, "you come from Italy, bringing with you the revival of learning. Something beside this is in the air. Your own Greece had such kind of humanity, — no

Holy Church there to repress its thinking ; such kind of a man wrote the 'Phædo' as could not be a pagan and nothing more. Plato was a prophet, as was also Malachi, of the Christ."

"What did Plato prophesy?" asked Giovanni, with interest.

"He said: 'We must lay hold of the best human opinion, in order that, borne on it as on a raft, we may sail over the dangerous sea of life, unless we can find a stronger boat, or some word of God, which will more surely and safely carry us.'"

Giovanni was silent for a moment ; and when he began to speak, Vian continued: "But this is what I wanted to say, — the bird has no need of a creed. Perhaps I have no need of one. The bird has not my feeling of aspiration and of dependence, or my thirst for the infinite. These are as much for me and for my life as the bird's wings or the bird's cry for his life. My wings are these desires and impulses toward what we call truth. I must work them, if I dare to be a man, as the bird must work his wings to reach a bird's destiny. Giovanni, with a bird's problems and solutions, I could easily adopt and live inside a bird's philosophy of life. With a man's problems, I must have, somewhere and at some time, a philosophy of life as comprehensive as man is. It may be that the search for it is all I may be permitted to have. Even so ; then I shall get a man's manhood in searching for it."

"Well," said old Giovanni, quite swept from his own position by the nobility of Vian's purpose, "you will get truth too. Indeed, manhood is only truth in the form of humanity."

"Well, then," said Vian, who was not likely to stop at negatives, "it may be true that I will get — yes, every soul must obtain the creed, and *all* the creed which it needs, by its singing and flying, just as the bird gets its

belief—no!” and Vian saw for the first time the relative greatness of belief and faith,—“its faith,” said he, deliberately,—“the working belief, the creed in its throat and wings, which it is willing to sing with and fly with. Ah, Giovanni, I am in deep water, but I see my way out. I mean this,”—and Vian began again,—“every man gets his faith for himself by flying out upon his dream of destiny.”

But that statement seemed to disappoint him.

“I do not understand you now,” wheezed the Italian.

“I do not believe that I do,” laughed Vian, as he grappled again with the thought which lies at the root of all saving faith (if by that we mean the faith that saves). “I mean,” pursued he, “that these thirsts for the truth, for goodness, for the infinite are whispers of destiny. The eternal beauty is for me, if I yearn for it. Communion with God is for me, if I believe when I am at my best that I cannot do without it. I feel vaguely that righteousness is my destiny; that is what I meant by a dream of destiny. Now, if I can fling myself out upon it, trust it, sing it, and fly with it, as the bird does with what has come in like an instinct into its breast, I shall find out more and more about it, and finally I shall know it.”

“Yes; but that will not be a creed, but a knowledge,” said Fra Giovanni.

“A creed is made up of facts which I know,” said the eager monk. “But there will always be a feeling of the existence of a truth just beyond the truth, which I have found out by trusting my being to the one the presence of which just before I had felt; and that dreamed of truth I shall reckon upon as a fact too. That will be my belief too.”

Giovanni was now so far into Vian’s soul, that he dared not be rude with airing his own settled doubt,—doubt which, like most scepticism, had grown up under



the shadow of superstitions or under the miasma generated by dead articles of faith which had never felt the touch of his personal life ; but he ventured to put a single question, which drew from Vian his deepest radicalism.

"What, then," said the Italian, "if one can make all the creed he needs by doing with a man's highest instincts or suspicions what the bird does by its characteristic impulses, — I say, what then are the uses of the Scriptures, which your Wycliffite father and the Lollards desired to put into the hands of the common ignorant people, for their salvation?"

Vian was now so far advanced with his philosophy of faith, that the question did not pause upon Giovanni's lips for a reply.

"Why," said the younger monk, "I know the import of your question. You would make me out a disbeliever in the Scriptures because I do not believe somebody's interpretation of them ; or you say that my views of the way of finding truths for one's creed would leave nothing for the Revelation to do for men's faith. You want to know the answer to this : if by doing righteousness in following one's best suspicions, one finds out what one needs to know, why did God give such a revelation, and why should the common people have it for themselves?"

"Precisely," said the anxious Italian. "The age behind us worshipped the Church ; the next age will probably worship a book."

"Well," said Vian, as he took his vellum copy of Wycliffe's New Testament from beneath his cope, "the Scriptures have within them a revelation, — a most necessary revelation. Of course, we are here alone, and I can talk with you freely. We may then put out of our minds much of this monkish talk about the Blessed Virgin. This book is not *her* biography."

Giovanni was both amazed and amused at Vian's intrepidity. Neither of them could feel, however, that

these curious views of this monk, who had been simply driven from point to point, as a protester, would some day be shared by others, or become the means of depopulating theological seminaries. Giovanni had unconsciously hinted that perhaps the Reformers, which he had heard of, were likely to institute bibliolatry. Neither saw that a true use of the Scriptures would ultimately hurry the human soul from the Scriptures themselves to the Christ whom they revealed. Long, however, has been the battle of Christianity against both ecclesiolatry and bibliolatry.

"This book is the story of the appearance and words of God's revelation of Himself in humanity, in His incarnation in Jesus Christ who is our Lord. The books of the Old Testament — and John Wycliffe has translated all — are the history of that hope which God gave to mankind. In this New Testament the hope is realized. Plato, as I believe, was a prophet. Christ is that 'word of God,' for which he looked. Now, all who in any age or place have done righteousness are accepted of God. This the Scriptures teach. He has not left himself without a witness in any time. Cicero and Pythagoras are witnesses. Mankind would have gone on, could have gone on obtaining more truth, as I say, by trusting themselves to what they had already; but in the fulness of time, God, who had been making revelations of Himself in many ways, finding the world ready, revealed Himself just as any father would, in His Son. Do you understand me?"

"Yes; but it is like a vague vision to me," said Giovanni.

"These Scriptures come to a man, who is like a bird, doing what he ought with his instincts to sing — that is, trying to make life harmonious — and to fly, — that is, to go upward and onward in everything. They come as a revelation, not only of something outside of him, such

as the fact that his Father will save him from sin, but of something inside of him. They show the righteousness of these aspirations, and the godliness of these thirsts of his soul. The Scriptures have a revelation of One who fulfils all the unfulfilled, and makes humanity sure of the path below which tends heavenward, by the fact that we see that it runs straight into the path from the throne of God, coming this way toward earth. Oh!"—and Vian gave it up,—“you do not see it as I seem to see it sometimes.”

“Well, then,” said Giovanni, who saw more than did Vian of the consequences of such opinions, “all truth will harmonize with the truth of Scriptures.”

“Yes; when, as the birds, we sing it and fly with it. Do you know what I mean? We must get out of abbeys, where our throats are tied up and our wings are clipped; we must *live* truth to know that it is truth. It will all harmonize. I begin to see now that the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul in Pythagoras is like Paul’s doctrine.”

It had grown late. Fra Giovanni and Vian hurried back to the abbey to find no less an ecclesiastic than the sub-chanter sound asleep in Vian’s cell. The lantern which was used in the Feast of Fools was burning low; and Vian’s copy of the “Adagia” of Erasmus was open. The sub-chanter’s hand was resting on the passage which has been thus translated: “Wilt thou know what are the true riches for a pope? Listen to the first of the Popes: ‘Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus, rise and walk.’”

“Sub-chanters will not sleep on that text always,” said Giovanni.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

### AN IMPASSABLE ABYSS.

Love works at the centre,  
Heart-heaving alway ;  
Forth speed the strong pulses  
To the borders of day.

EMERSON.

AS, on the morning of the 20th of April, Alke started from the cottage to tend the goats, it was noticeable that for some reason she was anxious to assure herself of the safety of the Virgil manuscript, which had been in her possession for nearly a twelvemonth. She also, and most lovingly, asserted her independence of Gaspar's overmastering information as to the best nooks among the mountains in which the lean goats might obtain nourishing pasture.

Alke had been possessed of strange and incommunicable feelings since she had made the promise of a day before to meet the young peasant, who had so delighted her with finding a purchaser for her illuminations, and who had obliged her still more deeply with the Virgil manuscript.

"My child," said Gaspar, "I have surest confidence in you ; and yet, if I had believed, as do the monks of Turin, in the Devil's part in this world, I should have said that my Alke had met the Devil, and that he had

given you the manuscript. It is certain that the parchment which you fetched to me is the manuscript for which Erasmus came to Turin many years ago."

Alke had refused, for the sake of the pledge which she had given to the youth, even to describe him to her father; and the scholarly Gaspar had willingly allowed his child the privilege of making this refusal. Not a syllable had been spoken to the Barbé of her possession.

"The Barbé is really afraid that we are becoming heretics here,—pagans, indeed, I ought to say. He tells me that this is all a revival, not of Christian, but of pagan Rome. He looks at my Aldine 'Homer' and 'Demos-thenes,' and shrugging his shoulders, he flees to 'Nobla Leycon,' and the 'Babylonian Captivity,'" said the child of the Renaissance.

"The Barbé has looked with wonder at the coins which Master Erasmus left for me so long ago," added Alke.

"What said he? I did not know he had seen them."

"He took the one on which is the head of Jupiter, and he said: 'Child! your father loves Greece and Rome too well. *Our* city is neither Athens nor Rome, but Jerusalem. Our God is the Omnipotent Father;' and then he spoke sharply to me: 'Child! Diocletian, the persecutor of Christians, worshipped at the shrine of Jupiter.'"

"What answer made you, daughter?"

"That I did not worship any images."

"What said our Barbé?"

"He said that the things of Greece and Rome were carnal and unsavory. He would not have me worship either the Virgin or ancient and fabulous gods."

Gaspar was all interest, and was also not a little rebellious in his heart against the Barbé. Thorough Walden-

sian that he was, he knew that neither his fraternity nor his minister understood the all-illuminating effect of the revival of ancient learning upon Mediæval Europe. In every line of Erasmus he read the effect of the Renaissance in the preparation it had made and was yet making for a reformation. These very coins had made Gaspar a freer man.

"Our Barbé cannot understand it," said he to Alke. "You must make for him a beautiful copy of the canticle he loves most."

As Alke, before going forth to the pastures, had taken the canticle in her hand, eager to find such suggestions of color in Nature or in her own soul as would enrich its spiritual harmonies, she felt as honest a pride in being able to convince the Barbé of her orthodoxy as she felt in possessing the Virgil manuscript, for the sight of which the eyes of Erasmus were still longing. Her sunny hair floated down to her homely girdle with a freedom which was descriptive of her hope, as for an instant she dreamed of attaching to herself the friendship of the Barbé, or of obtaining some other such treasure from the hands of the youth whom so soon she was to see.

How had she obtained the Virgil manuscript?

"I can never tell my own soul," she said, "how it came about. When did I first see this remarkable friend? I do not remember how it has all happened. When did my father consent that I should take to him my pictures and receive coins from his hand? I do not know why I should try to find out. This youth has often told me that the village priest would not allow him to buy my pictures if he knew that a Waldensian had painted them. It appears reasonable enough. I have been silent — too silent? Have I done wrong? No; I have kept the fiends of hunger and cold from our doorway, and I am glad. He has said that he was glad to talk with me about the poets and singers of the olden time. Has it

been wrong? He has known that I am a Waldensian's daughter, and —"

Alke was in a different mood when these considerations had pressed themselves upon her in this soliloquy. She felt, however, that for some reason this must be the last time she should meet him without the knowledge of her father.

"My Saviour knows that I have not done — no, I have not thought — wrong. Hereafter, alas! hereafter I shall *do* wrong if I see him again," she whispered.

What may be called her father's Puritanism had kept her from telling him what had gone on, from time to time, within the soul of this almost companionless girl who loved learning. She now tried to think of something beside her new moral problem. Her mind found no ease in contemplating the contrast, of which she was aware, between the condition of her Waldensian neighbors near La Torre and that of herself and her father. She knew not with whomsoever she might hold converse concerning the things which were dearest to her above all else, save religion, if she were to lose the infrequent companionship of this youth.

"Beside my father and the Barbé, who does not like to talk of Greece or Rome, there is none."

For the first time the maiden felt a pang at the prospect. Never appeared so low and poor the life of the other Waldensians with whom formerly as a child, now as a teacher and sympathetic friend and half-adored cynosure of all hearts, she had lived, feeling betimes that the kingdom of God on earth had something, not perhaps better, but possibly as good, and withal more pleasant and comfortable for her. As she went along toward the pastures, passing cottage after cottage, from which the little children came swarming to greet her, begging also to follow her, she pitied the lives which were able to endure, even at the demand of such

penury as had been hers, a life without culture and its hopes.

"But this feeling is altogether ignoble and unworthy of a Christian," she kept saying, as with the canticle in her hand she looked into the cottages, seeing infants who were crying in their cradles, recognizing older children who by means of ladders had come out of the upper apartments of these galleried homes, and who were yelling lustily for the chance of kissing her whom they had learned to reverence, while she paused to smile upon some demure girl who was teaching the younger ones of a family the catechism.

Amid all this, her mind was set upon the fact that, day after day, she had been meeting a young man who, she did not doubt, was a Romanist; that she had even allowed him, when the passion for literature swallowed up all ideas of propriety, to give her a priceless parchment; that she had so believed in her own good cause of keeping starvation from the door of her father, and had so confided in the young man's word, which had never proven false, as to furnish him with illuminations which he had conveyed to the Monastery of Turin. Could it all be wrong?

It flashed upon her: "He may be a novice, or even a monk, in disguise."

It was of some comfort to reflect, in this connection, that secrecy could be depended upon as a necessity upon his part, and that, whatever might happen in what Alke had determined should be a last interview, she had brought no shame either upon her father or his cause, and that, as she herself said, "never was the Virgil manuscript so safe."

Soon after she had reached the pastures, Alke saw the young man coming around the abrupt hillside, and bearing a heavy load of wood upon his back.

"For whom do you gather fagots at this hour in the



morning?" inquired Alke, her opening lips as ruddy as the rose of dawn whose vanishing petals still lay upon the hills. Her voice, which usually was made weary by this time by outpouring its song upon the morning, was not free from a certain stern and penetrative sharpness which the young man had never felt in it before.

The inquiry was altogether too unexpected; and any attempt to answer it would be too perilous. The youth tried to feign dulness of hearing and preoccupation of mind or interest in the canticle which, by this time, Alke had found to be full of artistic possibilities. Indeed, so many were his attempts to escape the force of her query that he succeeded in none. For the first time the natures had measured each other's strength.

"You would answer me manfully," she said; and she closed the canticle from his view, hiding also her bare feet beneath her coarse skirt, — "you would answer me manfully, I say, if there were no evil intention in your coming here."

Alke was likely to speak too strongly, especially when a suspicion of priestcraft crossed her mind.

"Do you gather fagots for him for whom you gather illuminations?"

The young man was sure that he looked like a novice, acted like a priest, and that, if he talked at all, he would make her certain that he was a monk, so guilty did his soul confess him to be of duplicity in the cause of love.

"Maiden!" ventured he.

"Ah! I have discerned the priest's tone in that talk. With that word the monks rob us!"

"I am not —"

"I know not what you are trying to say, but I must know at once what you are before we speak of aught else."

Alke's voice was full of martial music; nevertheless, the young man sat down upon his bundle of fagots.

"I will tell you all," said he, as assuringly as he might, while he took his breath slowly and generously, — "I will confess all."

"No, this is not a confessional, even for you," Alke said with an abrupt self-assurance.

"I trow not; but I do respect it and you. And I have never done you wrong. By the Mass —"

"Swear not at all. 'By the Mass!' — that is a Romish oath, at least. Ah, and yet I knew you were a Romanist. Are the fagots for the burning of a heretic?"

"I will tell you all; and if you hear me, — oh, if you *can* hear my heart, you will be satisfied. I hope I shall be blessed," said he, with a growing confidence in his tongue.

"What is your name?"

"Salmani," he answered, with evident relief.

"An Italian?"

"Even so. And I must be honest with you. You know I have never — I have not harmed you."

"Never; nor could you harm my soul," exclaimed Alke, with a shiver.

"I am not in holy orders. I hope I never shall be a priest, if — But I am of the Monastery of Turin, and I have been —"

"My saviour!" cried Alke, looking up into heaven.

"Yes, maiden, I have been your saviour." Salmani arose, his face radiant with hope.

"Advance not, Priest! Advance not! *You* are not my saviour. Even Jesus Christ has succored me."

Alke was trembling with a courageous purpose which even she did not understand; while Salmani said with admirable coolness and great calculation, —

"Your Saviour has saved you from — even from me. I have saved you from the monks. Let me tell you my story. You will respect me; perhaps you may even —"

"Stop, Salmani! I must get to my father."

"Alke, you are as safe with me. For your Saviour's sake, I will respect you."

"You *must!*" The words flashed from her burning lips.

"Your Saviour in you, in your life, in your faith, has saved you, even from me. I could not, oh, I could not do you wrong, as I have heard you talk of your Saviour. Oh that your Saviour were mine!"

At last Alke was touched. She might take her Saviour even into the bosom of this disguised novice or lay-brother, — she knew not which he was. The very thought of winning in such a conquest for her Lord made her fearless.

"If his scarred hand is upon your heart, I will trust even one who has acted a hideous lie with me," she said. "You have told me that you would tell me all."

Tears were close behind Alke's words.

"You remember that you lost a sheet of empurpled parchment containing the Pater Noster —"

"Our Lord's Prayer," interjected the Waldensian.

"Containing the Lord's Prayer —"

"*Our* Lord's Prayer," insisted the dogmatic Alke.

"Our Lord's Prayer," repeated the submissive novice. "You lost it at La Torre."

"I remember," was the reply.

"It was I, — then a novice at Turin, — I found it. The priests of that monastery were intent on finding the secret of empurpling parchment. Then they grew more anxious to have the hand and skill which created such letters as were inscribed upon it. They found out Gaspar Perrin's daughter. You have knowledge of our law, Alke?"

"I know," replied the agitated girl, "that there is an infamous law which makes it possible for priests to seize and carry off the children of those who are called heretics."

"Your inscriptions were so beautiful."

"And you were sent to seize me?"

"No; I shall confess it. I was sent to La Torre to be instructed of the priest and to obey him. You know that the Waldensians are strong and numerous here. The priest was minded to act cautiously."

"And our God is omnipotent," added Alke, her bosom swelling with grateful feeling to Heaven.

"I was told to obtain the secret."

"And you could not, because my father alone knows how to empurple parchment."

"Even so," said Salmani. "And then I was instructed to purchase all of your illuminations, which I have sent to the monastery. Oh, I have told them many lies to preserve you these long months!"

"The cowards have been very patient with you," said Alke, with bitter scorn.

"Scorn not me!" exclaimed the piqued Salmani. "I could have had you seized at any moment. But I did not, I could not —"

"Why not? Why did you not do it?" inquired Alke, as she lifted her head, and the sun twisted his most brilliant threads of light within her long, loose hair.

Salmani looked into the eyes which were both dreams and destinies; and rising again, said with uncontrollable emotion, "I loved you; even now I do love you."

"*Loved* me, Salmani, — loved me?"

"I have loved you. The Saviour, or whatever else was in your face and life — I could not do you wrong. I am a lover, though I am also a novice; and, Alke, I am at your feet. Oh, save me!"

Even Alke's forehead was crimson; and in her eyes was a strange confusion of regret and honesty, — regret that by any means any man — above all, one so soon to be a priest — should have felt, or even declared that he felt, that she had given the smallest invitation to his love;

honesty, also, which instantly averred with passionate veracity, "Salmani, I have never loved any man but my own father. I have never intimated that any other affection could become acceptable to my heart!" She said this with a womanliness which at once confused Salmani.

"But," said he, as the unfading daytime met a weird suggestion of night upon his face, "my love is not like the love of a father. It is deeper, different. Even your innocence understands me."

"It could not be so unselfish," she replied, as with the thought of her father, what she had heard of monkish schemes burned into a flame of wrath, — wrath which died away when she resolved to be just to Salmani. Then she said, with something like pain, "I could not love you."

"Have I made the love of a monk seem hateful?" said he beseechingly, as he looked up from the green-mantled pool, into which his heated soul longed to plunge itself, and saw a furnace-blast in Alke's face, overspread with soft but dark clouds of innocent pitifulness. "You do not hate me," he dared to assert.

"I do detest the associations of your life. I hate the sort of quiescence with which you have heard the vulgar priests in the monasteries plan against my own people —"

"I did not listen —"

"Or oppose. You *should* have listened, and come to our deliverance, if you loved the truth."

"I brought you the manuscript. I loved you. Where is the parchment?"

"I would rather you had brought a true heart of courage to the help of God's persecuted ones. I am nothing to be loved; the truth, Salmani, is everything."

"I bring it now, — a true heart, full of courage." Salmani stood like a statue in the midst of a conflagration,

the swirling fires seeking to get hold upon its rocky substance. "I love the truth in concrete form," he added eagerly.

"You love the form more than you love the truth itself. Forms perish. The Holy Church itself is only a once beautiful form grown hideous. Every form grows old and poor; the truth, never. You have lived in a monastery. I loathe the kind of spirit which would haunt a maiden's steps with a dagger in one hand and —"

"Where is my manuscript?" Salmani's figure assumed the proportions and attitude of wronged righteousness; and he said it again sharply: "Where is that manuscript?"

"I hate — Alas! I must not hate," she whispered, obedient now, as she was, to her sense of justice.

Salmani's lip quivered, and his feet moved nearer, when he broke forth more piteously and yet more angrily, "I could have delivered you to the monks a hundred times."

"Never alive; never without this body of mine scarred beyond their power to harm it!"

"Oh, Alke," pleaded he, "I never should have fancied it possible for me thus to kill every heaven-born sentiment in my soul."

He never seemed quite so interesting; and the Waldensian girl thought him half sublime when he spoke. But he had not been so faithful as her soul demanded.

Still the great green trees stood silent, unvexed by any breeze. Still did the poplars and elms furnish hiding-places for the purple linnets which told one another of their love. Still did the flowering meadows stretch from the foot-hills in a lovely monotony of broad magnificence, across which came the song of the cushat. Still did the tremulous young monk look upon Alke, with his sad dark eyes. She saw the living abstraction called truth. He saw only the concrete manifestation of truth before him.

Alke knew it. Everything but her heart was ready for a new declaration of love.

"For you I will flee from the monastic life and the priest of La Torre."

"Whither?" said Alke, surprised at once at finding her soul interested in the possibility of fleeing somewhere with him; and then she cried out: "I do not love you, Salmani. It would be falsity and shame to tell you other than this."

"Where is my manuscript?" demanded he, with an offended air.

The justice of the inquiry again startled Alke, and once more she thought not only of flight with Salmani, but of the precious manuscript; then she thought of her own heart. Why should *she* flee? Alas! why should he think of flight?

"My love cannot be bought with Greece or Rome."

In Alke's soul, the Renaissance had become the Reformation.

"And just that love, unpurchasable and priceless, I *must* have!"

The half-charmed bird was now affrighted. Amid the commingled green and gold of that tangled forest of problems and partial solutions, the songless one thought she discovered the eyes of a serpent. "I must have!" — alas for Salmani! he spoke it too commandingly, too roughly. Every fear of monks which had come to her, or had grown up within her, leaped up like a fierce guardian, and declared her peril. Even Salmani saw that the tide of passionate affection had run too high. Every attitude had changed. The charming maiden had the eye and look of an enraged Hebrew prophetess. From Alke's soul had departed every thought of any possible means for Salmani's escape. Every vague plan which she had begun to see afar off that might reconcile her conscience with an act which existed only in remotest

possibility, every dim suggestion which rose out of the dark questioning of her mind, as to the way in which her father and her father's cause might be propitiated, had gone. All, save Alke's loyalty to her own heart, was swept away.

"That manuscript shall not prove a grave-cloth for my honor. It is yours, Salmani ! I hasten for the parchment," she at last said to the bewildered man.

"Stop ! Virgin and beloved — "

But Alke had bounded across the brook which hitherto had divided them from the meadow, which was full of anemones and wild campanula, on whose edge she now stood.

The monk pursued. " Oh, my angel ! stop for but a moment, and I will not pursue you another step."

"Stand there ! Come not a step nearer to me !" said the beautiful creature, her rosy feet unshod and dew-washed, and almost hidden in the grasses and blossoms ; her long hair floating with a breeze which had sprung up to bring orchard odors to their anguish ; her hand uplifted as if in command, more lovely and more potent than the emblazoned sceptre of any queen ; and her face pale with that fear which accords with heroism.

"I see it all," said Salmani. "You do not love me sufficiently to make you forget that I have been a novice and am nearly a monk of Turin. I know little of love, but I know that love is not memory ; nay, rather, love is forgetfulness. It is the fire which consumes the unfortunate past, and leaves bright and pure the present and future. But, Alke, you do not love me. No ! I stand here on these scaled rocks, and with the dull ground all flowerless about me ; you are on the other side, amid bloom and lingering dew-drops."

"Salmani," she said, "you belong to the Church and party of persecution and fables. I am a Waldensian. The blossom and the dew-fall are ours."



“Do not break in upon my words of love with words of religion,” begged Salmani. “Perhaps it is true, — ah ! I believe sometimes that it *is* most true, as you say. But forget not Salmani ! Alke, do not forget me in your realm of dew-fall and bloom. As I was saying, a tiny brook, over which just now I saw you leap in fear of me, who would not harm a ray of that light about your head, — only that slight stream divides us. Yet it is immeasurably wide and deep, — every drop of water in it is an abyss at present.”

“Cross it, Salmani !” said the maiden, in unconscious precipitancy.

At once Salmani’s eye was light itself ; but as he lifted his foot, Alke cried out : “Nay ; I meant not the stream before your feet, but the stream which divides our souls, — the stream immeasurably wide, whose every drop is an abyss.”

“I will cross even that stream, if I may go to you, Alke, if I may have you in the dew and blossom of that new life.”

“Ah, Salmani, come first to the truth. If you cross that stream because love for any woman leads you, you will fall back. If you cross it for any human life, you will be lost in the abysses. If you had crossed it for truth’s sake, no power could hurl you back. If you try to cross it for God’s sake alone, you will be saved.”

“Oh, Alke,” sobbed the young man, “I could accept your religion for my love’s sake, but you do not love me. Some day I may have both love and religion which are full of dew and bloom.”

“This little brook, full of secret abysses, divides us yet. God give you pure religion, poor, proud monk ! I know little of love ; but I believe that upon love’s meadows the dew falls only out of the sky of the Infinite Love, and the flowers spring out of an eternal affection. These are the facts of genuine religion.”

Alke turned to go away. Salmani saw a drop of liquid silver on the cheek which glowed like a ruby. As he turned to leave the brook-side, the maiden, and the saddest event in his experience, he simply said, —

“I will not offend or rebuke you. For my sake and my dead love’s sake, keep the manuscript. The saints preserve you !”

“God, who is rich in mercy, lead you, Salmani, by His grace across the tiny but fathomless stream !” said Alke, with a shaken voice, as they parted forever.

That night Alke received her father’s blessing ; and Salmani, who was now wedded to a monastic life as never before, began a series of painful penances, which his spiritual lord informed him would probably make him a saint, despite the unfortunate past.





## CHAPTER XXVII.

### AN UNCHAINED BOOK.

“Thy word giveth light.”

THERE is no such pain leagued with such promise as that of a soul disturbed with a vitalizing idea larger than itself.

Vian at Glastonbury wandered to the greensward which stretched away from the abbot's kitchen to the enclosure. There he could hear the echoes of that conversation with Giovanni which had left his mind confronted with certain problems as to the Scriptures, which he was now trying to work out. He possessed a New Testament only ; but his reverent study of it had charged his spirit with certain notions as to its future influence in the world, such as had never occurred to his speculative mind before.

He now stood in the long passage-way, where through a gem-like window a soft autumnal glow fell upon him and upon his book. He was reading several passages for his own comfort. It was one of those vision-seeing hours, — one may feel farther than one may see, in their radiance, — and they often came to Vian.

For the first time in his life, he realized the significance of the open Bible. Enshackled and restless, he had already kissed it as he had often kissed the crucifix. He was chained ; here was the unchained Word of God.

Several copies of the untranslated Bible he had seen, attached to posts of oak and weighted with iron chains. This was unfettered. The very leaves looked like wings. The fresh breeze and the broad world without seemed to be longing with a divine expectancy. His eye was filled with a poetic, heroic dream.

"That book, chainless and open, belongs to the world; and the monk-ridden, faithless world is begging to receive it," whispered Vian.

He could not see far into human history. But his quick instinct and fine penetration had enabled him to apprehend some facts, in what he believed to be the destined course of truth-seeking human nature. His spiritual insight came upon many texts, hitherto hidden from the popular mind, which when they should dawn upon the aspiring consciousness of circumscribed humanity, Vian was sure would produce political, religious, and social revolutions. With the Renaissance in his brain, and that book in his hand, Vian was standing at the magnificent gateway which divided Mediæval from Modern Europe. With a sense of the greatness of the moment, as his finger followed the words of some powerful sentence, his hand touched the key which should open the portal. He was only a poor and rebellious monk; but he had a vision, and visions are unaccomplished history.

A new race of Englishmen seemed to spring up and become supreme as he pondered. "These texts will transform nations," he said; and he could see dynasties and thrones tumbling down amid the all-comprehending change. His eye was upon that passage which we translate in the words, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

"Free?" said this enslaved monk. "Free by the truth? That is a conception of liberty which the world has known almost nothing about." He recalled the his-

tory he had learned. "Every inch of freedom which has been gained has been won because the truth has been found out, and that truth has become supreme over it. Free by the truth? But even the Fathers of the Church, who were less constrained than is our abbot about interpreting, — even they make this statement to apply only to the soul's slavery unto sin. Jesus Christ, who spoke it, was, methinks, greater than the Fathers, — Jesus!" and he bowed, while his soul was casting off manacles. "He was replying to them who said, 'We are of Abraham's seed, and have never been in bondage to any man;' and he meant to speak of an idea of freedom which included all liberty. Yes; *all* real freedom has to be achieved. It comes by the apprehension of truth and the use of it. Liberty to think is not the concession of the Pope, but one's personal affair. Freedom for some righteous action is not to be begged, even of some king; but it is something to be won by first winning the truth of which the action is the result."

"You are wandering in a perilous path," said some one behind him; and strong hands held him, so that Vian could not see the interlocutor, who spoke with precisely the tones which the abbot used on all serious occasions. "Vian, you are not far from the kingdom of Satan," added the speaker, who evidently had overheard Vian's excited musings.

Could it be that Abbot Richard was thus made cognizant of the secret that more of intellectual and spiritual dawn was stealing over the mind of the young monk? Vian had spoken audibly, he knew not how much; enough, as he thought, to exile him forever from the abbot's love. To have heard this much of religious and political heresy from Vian would break the heart of Abbot Richard Beere, — that Vian knew.

"Oh, Timothy," pleaded this voice, assuming professedly Pauline tones in uttering that pregnant sadness

which seeks the preventive after the mischief is done, "Timothy, shun profane babblings!"

Vian made a desperate effort to turn himself about. He must see the anguish-wrinkled face of the holy man, Richard Beere. The sudden movement freed him, and he looked around only to gaze penitently into the laughing countenance of the sly old Fra Giovanni, who grinned in triumph and said, —

"Did you think that the Devil or Abbot Richard had you, Vian?"

"Both," was the answer, as Vian sighed his relief.

Vian had been thoroughly frightened, and was half ashamed of himself. To lose the memory of it and to assure himself, he launched out into the deep still more freely. He could trust the humorous Giovanni, to whom everything in the abbey was absurd and laughable, except "the new learning" and the stirrings of reform in such as Vian.

"The whole constabulary of the Church, instructed to keep freedom, to do police duty for liberty, — it is an abomination, if it be true that truth is the source of freedom. It needs only that men be true to God, to themselves, and to the truth."

"Perilous times are these," said Giovanni, with a smile.

"It is perilous to think, especially when the mind has been used to have an institution do one's thinking for it. But I am serious. If this Bible ever gets out into the world, the revolution of which you have told me, which has been produced in Italy and Europe by Greek and Roman letters, will be eclipsed by a more mighty revolution."

"Yes," said the older monk, with unwonted solemnity, "Italy has had a renaissance, as the French say; and its straying energies have entered England. That was all that Greece and Rome could do, — just to reach the brain of Europe. This book," — and the old wit put his hand

upon it, — “this book will reach brain, heart, and conscience. It will bring a reformation. That reformation will not stop to advise with Abbot Richard, or to consult with my old friend Leo X., — the gods be pitiful to his Holiness! You will live to see this. Mind you, Vian! do not get your own head knocked in by standing too near when the timbers begin to fall.”

Vian never saw Giovanni so solemn before. He wondered, as the old monk toddled away like a child, if Giovanni might not have been a great Church Father in some other life, and by sin have fallen into being a sort of ecclesiastical court-fool, who had some moments in which his pristine mental energy manifested itself. For Vian was already a believer in the transmigration of the soul.

“There! I must go,” added Giovanni to the eloquent silence.

“Farewell, Fra Giovanni!” said Vian, forgetful that in such moods the old monk took every chance to poke fun at the affectations of the Renaissance.

“Nay; say not ‘Giovanni,’ — that is unclassical; ‘Jovianus,’ Vianus!” Humor had again lit her flickering lights in the old man’s eyes, which left Vian amused.

But the young monk turned the leaves again, until he came to the remark of John the Baptist in reply to those who boasted to him of Abrahamic ancestry. The significance of that reply fell upon the soul of Vian like a distinct revelation: “God out of these stones can raise up children unto Abraham.”

Vian was no professional statesman, but he could see even the best of aristocracies crumble before the breath of that idea. “That,” said he, “was the idea of aristocracy which gave Greece dreams of democracy.” He had read the concluding words of the “Republic” of Plato with Erasmus himself, when he waited with the sub-prior at Cambridge, — “That idea was in the mind

of Savonarola at Florence. Curses upon a church which burns such a prophet ! ”

Giovanni had ambled back again. His activity had increased his wheeziness, and he complained of rheumatic pain ; but with a clear understanding of Vian's situation, he said : “ Brother Vian, when that book is free everywhere, this will be a new world. There will be no abbey, no monk ; ” and he trudged on as he added : “ I have heard this day from the statue. We will have the sight of a bit of Athens, a fragment of the age of Praxiteles, right here in Glastonbury.”

It seemed strange to Vian, as the Italian monk went away, that ancient Greece should come into England by way of Fra Giovanni ; but more wonderful than Greece to him, was the fact that a story like this of the Christ in his New Testament, to whose truth he clung in spite of his passionate attachment to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, should just now be coming again to light, in spite of priests and crowned heads.

He opened again, and his eye fell upon the words : “ Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.”

Oh, if Vian had known the persons whom he seemed to see in the future ! It was one of those moments of prophecy, — “ the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy,” — and Vian saw republics rise on the ruins of tyrannies, and democracies replace dynasties.

“ That idea will overturn and overturn, until no king shall be able to sit upon his throne, except as the voice of his people shall call him ‘ servant of all.’ ‘ My Liege Lord ’ will have to be a minister of freedom and righteousness, or abdicate. Just as surely as this King of Kings and Lord of Lords — Jesus of Nazareth — finds the human brain, over the ruins of all our jewelled crosses and the hideous tyrannies in Church and kingdom, men will see that all real kingship is holy service to human-



ity. All authority is righteously granted only to a monarch or to an institution which executes the will of God in serving His purpose ; and His purpose is to conform mankind, by the power of truth and goodness, into the image of His dear Son. That is all there is of 'the divine right of kings;' and that is all there is of 'the authority of the Pope.' "

Vian's eyes were lucent with these ideas, as he turned to hear footsteps again. They were the footsteps of a friend. Old Giovanni began again, on his return, to eavesdrop ; and while his heart was stirred with Vian's prophecy, he was so bent on sport with the brothers who affected admiration for Greek art, that he said, —

" Brother Vian, let us flee to the majestic past. Bother the future no more. I am about ready to take the holy brethren " — and Giovanni crossed himself — " to see a fragment of the Athens of Pericles."

" What was Athens to the New Jerusalem of an unfettered human society? What is Pericles in comparison with the true prince who shall govern by the loyal agreement and by the desire of those whom he rules, governing them because he has 'the divine right' which lies in his generous aims and wise counsels and uplifting hopes for all men. Goodness has the right to be sovereign, — that is all there is of this 'divine right of kings.' What is the past but a path to the future?"

" You are eloquent enough to please a Mirandola," said Giovanni, with a sneer not altogether critical.

" Get me a chance to go from my Ferrara to some Florence," replied Vian, " as Mirandola obtained it for Savonarola, and I also will make a Lorenzo tremble."

" You will soon have the chance to leave this abbey, Vian ; but do not turn reformer until you see my statue which was found near the Temple of Jupiter," interposed the old monk. " Perilous times, as Abbot Richard says, are these."

The more Vian thought of the statue, for a sight of which the band of monks in Glastonbury sympathizing with the Greek ideal had longed, the more he felt the significance of the future. How could the human soul have entertained such dreams of beauty as revealed themselves in Greek art, if the soul had not possessed such native sonship unto God, such a supreme right to develop its own energies, such an inalienable hold upon the divine will, as no bishop or crown could frustrate? The Renaissance had come, to make any kind of interference with the soul's highest possibility seem a wicked intrusion. How much lay before the human spirit, — how much in the higher, more complex arts of government, of character-making, of redeeming the material world and training all its powers into the service of man, to the glory of God, his Father! It began to come in sight like a gorgeous revelation, as Vian thought of the emancipation from hypocrisy, priestcraft, and kingcraft which an open Bible was sure to accomplish, and the omnipotent impulse toward healthful individual growth which its teachings would inspire.

"Oh!" said he to Giovanni, who had taken part in the famous controversy between the so-called "Greeks" and "Trojans," "get the 'Greeks' to view the statue. I am on fire with these ideas."

"You will consume away."

"No; these are the fires with which the bush of Moses burned, but it did not consume away."

"Your interpretations of Scripture are so bold and free that I want you to interpret my statue. Come, Vian, it is only another kind of Scripture, as was all the art of Greece, — psalms in stone, an exodus of the imagination, a conquest of an intellectual and spiritual Canaan, through chiselling of rock. Come, Vian!"

"Fra Giovanni!"

“ ‘Jovianus,’ please you, Vianus ! ” broke in the champion of the Renaissance.

“ If I may, I will be classical,” said Vian ; “ but these ideas are a revelation to me. They are disastrous to much that I have been taught. They burn with furious heat ; but surely they have burned in the soul of man for many ages, and they have not consumed it.”

“ Not since the days of the good Pope Sylvester, after which the Holy Church became the dictator of government and a tyrant over the mind, trying to do something in her ambitious greed of power, — something which, by the way, must always be accomplished by the abandonment of visible power, — not since Constantine, has the fire of which you speak burned in Christendom as I have seen it burn in your brain to-day, Vian ! ”

“ He who would be chief, let him be the servant of all,” answered the young man.

“ That,” urged Giovanni, “ the papacy has forgotten ages ago. The Pope has been the servant of nobody, not even of God Himself. The fact is that the papacy has become so huge that it has cast a shadow even upon the throne of the Omnipotent, and obscured it. No ; the Pope has been nobody’s servant, but he has made men his slaves. Let that idea burn in your soul, Vian ; it shall not consume away.”

“ Men holier than the popes really believe that the burning bush is already within the sight of men,” said Vian, with seriousness. “ Sometimes I hear the name of one who is thought to be this new Moses.”

“ You remember the letters of Wycliffe to your ancestor ? ”

“ Yes ; I was thinking about that bush which burned and was not consumed away. That burning bush is to be seen in all history. I feel the heat of it. Oh, my old friend, can it be true ? ”

“ Come, Vian, your mind needs to feast itself, not with

rough, strong food, but with refined and delicious viands. These Greece prepared for the human soul. Let us get the 'Greeks' of Glastonbury together, and inspect the statue," said Giovanni.

"Not Pericles now, but rather an obscure German monk fills my mind with wonder. Shall I admire him? No, Giovanni; not Pericles at Athens, but —"

"Ha! let me say it. I understand you, Vian. Not Pericles at Athens," — the old monk, breathing with difficulty, crept close and whispered, as his eye blazed, — "but the monk Martin Luther affixing his theses on the great door, — this is the man and that is the scene which your soul beholds. Vian, there is your new Moses!"

"And there," said Vian, "though I cannot like Luther, — but there may be the burning bush. I know that his Holiness says that it is but a squabble of monks, a noisy little row about the sacraments; but mayhap that blustering German monk has furnished another burning bush. Erasmus does not like it, — *I* cannot like the German monk! — but what if that bush burns and does not consume away?"

"You begin to respect your father at Lutterworth," said Giovanni.

"I begin to think much of the letters of Wycliffe which I believe Abbot Richard has burned up. There was a great spiritual fortune in that chest; and the abbot could not burn my inheritance. Wycliffe also was a Moses. The intellectual ancestry of the German monk, even if he is a coarse, boisterous, and unruly fellow, is illustrious."

"Most of his ancestors saw the burning of the bush," said Giovanni.

"All of them saw it. It has never been quite out of sight," added Vian. "When Saint Francis organized his band of brothers who opposed avarice, to follow their Lord into poverty; when Thomas à Kempis ignored the

pomp of men and preached the love of God ; when Florentius honored only purity and attacked corruption ; when John Wycliffe — ”

Vian's utterance gave way to emotion as he thought of his father, but he saw in the lives he had mentioned the glorious flame.

“ Vian, my brother, — Vianus, I should say, — these are perilous times. I hate the Germans. I like the calm temper and quiet power of Master Erasmus ; but even in Rotterdam they are now saying that Erasmus laid the egg and this monk, Martin, has hatched it ; and they speak truthfully, Vianus. Now for the statue and the Greek critics ! Ahem ! Let us go. Do not stand by these unchained Scriptures too long, or you will be a heretic.”

Giovanni laughed as he spoke, for he had a conviction that the heretic had already come.





## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### AN UNCHAINED BOOK.

“And on his head were many crowns.”

VIAN, as we have seen, had greatly admired what appeared to be the judicial poise and solid good sense of Erasmus. The truth was that Vian had been begotten anew intellectually, by the scholar of Rotterdam ; and his gratitude blossomed in imitative affection. It was only through severe self-discipline, however, that now the young monk could wring from his nature and experience a single Erasmian sentiment. Vian was full of blood and fire ; Erasmus was bloodless and cold. Vian tried to follow, though with difficulty. It was the fury of the flame admiring the crystalline opalescence of the ice-clad cliff. Still he confessed the *charm*. In spite of the fact that ice covered the summit, the red glory of morning had hung upon it until it blazed like an exalted beacon. Vian had found in youth the deepest love for one whose restful strength grew venerable as age came on. His very lively suspicion that he might be led to admire Luther did not becloud his conviction that if the reform must come, it ought to come and would come through culture rather than anarchy. Erasmus — such had been Vian's sober opinion — must be its leader ; not the turbulent monk of Erfurt. The serenity of Dr. John Colet,

as he had founded St. Paul's School in London, preaching reform and "the new learning" at Oxford, and mingling his own fine sentiments with the glowing eloquence of Thomas More, had often made him think of that text: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Vian was astonished and chagrined at his own crude dogmatism, when he remembered the frenzy of his utterances to Giovanni concerning the violent change to come.

What could Erasmus think of Luther's theses? What would More and Colet have to say about him who had already roused Germany on the sale of indulgences? Vian was hesitating again in the presence of revered names.

The reaction from such strong convictions as had asserted themselves in his soul had come. Vian had well-nigh expended his strength in utterance. When would Giovanni come to take him to see the fragment of Greek art? He laughed when he thought of it, and then was very sober, because, while, as he believed, the sly old monk had played and would play all manner of pranks upon the Glastonbury "Greeks," he did not fancy that at this time Fra Giovanni was meaning to prove to these persons who affected interest and intelligence with respect to Greek art, that they really knew nothing about it.

He yet had in mind the text, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." He could not forget how diversely he had spoken of that German monk who had offended all Erasmian theories with his noise about the indulgences, but who, nevertheless, by his impulsiveness and humanity had attracted Vian's warm heart. He sought the open Scripture, and his eye fell upon the words, "One is your master, even Christ;" and "Henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

These brought to his mind the Wycliffe letters, the

heroism of his ancestors at Lutterworth, and the faces of courageous Lollards. "These burned letters constantly asserted that idea," said Vian. For that the Lollard had stood; and with that his cause, burning with furious flame, had illumined Europe, but had not consumed away.

Again did that open Bible appear to be an armory filled with weapons with which abuses and wrongs were to be beaten down.

"Surely no one in Wycliffe's day thought that the kingdom of heaven was coming by way of his pulpit; but," added Vian, "it may be that Erasmus is wrong, and that exactly what is unobserved power in the German monk will win the day for a less rugged and more pacific solution of the problem."

Vian had learned how the texts of an open Bible might be misapplied. But he could risk the power within the book, within the soul of man, to enforce the divine utterances.

The Church Fathers appeared at once greater and smaller than before to this scholarly young monk. They were greater than his contemporaries, because they had stood in nearer sympathy with these unencumbered words; smaller than the apostles and prophets, because even they dared not risk the fresh and revolutionary truth.

Luther the monk had already gone so far as to insist that this unchained book should be the book of the people. Vian felt the inrushing day break over Europe. It was but an instant of dawn which he saw, — a flush in the sky, a gray streak with stray beams of gold and purple, flashing hints of oncoming noontide. Such moments were visiting many souls at that juncture. Every gleam was prophetic. None could utter it; only sensitive spirits could feel it. The open Bible, — a new Europe!

He thought of Giovanni's coming to ask him again to



view the statue which the old classicist insisted he had obtained of a Greek sailor shipwrecked near.

"Here," said Vian, as he turned to his New Testament, and remembered how every stormy moment of experience and every hour of quiet meditation had gone into the very texture of the Greek language, — "here is something within Aristotle's language more philosophical than he. Here the glory of the tabernacle of the Jew shines through the Parthenon of the Greek. Here combine the two streams which have borne the greatest argosies of humanity, — those of head and heart. Let Giovanni grow frantic with rejoicing that he has secured of some hapless sailor a fragment of the Athens of Pericles! I will tell him that Athens was never so great as when Saint Paul looked around upon the dissolving civilization of Pericles, and made Greek culture glow with Christian significance. But I am a heretic; and I am drifting even from the Fathers of the Church, as I have long since drifted from Abbot Richard. Shall I pray? Nay; for I am not so far astray as was Saint Augustine. He said, 'Plato showed me the true God; Jesus Christ showed me the way to Him.' I have not drifted so far."

Poor, perplexed Vian, — a Christian amid the dazzling lights and deep shadows of the Renaissance, — a monk, a heretic, a Pythagorean!

Then he touched the volume again, as a sick man takes hold of a battery. "Oh, surely there is promise in this freed book! The Greek language waited to carry the new Iliad into the human soul."

Why did not Giovanni come? Vian thought little about him or classic Greece. On the ruins of classicism he saw a new power rising. By and by it would be seen to include the prophetic energies of olden times. He could see distinctly but two things, — an open Bible and a new Europe.

How true was this vague, prophetic feeling ! That new Europe was very near, and stretched afar. With this book as inspiration and resource, William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale were so to continue and complete the task of the Venerable Bede and John Wycliffe as to mark an epoch in the history of that language to be used by Shakspeare and Burke, — an era as distinct as that which Luther's Bible so soon should mark in the history of a language to be such a potent instrument in the hands of Goethe and Hegel. For this very act of heresy, Tyndale was to be called "a full-grown Wycliffe," and Luther "the redeemer of his mother-tongue." With the Bible Calvin was to conceive republics at Geneva, and Holbein to paint, in spite of the iconoclasm of the Reformation, the faces of Holy Mother and Saint, and in spite of the cruelty of the Church, scripturally conceived satires illustrating the sale of indulgences. With that book Gustavus Vasa was to protect and nurture the freedom of that land of flowing splendors, while Angelo was transcribing sacred scenes upon the Sistine Vault or fixing them in stone. Reading this book, More was to die with a smile ; Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley to perish while illuminating Europe with living torches, and the Anabaptist to arouse the sympathies of Christendom by his agonies. With this book in hand, Shakspeare was to write his plays ; Raleigh to die, knight, discoverer, thinker, statesman, martyr ; Bacon to lay the foundation of modern scientific research, — three stars in the majestic constellation about Henry's daughter. With this Bible open before them, the English nation would behold the Spanish Armada dashed to pieces upon the rocks, while Edmund Spenser mingled his delicious notes with the tumult of that awful wreck.

This book was to produce the Edict of Nantes, while John of Barneveldt would give new life to the command of William the Silent, — "Level the dikes ; give Holland

back to the ocean, if need be," thus making preparation for the visit of the Mayflower Pilgrims to Leyden or Delfthaven. Their eyes resting upon its pages, Selden and Pym were to go to prison, while Grotius dreamed of the rights of man in peace and war, and Guido and Rubens were painting the joys of the manger or the sorrows of Calvary. His hand resting upon this book, Oliver Cromwell would consolidate the hopes and convictions of Puritanism into a sword which should conquer at Naseby, Marston Moor, and Dunbar, leave to the throne of Charles I. a headless corse, and create, if only for an hour's prophecy, a Commonwealth of unbending righteousness. With that volume in their homes, the Swede and the Huguenot, the Scotch-Irishman and the Quaker, the Dutchman and the freedom-loving Catholic were to plan pilgrimages to the West, and establish new homes in America. With that book in the cabin of the "Mayflower," venerated and obeyed by sea-tossed exiles, was to be born a compact from which should spring a constitution and a government for the life of which all these nationalities should willingly bleed and struggle, under a commander who should rise from the soil of the Cavaliers, and unsheath his sword in the colony of the Puritans.

Out of that Bible was to come the Petition of Right, the National Anthem of 1628, the Great Remonstrance, and *Paradise Lost*. With it Blake and Pascal should voyage heroically in diverse seas. In its influence, Harrington should write his "*Oceana*," Jeremy Taylor his "*Liberty of Prophesying*," Sir Matthew Hale his fearless replies, while Rembrandt was placing on canvas little Dutch children, with wooden shoes, crowding to the feet of a Jewish Messiah.

Its lines, breathing life, order, and freedom, would inspire John Bunyan's dream, Algernon Sidney's fatal republicanism, and Puffendorf's judicature. With them

William Penn would meet the Indian of the forest, and Fénelon the philosopher in his meditative solitude. Locke and Newton and Leibnitz would carry it with them in pathless fields of speculation, while Peter the Great was smiting an arrogant priest in Russia, and William was ascending the English throne. From its poetry Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning would catch the divine afflatus; from its statesmanship Burke, Romilly, and Bright would learn how to create and redeem institutions; from its melodies Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven would write oratorios, masses, and symphonies; from its declarations of divine sympathy Wilberforce, Howard, and Florence Nightingale were to emancipate slaves, reform prisons, and mitigate the cruelties of war; from its prophecies Dante's hope of a united Italy was to be realized by Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel; and with her hand upon that book Victoria, England's coming queen, was to sum up her history as a power amid the nations of the earth, when, replying to the question of an ambassador, "What is the secret of England's superiority among the nations?" she would say, "Go tell your prince that *this* is the secret of England's political greatness."

Vian could not see, but he felt, the future.





## CHAPTER XXIX.

### VIAN THE PYTHAGOREAN.

Beware of Greek, lest you become a heretic Fly from Hebrew, lest you become like Jews. — *Sixteenth Century Proverb.*

Somewhere, — in desolate wind-swept space, —  
In twilight-land, — in no man's land,  
Two hurrying shapes met face to face,  
And bade each other stand.

“And who are you?” cried one agape,  
Shuddering in the gloaming light.  
“I know not,” said the other shape;  
“I only died last night.”

ALDRICH.

WHILE in 1518 Raphael's unfinished masterpiece “The Transfiguration” was being borne along toward his grave by the mourning city of Rome, and Ami in France was beseeching Francis I. to deal wisely with the deputations of Parliament which came to Amboise to pray for the abolition of the Concordat, our disquieted monk in England was becoming more sure that the Almighty, if He had any serious intentions whatever concerning a soul which seemed doomed to be tempest-tossed, did not intend him to do Him service as an ecclesiastic at Glastonbury.

The hour had at last come when the abbot was willing to avow that he himself was thoroughly discouraged

with Vian. "He will never be Abbot of Glastonbury; he is not even an obedient monk," said he, regretfully. "I will, however, make one more effort to convince him."

In a brief hour one of the priors had seen Vian reading the words of Knighton, Wycliffe's antagonist.

"He was reading Master Knighton; and great was his attention to the wisdom of his words," said the prior, who always comforted the abbot with the most favorable view of any event.

"We have lost our pearl, as I fear, — our pearl is lost. Evil days are these!" and the abbot groaned with pain, as he pressed his heart.

These are the words which Vian read again and again: "The Scripture was given only to the clergy and doctors of the Church, that they might administer to laity and to weaker persons, according to the state of the times and the wants of man. But this Master John Wycliffe translated it out of Latin into the tongue Anglican — not Angelic! Thus it became of itself more vulgar, more open to the laity, and to women who could read than it usually is to the clergy, even the most learned and intelligent. In this way the Gospel-pearl is cast abroad and trodden under foot of swine; and that which was before precious both to clergy and to laity is rendered, as it were, the common jest of both."

When the prior returned to Vian's cell, he knew more of the kind of attention which had been bestowed upon those sentences which the abbot had placed in Vian's way.

The words of Master Knighton lay on the floor. Somebody had stepped upon them violently, and Vian was reading stealthily, but with unquestionable delight, a copy of one of the letters of Wycliffe in which the Reformer said, —

"Alas! alas! what cruelty is this, to rob a whole realm

of bodily food, because a few fools may be gluttons, and do harm to themselves and others by their food taken immoderately ! As easily may a proud worldly priest err against the Gospel written in English. What reason is this, if a child fail in his lesson at the first day, to suffer never children to come to lessons for this default ? Who would ever become a scholar by this process ? What Antichrist is this who, to the shame of Christian men, dare to hinder the laity from learning this holy lesson which is so hard commanded by God ? Each man is bound to do so, that he be saved ; but each layman who shall be saved is a real priest made of God, and each man is bound to be a very priest."

Was the young monk Vian really interested in the thought that the Scriptures should be in everybody's hand ? Yes ; but he then looked upon them from an entirely different point of view than that which was occupied by the men who were slowly bringing it about. Vian's attitude was the intellectual attitude furnished to him by his Wycliffite blood, and yet greatly modified by the Renaissance. As a child of a Lollard, he could not help feeling the immense moral significance of the Gospels ; as a child of the Renaissance, he did not see why any book should not have freedom of access to men's thought and lives. The same power which had objected to Plato and Cicero now opposed Saint Luke and Saint John. He would meet it in his soul with the same arguments, the soul of which was this conviction, — the human mind has the right to everything ; nothing is too sacred, nothing is too secular. Philosophy had made "the soul" the centre of Vian's universe.

Shortly after the experience with which his vision-seeing mind had indulged itself in the presence of that copy of the Wycliffe translation, it had suffered, as such minds do, a marked relapse. This relapse of assurance as to the value of the Scriptures had not affected his in-

terest in them as remarkable chapters in the biography of human nature, and as disclosures of the Divine nature. It had, however, affected the feelings, which any most turbulent reformer would have shared, that they alone were to become the spiritual authority of mankind.

Thus far, not the Scriptures, but a vision of loveliness and beauty, — the picture of his soul's mate, — had been authoritative over his moral nature at critical moments. And it is true with every Vian now, as it was then, that whatever other excellent persons think or promulgate as the proper thing to be believed as to the authority of Scripture, the Bible has just as much authority as it has, and no more. Every man gets his working opinion as to the future experiences of men with a fact out of his own experiences with that fact.

The truth is that soon after that forelook, so vague yet so potent, which Vian had as he held that translation in his hand, the stubborn fact came into him that his own life had been kept true by his vision of that beautiful child of his boyhood fancy, who was now growing toward womanhood; and he clung to the Scriptures because they *found* him, as Coleridge says, at another point of his nature.

Was Vian's picture of truth and loveliness incarnate in the form of this imagined maiden, a hint of the necessity which we all feel for an Incarnation?

Is it not true, also, that until one sees in the Bible, the One who says, "I am the truth," the Bible, as the record of truth, has no absolute primary authority over him; and it only remains a collection of most interesting and most valuable leaves in the soul's biography?

Vian's intellectual interest in the Scriptures was now doubled, — for with others in the abbey, he had been studying, with Fra Giovanni, the philosophy of the Greeks; and Vian had enthusiastically embraced the Pythagorean ideas. These he believed were entirely harmonious with



what he knew of the Gospels, and especially, as we shall see, with the Epistles of Saint Paul.

The Italian monk's hairless pate appeared to shine with some of the light within his brain, when Fra Giovanni proceeded, amid the breathless interest of his students, to wheeze and to quote the sentences of Pythagoras and those of his disciple Plato. The asthma not often could conquer his enthusiasm as a teacher, — an enthusiasm not equalled in any other task he had attempted at Glastonbury, save that with which he pursued the abbot with a threat of opening the floodgates of scandal, and that with which he had succeeded in persuading the Renaissance monks that the whitewashed stone figure which he had contrived to obtain of a stone-cutter near the Cam was actually a fragment of Greek art of the age of Praxiteles.

As over and over again, this old sport in realms intellectual told Vian how the monks, who had arrogated to themselves the Greek spirit, stood at a safe distance and chattered in the happiness that they were at last beholding a statue of Demosthenes, when instead they were only looking at an ill-shapen figure of human mould which the half-witted stone-cutter had sold to Fra Giovanni for a spurious indulgence, and in his glee at having so completely fooled these wiseacres, the Italian would choke up; his nose, whose color had gained not a little of its ruddiness from the wine-cellar of the abbot, became almost purple, while he struggled with his ludicrous theme. This, however, was as nothing to the self-forgetting excitement with which he expounded those ideas of the transmigration of the soul and of the true nature of womankind, with the truth of which he saw Vian had soon become duly impressed.

The atmosphere which came with Fra Giovanni from the Italy which had already been transformed by the Renaissance was full of pollen, and the open soul of youthful England was ready to receive it.

Fra Giovanni was far from being a merely humorous old monk, who had worked his way to power by the eager use of the information which had reflected unpleasantly upon the abbot. His very humor had a basis of scholarship; and he could perfectly exhibit the affectation which he now saw those who were called the "Greeks" in England were beginning to practise.

Much of the history of the Italian Renaissance was at length repeating itself, even in the courts and abbeys of Britain. Even the imitation of the ancients was flagrant in the Ciceronians, whom Erasmus had ridiculed; and the liberal use of sentiments, names, and classical allusions in conversation had become a ridiculous travesty to the mind of the monk. Day by day he had observed here what Italy had experienced; namely, a slavish emulation of Greek or Roman thought. Again did the world see the saints of the calendar go unconsulted in the naming of a child; and instead of Ambrose came Achilles; instead of Ruth, Atalanta; instead of Paul, Hector. Giovanni amused himself by begging to be called Jovianus; and he listened as he smiled at the mention of Pierius for Peter, as once he had heard the Italian Gianpaolo called Janus Parhasius. Architecture was looking backward in Vian's mind, as he still talked with the abbot, — backward even to the Roman Basilicæ, where Christianity was born. Erasmus had listened to a sermon in Italy, which now did not seem so remarkable, because in talk and public speech God Almighty was often called Jove; His son Jesus, Apollo; and Mary, the mother of God, Diana. The genius of Thomas More was writing an epigram in which Cæsar and the Nervii change places with Henry VIII. and the French, while, as before in Italy, Curtius or Cecrops or Iphigenia was useful to illustrate the power of that divine passion which issued in the death of Christ. Cardinal Wolsey was called an augur; and the nuns of Mynchin

Buckland were denominated Vestals by the little knot of "Greeks" at Glastonbury. The hymnologists knew more of Parnassus than of Calvary; and the valley of the shadow of death of the Psalmist gave place to Tartarus and Acheron.

"Now," said the paganism of Giovanni, "is the time to spread Pythagorean ideas, when Cardinal Wolsey will recreate the palace of Lorenzo de' Medici at Hampton."

Giovanni was to be disappointed in the luxurious cardinal, who was to be a statesman almost in spite of his tastes; but in Vian he was not to be disappointed. Not many months had gone by until the special features of this philosophy which interested Giovanni had a new champion.

"Why," said Vian to the sub-prior one day, as they walked toward the cloisters, "the doctrine that the soul has had a previous existence, and is on its way through this existence to others, is the only doctrine which will account for some of those memories which come up out of some past and steal like clouds over the mind's sky."

"You have got even Giovanni's wheeze, Vian! By all the saints, I did not know that your description had come to this," said the sub-prior, with an effort at being caustic.

"Yes," languidly replied Vian; "I suppose I shall catch bald-headedness too. Fra Giovanni has wonderful powers of inoculation. His logic confounds me. Bald-headedness is a fact. The transmigration of souls is a fact. I am amenable to facts; but I must not —" and then Vian, seeing that he had plunged into logical or illogical quagmires, out of which his fresh philosophic possessions would hardly extricate him, added with a deeper voice: "I do not know enough truth yet to manage the errors which beset me. But I cannot see that, on the principles of Giovanni's logic, I can avoid being bald-headed —"

"And being asthmatic," said the sub-prior, laughing ;  
"but what about your own soul, Vian?"

"I would rather talk about that," said the new-fledged Pythagorean, who with the usual audacity of a young philosopher willingly attacked the most serious problems, in order perhaps that he might escape the primary difficulties. "I know that I must have lived somewhere before this life began."

"How did you get here?" asked the sub-prior.

"My death out of the last life was my birth into this life. My death out of this life will be my birth into the next," answered Vian. "You have read Ovid's poem on our old master Pythagoras?"

"No."

"Well," and Vian stood up in the sunlight as it came flooding in upon the cloisters, "I will recite some lines which Fra Giovanni read to us yesterday from Ovid, —

'Death, so called, is but old matter  
In some new form. And in a varied vest  
From tenement to tenement, though tossed,  
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost ;  
And as the softened wax new seals receives,  
Its face assumes, and that impression leaves,  
Now called by one, now by another name,  
The form is only changed, the wax the same.  
Then, to be born is to begin to be  
Some other thing we were not formerly.  
The forms are changed, I grant ; that nothing can  
Continue in the figure it began.'"

"You mean to tell me," inquired the sub-prior, "that men of sense in ancient times did actually believe such stuff? This must have an end."

"Certainly!" said Vian, assuming a grandiose air, and fearing nothing, now that the abbot was at Parliament. "Men of sense now believe the truth that the soul has transmigrated and will transmigrate. They believe it just as did Pythagoras and Plato and Plotinus."

"Oh, philosophers, all of them, Vian, — hair-brained men!"

"Ah," added Vian, with warmth, "Virgil and Ovid believed it."

"Poets, poets! Philosophers are poets who write fables in prose, and poets are philosophers who write fables in verse."

"Cæsar was a hard-headed fellow, was he not?"

"He did not believe in it."

"Perhaps not; but he found that the Gauls did believe it, and all our forefathers in Britain as well."

"The whole crowd which you mention was a crowd of heathen."

Vian's authorities had not been so satisfactory even to himself as he could have desired, until he had begun to read again his Wycliffe translation of the New Testament.

With the same facility with which thousands since his day have read their creeds into a book, most of which they easily toss aside if need be, had this ambitious expositor handled the Gospels and Epistles. He was fresh from his labors in that direction; and now he proposed to overwhelm the sub-prior with authorities which such an ardent Churchman could not resist.

"The Scriptures themselves proclaim it. Do not let this assertion of mine take your breath!" said Vian.

"I do not wonder that Fra Giovanni finds his breath short in teaching such profanity," remarked the sub-prior, whose face was beclouded. "But proceed! I shall not be amazed at anything now. I was with you once at Cambridge. We heard strange doctrines there; but Erasmus never dreamed of this."

"I will proceed," said Vian. "When at the Augustinian Monastery the other day, you and I heard them teach that all men sinned in Adam, and are guilty of Adam's transgression —"

"That is no more Augustine," said the sub-prior, "than it is Saint Paul; for Saint Paul says, 'All have sinned.'"

"Yes," interrupted Vian, "even so; but how could you have sinned in Adam if you were not there?"

The sub-prior shook his head, but it was the movement of an unconverted head.

"Then," said Vian, "then all sin which is so active within us now is from an older life. That is 'the man of sin.' Saint Paul himself tells us of his conflict, — the war between the one man and the other in him; the old man and the new. You remember 'the old man' and 'the new man' in Saint Paul?"

"Which man is Saint Paul?"

"Why," said the startled Pythagorean, who now saw that he had one man too many on his hands, — "why, Saint Paul had lived before this life. He had —"

The sub-prior took courage at Vian's evident perplexity, and broke forth again with the old effort at being caustic: "There may be four Saint Pauls in his next life, if this multiplication keeps up. Oh, nonsense, Vian!"

"Wiser Churchmen than you have accepted and preached this truth," said Vian smartly, gaining his feet. "Origen —"

"He was heretical."

"So is every man who is greater than the commonplace men about him."

"Well, who else?" inquired the sub-prior, complacently.

"Philo himself said that the soul had lost its heavenly home, and come down to the earthly body as to a strange place. Clement of Alexandria and Porphyry found the doctrine in Saint Paul."

"Porphyry has no authority at Glastonbury," said the dignified sub-prior.

"Well," inquired the disturbed Vian, "who has?"

"Ah, Vian, *you* have ! You have assumed it over your own mind. This," — and now the sub-prior assumed the august importance of a defender of the faith, — "this is all the upshot of this disobeying, free-thinking tendency which Erasmus himself has started, and which John Colet and Thomas More, — God be thanked, Thomas More now sees the error ! — this is all of it the result of what they have encouraged in England. Germany is alive with heresy."

"Why," said the surprised Vian, "you have lost ground, since you read the Greek poets so delightedly in secret !"

"I have found the ends of some of these perilous roads which I have been travelling with men who ought to have known better ; I see now what the outcome of all this will be. As I said, the air of Germany is poison itself. We can have no Holy Church at all, if this keeps up. That monk Luther —"

"I do not like the turbulent fellow. I understand he does not like Erasmus or his New Testament."

"Well, turbulent or calm, any man who protests now is simply starting a revolution which will end by making every man his own guide and priest. The protesters do not agree ; they will protest against one another, and there will be no Church at all. Vian, you have wit enough to see in what direction things are going."

Vian had thought of all this ; and lover of order, admirer of power as he was, seeing also, as he did from a merely intellectual point of view, the necessity for some kind of an organization which should hold society together, he had often been disturbed at the disorganizing tendencies of some of these movements.

But for the present he was under the dominion of another idea. His moral life had never felt the touch of the Church, and he seemed to be within touch of an idea which might league itself somehow with that

vision of his soul's mate, and help him to solve practical problems.

He said : " But what has all that to do with the truth or untruth of the doctrine of Pythagoras? If the Scriptures teach it," — and now to Vian's somewhat refreshed mind the Scriptures *did* teach it, — " why should you ask any questions? "

" Who interprets the Scriptures? " asked this authority of the Church. " You do for yourself. There is the assumption of your individual mind again, Vian, — the curse these protesters will bring upon us! "

" Well," said Vian, " what do you do with such a Scripture as this : ' Who hath chosen us before the foundation of the world ' ? Origen himself could not be heretical enough to take the truth out of it. We were somewhere when God made His choice of us. And then there is this Scripture : ' If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come.' That is the word of Jesus Christ himself about the man whom men knew at that time as John the Baptist. Even John did not deny the assertion that he was Elijah re-incarnated. Jesus said : ' Before Abraham was, I am.' "

The sub-prior was now the perplexed one. " I have always been unable to understand those texts," said he, with evident honesty.

" They are no more hard to the mind than are the experiences of such a soul as yours," said Vian, adding to the sub-prior's perplexities by summoning more difficulties to his overwhelming.

" What do you mean? "

They had strolled together beyond the chapel, and were looking over the Avalonian hills.

" We certainly come into the world with more than ourselves," continued Vian. " There is a treasured up amount of experience which we have had somewhere else to begin this life with. Then the new experience which



we have here, — some of it we can attach to the old, some of it we cannot. What we are to-day and what we see to-day are determined in no little measure by what we brought out of the other life. ‘To him that hath shall be given; to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.’ Have you never had dreams?”

“In daytime?”

“Yes; dreams of old places and beautiful skies, or of sorrows which you could not have had here, — perhaps also of love?”

“Ah, Vian, you have touched me now. I have had memories which I could not obliterate nor quicken into definite experiences. Sometimes I feel that I am very old, very old. Then I remember a youth which was far away, and then some one else whose life I have lived seems to be speaking. I do not dare to go to certain cells in the abbey, because there I have felt that I may meet an old self. I know there are songs I have not heard here which I must have heard elsewhere; and, Vian, you know I am not carnally minded, but I have prayed to be delivered from kisses which seem to float to my lips from some sweet past. Is this what you mean?”

“Precisely,” said Vian, who looked at the somewhat shrunken and dry lips, and immediately pitied the sub-prior because he was not a Pythagorean. “But, now, how is it that you do not fear the effect of this reliance upon your individual experience in this controversy? You are as bad as any protester in your assertion of the authority of the individual. On the matter of your own experience, then,” added he, tauntingly, “*you* are authority.”

The sub-prior’s head was full of another set of problems. Vian saw it, and went on to say: “Why, Pythagoras, our master, remembered his previous existences.

He was a herald once, named *Æthalides* ; then a Trojan called *Euphorbus*. No wonder that you dread the old cell, if as a monk you did any such thing as dream of loving anybody in that other life, — for it is real ; this memory is true. *Pythagoras* found in the temple of *Juno* at *Argos* the very shield with which, when he was *Euphorbus* in the Trojan War, he had attacked *Patroclus*."

The sub-prior was beginning to be annoyed with the names of people of whom he had never heard, and like a swimmer in strange seas, he anxiously paddled back where the water was no less deep, even if the shore was more familiar.

"But," said he, as an assembly of carrion crows wheeled about in the upper distances and slowly found a path unseen through the purple haze to some carcass hidden amid the little trees, — "but the souls of men then transmigrate into the birds or beasts which at death or birth they most resemble."

"Those," said *Vian*, pointing to the fading specks in the sky, "are souls in penitential agony. They are the spirits of lovers of scandal. They have to content their gross appetites on decaying animals now ; they used to content themselves on the simple prospect of a decaying character. Poor things !" Then *Vian* quietly quoted *Ovid* again : —

"Souls cannot die. They leave a former home,  
And in new bodies dwell, and from them roam.  
Nothing can perish, all things change below ;  
For spirits through all forms may come and go.  
Good beasts shall rise to human forms, and men,  
If bad, shall backward turn to beasts again.  
Thus through a thousand shapes the soul may go,  
And thus fulfil its destiny below."

The sub-prior was silent for a moment, and then he said with feeling, "Well, I should be glad to find some philosophy which would give us a new chance ;" and he

added, "But this is very fascinating," as he hurried away to attend to duties now too long postponed.

It was now Vian's turn to be honest with his most remote doubt; for two certain reflections had annoyed him. "But," said he, "if I have only two rocks against which I may perhaps go to pieces, that is a smaller number of perils than I ever confronted before; and if these two rocks are far enough apart, I may be able to sail between them."

The one difficulty concerned itself with the reverence and worship which Vian had hitherto given to the Holy Virgin. How could he still look with prayerful awe upon her lovely Majesty, and still hold that every woman was but some man who had sinned in some previous existence, and had thus suffered retribution? Just this idea even the greatest of Pythagoreans had hinted at as the explanation of the fact of womankind.

The other difficulty was of the same sort, — both were rocks whose bases met beneath a shallow sea. It concerned itself with that vision, — the dream picture of his childhood.

The mate of his soul whom he had met so often in vision, in spite of Abbot Richard and the penances, had now grown almost to fancied womanhood. Still she remained, — the one ideal of his spirit, the inspiration and guide of his life. Often he seemed to hear her voice or to feel the glorious presence near.

Still, if she lived anywhere, she was a woman!

He had come to look upon her as some one whom he had known in some other life, so thoroughly had she possessed his mind and heart in this life. Hardly had Vian thus accounted for the powerful influence of this exquisite dream upon him by certain principles of Pythagoreanism, until he was assured, by certain other principles of that philosophy as Giovanni understood it, that the picture itself was of saddest sig-

nificance. His darling was growing up in his soul to be a *woman!*

That meant of course that she had been a man in some other life, and had sinned. It seemed incredible to his brain and cruel to his heart.

"Oh, if only we could take portions of these philosophies and creeds, and believe them, life would be tolerable," cried Vian, as he sought sleep that night in vain.





## CHAPTER XXX.

### A CALL UPON THE CARDINAL.

“Cloth of gold do not despise,  
Though thou match with cloth of frieze;  
Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,  
Though thou match with cloth of gold.”

AT the hour, in 1517, when the Lateran Council concluded its tasks, the city of Rome appeared again to be as it had been in the days of Cæsar, — the centre of the world; and the Pope was the governing soul of all. But religious Cæsarism had now had its brightest days. The seven hills of Rome no longer had room for the diversified interests of man. The centre of the world was elsewhere. Even spiritual monarchy no longer governed absolutely.

Barefooted Leo X., in a procession which repeated the prayers newly set up in all the churches, saw, or thought he saw, rising at his desire, a world-wide crusade against the Turk. In his fancy, the Emperor of the Germans was already crossing the Danube; Henry VIII. and Francis I. were sailing together, united at last with his Holiness, as their ships swept over the Mediterranean toward a conquest of Constantinople. Everything seemed leagued against the Turk. Cardinal legates had been sent to the courts of Europe; and a five years' truce had been proclaimed.

If Leo X. had looked westward before his eyes had been dazzled by a sun which so rapidly was leaving the East, he would have seen the advancing of long lines of purple and gray and gold, which would have told him that the true crusader, following after Columbus, would move in a direction entirely opposite to this churchly goal, and that in Wittenberg was a single-handed monk whom he must consult before there could be a common cause worth the attention of Christian princes. True, the Greek scholars who were exiled from Constantinople in 1453, had fired the soul of the Pope with an enthusiasm against the Turk which no other Pope had known. But they had initiated a westward march. Leo X. was also in many regards the general in control of the forces of the Renaissance. He saw that it was possible to recover the Parthenon, perhaps also the manuscripts of Homer and Hesiod and Æschylus, as well as the grave of the Christ ; for which recovery other crusades had set out. What though as yet Christendom did not share his admiration for such spoils as the statues of Praxiteles or the decorations of the Temple of Athene ! Still would Europe see to it that the Turk was beaten back ; and with it all, he would fill the splendor of the unfinished St. Peter's with the choicest of the glories of ancient Greece. It was, in most respects, a worthy dream. But even Greek ideas had been making other visions in the human mind, which were to league themselves with a movement that Leo X. had scarcely stopped to respect.

Said Erasmus : " I wish that even the weakest woman might read the Gospels and the Epistles of Saint Paul. But the first step to their being read is to make them intelligible to the reader. I long for the day when the husbandman shall sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, when the weaver shall hum them to the tune of his shuttle, when the traveller shall while away with their stories the weariness of his journey."

In 1516 the New Testament of Erasmus had been printed ; and even Bishop Fox had remarked, " It is as good as ten commentaries." The Renaissance had again robed itself as a reformation.

But naturally enough did Leo X., Henry VIII., Charles of Austria, and Francis I. soon turn from such an event as the printing of a book, to the question as to which one of these earthly sovereigns should succeed to a throne made vacant by the death of Maximilian, in January, 1519. Leo's idea of a crusade had long before this been shattered. Wolsey had so treated Cardinal Campeggio, who was sent to England as papal legate, as to leave no doubt in the mind of his Holiness that England and Henry VIII. at present proposed to offer no obsequious respect to Rome. The marriage which the Pope had arranged, whereby Francis I. was to have been attached to the papal see, had eventuated in another. Charles was too powerful in Italy to please the Pope, as a candidate for Charlemagne's throne ; and Henry VIII. looked on through the scheming eyes of Cardinal Wolsey as Francis I. offered abundant gold and brilliant promises, writing to his great rival these words : " Two lovers are we, wooing the same mistress ; and whichever she may choose, should be looked upon with no envy by his fellow-contestant."

Ami sat at Amboise with Astrée, rehearsing to her the objections which he had urged upon his sovereign against this course, telling her, as her dark eyes looked into his restless soul, how impossible such an ambition was of fulfilment, and assuring her who at that hour loved him more than all the prospective emperors of earth, that Cardinal Wolsey was so managing affairs that the new emperor and Francis I. should seem to be foes.

Back came the four hundred German lanzknechts and Admiral Bonnivet, who looked more stupid than ever to Ami, as the admiral stood, without his four hundred

thousand crowns, to tell Francis I. how he promised Cardinal Wolsey fourteen votes for the papal chair in vain, how the wily cardinal quietly aided the nephew of Katherine of Arragon his queen, and how Charles was elected king of the Romans.

In England, at that moment, Bishop Fox and Thomas More were both bewailing the absence of Erasmus, whom Wolsey had offended by offering him only a prebend at Tournay; and Henry VIII. remarked that he had promised himself that he would not remove his beard until he had met the King of France, and that Francis I. had said, "I protest I will never put mine off until I have seen the King of England."

"All things," again said Pace, "are full of deceit, 'et Judas non dormit.'"

In the early evening of September 6, 1519, Abbot Richard Beere of Glastonbury, riding on Wolsey's mule, which his Eminence had sent to London for his use, looked restively from the river Thames on his right, over the elm-trees which shaded the slight undulation at his left, as he approached that impressive collection of cloisters, turrets, parapets, lattices, and red brick walls known as Hampton Court. Long lines of wood flanked the stream at intervals; and in and out flew the fly-catchers. The brook-wagtails were wading over the gravel near the edge of the stream, as it reappeared to his view; and early as it was for him, now and then a jacksnipe fastened the attention of the tree-creepers which looked down upon him from the branches above the oozy bogs. On the other side, in a small patch of scrubby heath and gorse, hedge-sparrows and black buntings were flitting about. The reeds in the stream were unmoved with the soft fading summer breath which was vanishing before the autumn; and the low hum of insects round about the bushes which hung over and dipped into the stream, seemed perfectly harmonious with a silent farewell which



was breathing itself out of the ample sky to the summer time.

The mule had been jogging on easily, until the abbot saw before him the red glory of the cardinal's garden, luxuriant in that early autumn day, whereat he compelled the animal to slacken his pace, and turning to look upon the willows fringing the stream, the hedgerows extending far beyond the mighty oaks which appeared as the symbol of power, he said, —

“Even Nature herself is magnificent in the presence of such a magnificent person. Here,” added the antiquarian soul of Abbot Richard, “where the Hospitallers of St. John were abolished, comes this our cardinal, eight stout oarsmen rowing him down the river Thames from Whitehall, to show all Churchmen how to live in splendor.”

It had been a perplexing day for the cardinal at Westminster Hall; but to the astonishment of the abbot, he was ushered in at once, and found himself again before Thomas Wolsey, who just now had pushed aside considerations from Whitehall, the college at Oxford, foreign ambassadors, despatches from his agents everywhere, and even Henry VIII., to give some directions concerning the paling which was to divide the parks, and the color for the bricks of the buttressed wall.

Gloomy as had been the mind of Abbot Richard, as he thought of parting with Vian, the hour had come when he was a burden at Glastonbury; and the soul of his old friend believed that so marked and various were his talents that only such a leader as Wolsey could command them all. Richard Beere knew the cardinal so well that he never feared that Vian's heresies would annoy him, or block up the path to the young man's advancement. The abbot was an ecclesiastic always, sometimes a politician; Wolsey was always a politician, and sometimes an ecclesiastic.

"Others may not surround their houses and gardens with a moat," said the cardinal. "It is a custom quite sure to die; but so also the custom, if so it may be called, of asking one such as I am to such perilous tasks, — that will die. I however shall defend myself."

Abbot Richard was never so impressed by his own admirable self-command.

Together they looked with Master Laurence Stubbes at the plans for the ornamentation of the palace. The abbot was amazed. He had seen Wolsey in public, and he remembered the magnificence; but such private splendor surpassed his fancy.

In the morning there was but one topic. Over and over again did they talk of Vian's acquaintance with architecture, of his rare good sense and his exquisite taste. Of his learning, virtue, and force of mind, Wolsey had informed himself at a previous time.

Public business was pressing; and Wolsey, having spoken the word which made Vian his servant, dismissed the abbot with his affectionate farewell.





## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

“ Good friends, French and English.”

**A**PPPEARING like a vague but shining certainty for many months before the minds of French and English statesmen and politicians, was the proposed interview between the two sovereigns, which at length was to leave only a fairy page in the record of pageantry, and to be known as the “ Field of the Cloth of Gold.”

To the amazement of Wolsey, Vian, who had always hitherto appeared interested in grave and significant things, proved himself, in the discussions of plans, ceremonies, and proposed buildings, to be the only man of his acquaintance able to conceive and execute a scheme which would worthily attest the seeming importance of this royal interview. He had learned enough of architecture at Glastonbury, where Richard Beere was splendidly memorializing his own faith in the Holy Church, to confound the architects about Hampton Court and Whitehall with questions which they could not answer, and plans which they did not comprehend. He was, for so young a man, a master of French as well as of English history ; and he united to Wolsey’s love of pomp and circumstance his own interest in the proper arrangement of shields and banners.

He was unable to hold his own place, in such a business, in one realm alone. Knighthood he did not know, save in the translation of the "*Gests of King Arthur*" and in "*Froissart*." This, under the circumstances, however, did not trouble him.

"As to the lists, arming and barbing of steeds, arranging of combatants, and conduct of the jousts," said Vian one day, in the presence of the luxurious Sir Richard Wingfield, ambassador to France, who had been appointed to succeed the niggardly Sir Thomas Boleyn, "I am assured that I may trust entirely to the young knight of the French Court who has all those matters in charge. He is a favorite of Bayard; and he is a scholar as well as a knight."

The courtly Sir Richard bowed his head in assent, and added: "A wonderful man is he. He is beloved by Francis I. as is no other man in his kingdom. Indeed, it is said in France, that it was by a wise word of the young knight that the king saved himself at Marignano. His Holiness has presented him with a jewel; and his heart is with a maiden within the French court."

Vian listened attentively to this remark, and forgot it not when the 4th of June came.

Interminably long and complex seemed the necessary preparations for this magnificent interview. Probably history records no such prodigal expenditure of color and sound for so little value received. Of Francis I. and Henry VIII. it must be said, that each was a luxurious monarch who hoped to impress the other with his resources and magnificence. Wolsey, who had been appointed proctor by both kings, was conscious of an ambition to outshine every rival in Church and State. As he blunderingly talked over the precedents of chivalry with Vian, his eyes brightened, and he was pleased beyond measure at recitals of silk, tapestries, and glittering arms. The time itself, as we have seen, breathed such ostenta-

tious competition in the minds of sovereigns. The fancy of the age burst forth in one last glowing eulogy of decaying chivalry; and in the presence of ideals which it did not comprehend or discern, it luxuriantly decorated the dissolving dream of ancient pageantry.

"The young knight, Ami Perrin, — is that the name? — he must not be allowed to outrival us in splendor," said the cardinal.

"Sir Richard has his ear close to the zealous courtier," replied Vian; "and Sir Richard, for England's honor, tells me all. Like the King of France himself, his trusted soldier seems courteous and consenting. I like the knight Ami."

"Courteous and consenting, Vian? Let him, then, arrange with his sovereign Francis I. for a longer prorogation of the interview, in order that we may bring to a happy conclusion our communication with Emperor Charles V.," said Wolsey, who had begun to trust Vian, with all State secrets, and who especially desired to talk over the possibility of making an alliance between Henry VIII. and the emperor.

Queen Katherine herself, the emperor's aunt, did not more truly desire to postpone the interview with the French monarch than did Wolsey. But even Wolsey's sickness in April could not stand in the way. The neglected and unseemly fields — Guisnes and Ardres — must be cleared up, and the tedious romance enacted.

Up to the very day of the interview, rumors ran from court to court, threatening to set all preparations at naught.

Summoned at once, on his arrival in England, into the presence of Wolsey, Vian was confronted by the report that amid the duplicities of Wolsey himself, the cardinal had detected the French monarch engaged in operating a plan dishonorable and crafty.

"Tell me," said the angry cardinal, "are large

bodies of men, armed and belligerent, secretly hid in the field?"

"By the honor of the young knight whom I trust, I say to your eminence, Nay!" answered Vian.

"Why do you not swear by the honor of Francis I., King of France?" inquired his Grace.

"He has none," answered Vian.

"By your own honor, swear!"

"I have already promised you, my Lord Cardinal, that all shall be well. My promise is my oath."

The cardinal extended his hand, and Vian kissed it. The fact is that Vian had, ten days before, for the first time met the young knight in close and earnest debate on this delicate subject. On that occasion Ami, with whom Vian's official relation to the proposed interview had brought him into intimate association, had proved himself a knight indeed. The report to which Wolsey alluded had produced its effect upon Vian; and the busy notes of labor, as it wove the subtle melodies of color upon the field of Guisnes, were stopped suddenly, when he was informed that twelve large vessels had been equipped by the French King. English monk and French knight stood opposed for an hour in such a manner as to make Sir Richard Wingfield and Admiral Bonnavet, who depended upon the young knight Ami as did Cardinal Wolsey upon the young monk Vian, tremble for the result. After the hot words and mutual concessions to courtesy, Ami produced assurances signed and sealed by Francis I., and Sir Richard agreed to forward them to Wolsey at Hampton Court. No one rejoiced more heartily in the vanishing of the clouds than Francis I.

Charles V., who had been for a time in Spain, was now nearer than ever to the ear of Wolsey. "The emperor," said the knight to the monk, "does not mean that our sovereigns shall negotiate with friendliness, or arrange their affairs in love."

"Not seven thousand ducats as a pension, nor two Spanish bishoprics, can shake the desire of my Lord Cardinal for the interview between their Majesties," answered the monk.

The knight smiled; and Vian saw that Ami had as much faith in the honor of the English Cardinal as he himself had in that of the French Sovereign.

Charles V. was not to be circumvented. May 26 came; and Vian handed to his Majesty at Canterbury, at which place the English monarch had stopped on his way to the place of embarkation, the information that the Emperor Charles V. and his fleet had arrived at the port of Hythe.

"Politics and ecclesiastics are much alike," said the audacious Vian to Cardinal Wolsey, "especially when the Pope is concerned in both."

"The loftiest place in politics," replied the wary cardinal, "is an ecclesiastical one; and the most important position in ecclesiastics is a political one."

The papal chair seemed again to rise like a possible possession before the eye of Wolsey the Chancellor; and unconsciously his sovereign, Henry VIII., was already in training for the headship of the English Church. In after years Wolsey's remark appeared to Vian to have been another unnoticed testimony to his incomparable genius.

Before a week had gone, Henry VIII. and Charles V. had repaired together to the cathedral at Canterbury, stood lovingly before the bones of Saint Thomas à Becket, and arranged their affairs so unanimously that the King of the Germans and Spaniards had no fear of Francis I. Even Cardinal Wolsey could now enjoy the galas of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," as he should muse on the promise of Charles the Emperor, that he would help him to the papacy.

Conscious that if any two of the three young sovereigns

of Europe should enter into offensive and defensive alliance against him, the third would be conquered, each one of the sovereigns themselves, the Pope at Rome, and above all, Italy, galled by the Austrian yoke, knew the significance of any union of the houses of Valois and Tudor. Charles V. had anticipated fate. While the young French knight was congratulating the English monk, on May 30, that their task as servants of the two courts was so happily concluded to the spoiling of the plans of Charles V., that calculating monarch was rejoicing over his bloodless victory at Canterbury, as he said to his quieted soul, —

“It is well that the brilliant pageant about to occur at Guisnes has been already transformed into a gorgeous farce. The alliance of the lilies of France with the leopards of England would be equal to the dismemberment of half our empire.”

Did the masterful monarch perceive that the battle of Pavia was just ahead?

The day for the interview dawned over that arid plain which, by the intelligence and skill of Vian and Ami, instructed and emboldened as they were by Cardinal Wolsey and Admiral Bonnivet, had been transformed into a gigantic dream of unparalleled magnificence.

“Men might say,  
Till this time pomp was single; but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they  
Made Britain India: every man that stood,  
Showed like a mine.”

Amid it all, however, there were two men to whom life's realities had become so identified with struggles — one a struggle of the intellect toward freedom, the other a struggle of conscience toward purity — that whatever



else men might lose or gain, for contemporary politics or personal glory, they were predetermined, by the fatality of significant circumstances, to find each for himself, on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," an important date, a memorable milestone. These were the English monk and the French knight.

Francis I. of France already, as we have seen, had learned to find his happiest moments in the society, not of his queen, but rather in that of Mme. de Chateaubriand. Life was richest and poorest, as he walked with this favorite in the gardens of the Tuileries, or gayly rowed with her over the smooth Seine. In vain had the king sought to make Ami's love for Astrée a cloak for royal iniquity. He had used everything else but Ami's conscience. But in vain, also, did the knight seek to render his sovereign's court at Guisnes irreproachable by the absence of this favorite, or at least by her wise acquiescence in arrangements which would not humiliate the neglected Queen Claude in the presence of Katherine, who up to that hour had kept the love of her royal husband, Henry VIII. Mme. de Chateaubriand had trampled in more serious ways upon Ami's sagacious counsels to Francis I. She was for war with Charles V. So, also, was Louise of Savoy. One held this position because of her ambition for a commonplace brother; the other, because of her ambition for a royal son.

Never had the favorite's plans come so near to Ami's heart with a wound as now. The prudent knight was deeply pained, when, on the arrival of the French court from the capital, he perceived in the midst of the court-ladies his own Astrée, compelled by the king to appear at the side of Mme. de Chateaubriand. Rage took possession, for a moment, of Ami's heart and hand. But he was a knight and a lover. Instantly, as he beheld Astrée's innocence, his soul was melted from stern and sharp opposition into affectionate welcome and joy.

"Surely," thought he, "the reins of political power are no longer mine to hold ; but my love shall be mine own, though every ceremony fail and the pageant fade away."

He had been more than anxious that some of the words which the monk Vian had recently said to him might be spoken in the hearing of Astrée. He was fully conscious, as Vian had told him of his life at Glastonbury and of the growth of the Reformation ideal in England, that, in circumstances which often threatened to overwhelm them, each was fighting a distinct battle against a common foe. The old knighthood had gone, and the new knighthood had desired a kind of purity which the Church did not foster. The old monastic scholarship had also departed, and "the new learning" was treated by the Holy Church with tortures or with contempt. He was also aware that each was making a desperate attempt to keep in hearty loyalty to the institution itself. Neither, as yet, had conceived it possible for the world to exist without an authoritative Church.

They had even talked over the event of Wittenberg, — ninety-five theses posted on the gate of the castle church, October 31, nearly three years before ! Vian had confided to Ami the secret that Wolsey had besought him, who had so little genuine faith in the Holy Church, to assist his sovereign Henry VIII., who had even less faith in the popes and bishops at Rome, in the completion of a book against the heresy of Luther, — a work which Henry VIII. had meditated at least since June, 1518, and of which he had written to Pace, his secretary, — a work which the cardinal thought wretchedly incomplete, until some more learned man than the king should supply its defects in the history of the sacraments.

"It is yet undone," said Vian ; "but when amity is restored between the sovereigns, we shall behold a king attending to a captious monk."

Ami replied, "Perhaps there are more of such monks than of such kings."

As he spoke, he was consumed with the old protesting fire with which he, a child of a Waldensian, looked so deeply into the soul of a Wycliffite's son.





## CHAPTER XXXII.

### JEALOUSY AND MAGNIFICENCE.

    Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins all gilt; the madames too,  
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labor  
Was to them as a painting; now this mask  
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them, — him in eye  
Still him in praise, and being present both  
'T was said they saw but one, and no discern  
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns  
( For so they phrase them ) by their heralds challenged  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE events of which history has preserved many descriptions, at length commanded laborious attention.

Vian had exhausted the lore of precedents as to buildings and banners; Ami had taxed his learning concerning chivalry and royal ceremonial. One had his mind full of altar-cloths, vestments, images, jewels, and names of church dignitaries; the other's intellect was crowded with visions of lances, doublets, bows and arrows, crests, troops of cavalry, heralds and pursuivants, and the names of the princes of the blood.

At length Wolsey, attended by a shining retinue, with solemn magnificence rode over two leagues, toward the tents and pavilions which, with ornamentation of gold and silver, had been fitted up with halls, galleries, and chambers, outside the walls of Ardres, as the lodgings of the French. As he saw the gilt figure of Saint Michael, mantled with blue, holding a fiery dart and bearing the emblazoned shield of France, he said to Vian, —

“Our French cousins have great art in them, Vian, but they know not all the arts of politics.”

The monk made response by silence. He then knew that he had loaned his abilities to the creation of a phantasm.

No one of the fifty gentlemen of the household, who, with bonnets in hand, sat resplendent with golden chains on velvet-clothed horses, heard the remark. The huge gold maces and the shining pole-axes trembled not, nor did the vast crucifix of gold and gems tax unduly the hooded and crimson-robed cross-bearer, who, with the lackeys following beneath waving plumes, still believed in the sincerity of the skilful and magnificent Wolsey.

He was riding behind them, looking out from beneath his red hat, whose tassels fell about his face and hid his calm and arrogant eye, his imperious and regnant lips, his determined and commanding jaw. His very trusty mule was so covered with gold and color as to rival in splendor even the bishops and archers who, with the grand prior of Jerusalem, made up his train.

“Ah !” thought Vian, “the human soul is loaded down with trappings of another age. What if they be gold, if yet they enslave !”

As Vian helped the cardinal to dismount, Ami, in obedience to Bonnivet, ordered the discharge of artillery, which with its incessant roar was thundering amid drums and blaring trumpets. The tumult drowned the soft and affectionate tones in which the King of France,

bonnet in hand, received the accredited representative of the English throne.

At the departure of the Lord Cardinal, Vian, who remained with Ami to further some arrangements as to the visit of ceremony which on the next day was to be paid by the French, found himself in the presence of ladies whose dresses were, in his eyes, only as rich as they were immodest. Pearls and gold vied with color and the rarer gems to enrich the velvets and silks in which these courtly dames of France appeared.

Amid all this female ostentation, nothing seemed so supernally beautiful to the eye of the English monk as the modest and quiet damsel whose soft dark eyes brightened into vivid recognition of the name he bore, whose exquisite lips parted with the least mechanical of smiles which Vian had ever seen upon a woman's mouth, and whose words evidently came from such a simple and refined soul as he fancied lived only in heaven. It was Astrée ; and Ami, with a dominant sense of her loveliness, had presented Vian to his love, with a most knightly remark as to Vian's intelligence and abilities. He had, however, hardly completed his sentences, when he became startled at his own feelings.

"Fortunate knight !" said the scholarly Englishman to Ami, as they went about their duties. "Such a face redeems the court of France ; such an eye would reinvest the decaying knighthood of Europe with the soul of the oldest chivalry."

The remark only added pain to Ami's self-discovery. He thought only once of Nouvisset's corrective words.

Somehow Ami could not easily get his own words to follow one another, as they had done. Vian standing there in the glow of the evening, his fine nostril dilating still with the high excitement, his eyes strangely abysmal and poetic in the fervid light, because of something, — Vian looked altogether too intellectual, too unearthly,

too learned, too interesting. Astrée must have felt the charm !

Vian attempted to talk with Ami about the arrangements of the mimic combats, in which already the troops of cavalry were indulging as they were going through their manœuvres ; but Ami was questioning his own soul as to what Astrée could have meant when she said to him that this man Vian looked as Nouvisset had described the knight of the future, — “a conqueror with accepted truth as his shield and unaccepted truth as his sword.”

Vian tried, also, to dispose of the cofferer and master-masons, who, with hundreds of bricklayers and servants of all sorts, were demanding to be set to a task in the morning ; but Ami was of little assistance.

His vision was beclouded with the besetting query, “Why did I not at once seize the occasion, and tell her girlish trustfulness that this Vian is a monk, and a monk discredited by Glastonbury Abbey too?”

The great-voiced chamberlain could get no satisfactory answer to his questions, when they were propounded to Ami. Even the warder who had in charge the shipping, was disgusted at the knight's heavy manner. Still were the claret fountains, “fed by secret conduits hid beneath the earth,” spouting forth their treasures into golden vessels and silver cups ; and still was Vian wondering what could have broken in upon the strong, calm current of Ami's intellectual life.

“Perhaps,” said Vian, “he has had some unfortunate news from the capital ; I will not disturb the privacy of his suffering.”

All night long Vian kept dreaming or thinking of the rigidity with which his new-found friend — as he ventured to call him — bade him farewell, and the evidence of unpleasant and unremitting intellectual labor with which his face was so strangely clouded.

Day came, however, and with it another of those elaborate processions which suited not the more profound and comprehensive ideas that had dominated the souls of the knight and the monk. These thoughts came to Vian with more force, because Lord Shrewsbury, who was steward, and Essex, who was marshal, had each expressed his contempt of some of the arrangements whose conception had originated with Vian.

"I fancy that if the German monk lives, and the Church goes on blessing ignorance and cursing scholars, there will be more important processions than these," said the nettled monk.

At the same moment Ami, in Astrée's hearing, had uttered his contempt for the whole performance. Astrée knew not why he should so warmly say, —

"The monk Martin Luther, opposing the sale of indulgences, was a much more inspiring scene for a Christian to behold, than Wolsey on his mule."

Even Francis I., who through Louise of Savoy had begun again to suspect Ami of some sort of religious heresy which might embarrass politics, felt that at the earliest hour he must bring him under the influence of a conservative companion.

"Who could be more likely to serve the king in holding Ami fast to the Holy Church than the English monk whom he has so admired in these days at Guisnes?" said Louise of Savoy to his Majesty.

He resolved to bring them together soon, and further to cement a friendship which he did not fancy had suffered the slightest fracture.

The next day the French returned the visit of the English; and Ami, who under Astrée's eye had quite rallied from his discomfiture of the day before, warmly greeted Vian, who was more than delighted with his courtesy. The ceremonies attendant upon the meeting of the two monarchs, on Thursday, June 7, were soon



completed ; and Wolsey and Bonnavet, placing the care of other days into the hands of those persons selected for the honor, granted blessings upon the monk and the knight, who henceforth might consider themselves as guests of both sovereigns.

"I am miserable enough," said Ami to Astrée, as the long shadows began to fall upon the heads of countless bills and lances without the pavilion, and through the plain and bowed windows separated by golden columns, died away until they were lost among the silver pillars, heavy with arabesques and enamelled ornaments that contrasted magically with the gay fringes which hung over the heads of these lovers.

"Miserable with me in your arms?" she inquired, as she looked up into his fiery eyes.

Ami yielded not his grasp as he protested: "You are all that might reconcile me to this continuous parade of lies. I am afraid that everything but you may prove untrue."

"That is a sweet faith for a lover, until the loved one finds that experience with disappointing people has created the suspicion that some day the best loved shall also prove a disappointment," quietly lisped the dear lips, which now kissed one of those fiery eyes.

"I wish you could kiss me blind," said he, sharply.

"You are adding sorrow to my wonder of you, Ami," said Astrée, with pathos.

"Oh, you are my pleasure and my pain, — my pain, because you are my joy. It is nothing that you do which pains me, but you are so lovely in the eyes of others."

"Would you not have it so, if only I am yours and yours alone?"

"I could dash out the life of a priest who dared to steal a glance from that eye! Astrée, did you know that Vian is a monk, — a Benedictine, once at Glastonbury Abbey, — and that he is now in politics with Wolsey?"

"No ; never had I heard his name, until you blessed it with your friendship. I fear a monk."

That was exactly what Ami's jealousy was willing for her to say, even to the great wronging of Vian. Ami's demon had come again. He himself was startled by its power. He thought now he should be able to shut the passion up in her acknowledged fear of monks. Yet that, he knew, was not enough. Somehow he must do Vian justice ; and he said, —

"Astrée, have I done wrong? No angel of heaven should have a fear of Vian ; but I know he thinks admiringly of you. He is my friend ; and — " Half ashamed of the discovery he had made of himself to one so innocent and so wise, he added : "I am not sad because of Vian or of you. Treat him with all admiring kindness. I am thinking of something else. I hate the farce behind which Charles V. is connected, in which my king is aimlessly playing his part."

So easily does the heart oftentimes flee into the head with its woes, and rename them there.

As the 7th of June came, Vian and Ami were once more called into the service. Francis I. was more certain that the plans of Bonnivet would not miscarry, if Ami were in the place which his very abilities had created for him ; and Wolsey was never quite easy without Vian at his elbow.





## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### LOVE AND LEARNING.

*“Qui pleure larmes par amour  
N'en sent mal ni douleur.”*

ASTRÉE'S eyes were full of love as she girded her knightly Ami, on the morning of the 9th; and never did a kiss possess for him such lasting preciousness as did that which still seemed to live upon his lips, when the knight found himself riding with the French King to meet, in the presence of that mighty company, the King of England.

The gay colors of the handsome tent sparkled in the dawn. Palisades surrounded it; and the tennis-court near by was exactly midway between the two camps. Three hundred English archers guarded the Sovereign of France; four hundred Frenchmen of like position protected the English King.

Ami had said to Vian, “Your king has crossed the Channel to meet his brother, Francis I.; the Sovereign of France will be the first to cross the frontier to greet Henry VIII. of England.”

“This is well,” answered Wolsey's trusted lieutenant.

Soon after, the shot was fired from the castle of Guisnes. The castle at Ardres gave answer. Overlooking the plain, mounted on a charger heavily laden with

mosaic of finest gold, Henry VIII., stout and yet well proportioned, sat like the sovereign he was, his ruddy face aglow with interest, while the soft air played upon his silver damask apparel, which shone with ribs of cloth of gold; and his commanding eye beheld afar, at a proper distance, the French King. Taller and more graceful than the English Sovereign, Francis I., his finely shaped form covered with gold and jewels which lay upon the cassock of gold frieze, appeared a most fascinating figure, as he lifted his arm, which was weighted with diamonds, rubies, and clinquant pearls and emeralds, to place more safely upon his head a velvet bonnet, which was also studded with gems. The eye of France had caught the eye of England.

Ami and Vian beheld it all with deep excitement. In a brief time, the provost-marshal and his archers had cleared the way. The marshals of the army followed; and their luxuriantly caparisoned horses made a slow-moving line of yellow flame. Princes and the King of Navarre, who now moved rapidly, could see before them the English monarch clad beneath the damask, which was thrown back, in velvet of the deepest crimson and satin of purest white, each garment fastened or adorned with jewels; his plume was made more attractive than that upon the bonnet of the French King, because of the star of brilliants which held it fast.

Astrée remarked, as the kings came near each other, that the eyes of the English King were very bright and piercing.

"And very illusive," said Ami, who desired to foster no admiration in her soul for things English.

The monarchs were approaching. The scarf of gold and purple which Francis I. wore over his almost radiant vest seemed to caress the long, wavy hair, which was partially held by a damask coif that was rough with gems. His black mustache contrasted with the golden hair be-

neath Henry's stout chin ; and now Vian remarked upon the languishing eyes of the French King.

"But the eyes of your sovereign are powerful," ventured Astrée, who said it as though not enough attention had been paid by Ami to the earlier remark as to Henry's eyes.

What ! should she and Vian be found in agreement even upon this topic ?

Ami looked confused. The confusion of the knight was shot through with something fiery enough to remind Astrée of the naked sword which just now she had seen in the hand of the old Marquis of Dorset, who rode before the King of England.

Ami at length said, "The king's face is heavy."

"With thoughtfulness," added Vian, who remembered the opinion which Erasmus held of Henry VIII.

"I shall complete my own sentences, if it please you," retorted Ami, who at once touched Astrée's wrist with a distinct and commanding forcefulness she had never noticed when she had felt the stroke of his hands of love.

"This is not a moment for a fitting answer to your remark. If you are a knight, you may understand my saying," said the cool monk, remembering how the French emotion had often unhorsed the destiny of empires in the presence of English common-sense.

It was a perplexing moment to both, and Astrée's ruby lips opened as does a flower to emit fragrance.

Just then a horse — one which had been gayly covered for the use of the attendant of the Earl of Shrewsbury, a horse which had proved to be vicious and had broken loose, frightened by the noise made by the hautboys, trumpets, and drums of the Swiss guards who followed the Grand Master, covered with foam and cloth of gold, dashed across the border line, and came plunging along through dust and air, swiftly rushing toward the three persons whose words we have just heard.

Altogether unnerved by the hateful passion which had again flamed within his bosom, Ami was devising with fatal rapidity a plan for Astrée's safety which would have placed her in the path of the furious steed. At that moment Vian's eye was running along the line of splendor made up of Sir Henry Guildford, the henchmen, the Lord Cardinal Buckingham, and the rest. At the next instant, he saw Astrée in the hands of a man who had for the moment lost the power of wise reasoning. The woman was imperilled by a terrible death.

Summoning all his energies into two strong arms, and swift as thought, Vian seized the frightened creature, who was blindly trusting to the arms of Ami, and tore her from her lover and from danger. In a breath the horse was away; the knight, who himself had escaped death only by good fortune, yet lay in the dust-covered path of the beast; and Astrée, lovely as a silent dream, was still in a faint, held within the gentle but strong arms of the monk.

"Villain!" cried Ami, as he staggeringly approached with his dagger quivering before him. "A monk! a false monk you are!"

"Lying knight and wretch! Are you thankless to me for saving the life of this fair creature —"

"This creature you have befouled! Nay, nothing could befoul her white soul. But I challenge you!" growled the angry courtier, as he caught Astrée from the grasp of her protector.

"I *am* a monk!" — Vian really wished he had never tried to be anything else, — "I am a monk and a gentleman, a Pythagorean also, a servant of my Lord Cardinal and the king, and I must forbear to speak to you now. I shall henceforth refuse to act with you in this business of our sovereigns. Farewell, excellent lady!"

Vian mounted his horse, rode away, and was soon exchanging civilities with Bourbon, the Constable of France,

in the valley of Ardres. As he looked upon the sword of State borne by Bourbon, and into the face of the Grand Écuyer, Vian's mind often wandered to Ami. He never had hated a monk in Glastonbury as he hated that passionate jealousy which he now saw was almost a madness. What would become of Astrée? Would she ever know what had happened?

While he had been rescuing the beautiful woman from what otherwise would have been certain death, the monarchs had, after a brief pause and a gorgeous display, rushed into each other's arms, amid the acclamations of the throngs, who knew and cared nothing for Ami's agony. Three times did the kings embrace. Arm-in-arm they had walked toward the pavilion.

Vian could hardly understand how he had escaped noticing what on all sides was held to be a scene unsurpassed. But he remembered that there had been a mighty rush of interior currents as the three — Ami, Astrée, and himself — stood alone on that chosen spot, meaning to behold a spectacle, and instead finding one of life's most significant milestones.

"Only my Lord Cardinal and Admiral Bonnivet entered the pavilion with their masters," said one of the constables to Vian, who with drawn sword in company with another was keeping ward at the salute.

"*Bons amis!*" "*French and English!*" shouted the officers of both armies, who now had broken ranks, and lost in each other's dominions, with pipes and clarions and waving pennons were attempting to create again to sight and hearing a mighty expression of that somewhat recently born affection which France and England now enjoyed. Two persons, who had been waiting through laborious weeks for this hour, in order that they might then fitly utter the deeper feelings of friendship along with the more superficial emotions connected with these pageants, did not care even to see each other

now. These were the knight and the monk, — Ami and Vian.

On Monday, the 11th, Vian and Ami, without an utterance one to the other, saw the tournament which on Friday and Saturday the former had prepared, enter upon its glorious career. There had been some difficulty as to which shield should hang above the other; but it was settled, not by the French Constable and Dorset, who were chosen, but by bluff Harry himself, that they should be hung equally high, — the French King's on the right and his own on the left. When Ami presented the pennon of Francis as a raspberry, Vian suspended upon the hawthorn-tree, which was chosen as Henry's, the tree of nobility, the shield of the King of England. Once their eyes met; and Ami's eyes were directed, by a powerful glance from the monk, to the palace of Henry VIII., in front of which Ami read the words: "He whom I favor, wins."

Francis I. had dined on Sunday with the English Queen at Guisnes, as had Henry VIII. with Queen Claude at Ardres. In the course of the conversation each monarch, seeking to avoid unpleasant themes, such as Charles V. and the Reformers, had found himself chatting about so inconsiderable a person as the monk Vian, and his valor of the day preceding in saving Astrée. Astrée's life, it was understood at both courts, Vian had preserved.

"And he is a scholar of wondrous gifts," said Katherine of Arragon.

"I trust he does not consort with such scholars as those who infest France at this hour," remarked the king, who never failed to remember that Henry's queen was the aunt of Charles V., and therefore could have no love for what might lead to heresy.

"He has been befriended by Erasmus himself; and the wonder grows when we behold his learned pages on



matters ecclesiastical. I doubt not he would have been Abbot of Glastonbury had he not come to serve our Lord Cardinal Wolsey," pursued the queen.

"Is it he? I think now it *is* he of whom Erasmus himself has written to us." And Francis I. remembered then that a prudent silence might be most valuable, for he had already considered the plan of securing young scholars which Erasmus himself had suggested; and this involved a hint of Vian's becoming at some time professor in the College Royal.

Three years before, Budé had offered Erasmus a place, in the name of the king; and the elder scholar had bade Budé look out for Vian. This the Sorbonne and, above all, Duprat could not for a moment approve.

Later on in that Sunday afternoon, at Guisnes, Vian had been received by the Sovereign of France; the French monarch found, before an hour had elapsed, that his prejudices against Englishmen had passed away in the presence of the Benedictine.

"I could love every Englishman, if they were all so refined as he," said the French King.

With delicate reserve did the monk speak of the king's friend, Ami, — his acquirements, his brilliant abilities, his knightly bearing, his theories of life, his loyalty to his sovereign. In vain did even Francis I. seek to extort from Vian a syllable which reflected upon Ami's temper or his love.

"His devotion to the beautiful lady is more ardent than the love of kings," remarked Wolsey's lieutenant.

Francis I. smiled at this somewhat audacious sally, and resumed the conversation, which included such topics as the English monasteries, Thomas More, Erasmus, and "the new learning." The evening at length came, and the King of France took his leave of the Queen of England. He did not leave, however, until he had promised himself the pleasure of seeing Vian again.

"A most engaging monk is Vian," he said to Queen Katherine.

Over at Ardres, Henry VIII. had been seated for long hours with the Queen Claude, and the most admiring of Ami's friends at court, — the Duchesse d'Alençon. Henry had often heard of her accomplishments, and that Francis I. called her "Marguerite of Marguerites;" and soon after his arrival, he wondered not that Marot enjoyed reading poems to her, or that the king loved his sister as tenderly as his phrase implied.

"Your royal brother has a most chivalrous and learned friend in the knight Ami," said Henry, who had heard of Ami through both Vian and Wolsey, when they had talked over the preparations.

"And the knight tells us," replied the duchesse, "that your court is adorned by at least one of the most able of young monks, — the Benedictine friar, Vian."

It never had struck the King before how little of the friar was in Vian.

Everything at the court of Queen Claude that day was magnificent. Why should not Henry himself talk now in a stream of exaggerated luxuriance? His court must at least equal that of his cousin in scholarship; for he knew himself to be more learned than the Sovereign of France. He had beheld on that afternoon the queen clad in gold frieze, Mme. de Vendôme clothed in satin and gems, the incomparable Duchesse d'Alençon arrayed in velvet and rubies. He himself sat easily, with his wide collar heavy with the art of the lapidary and goldsmith. He had leisurely admired the exhibit of female loveliness which flitted through the extemporized house. Why should he not speak in magnificent eulogy of the brightest young monk in England?

"The most learned among the most loving, the most loving among the most learned," said Henry, drawing a long breath into his burly body. "He is already the

companion of Erasmus and the friend of Thomas More. He has the greatest variety of powers. Glastonbury Abbey had no peer for him. Hampton Court and Whitehall have never seen his equal in expedients of policy or knowledge. He was solitary among monks whose whole life was given to books. He knows manuscripts; and he writes odes which are more beautiful than those of the ancients."

"Is he a poet such as Master Clement Marot?" inquired the pretty Marguerite, who, as Duchesse d'Alençon, had not forgotten the love-songs which Marot had taught her.

"A poet in truth! Would that you might hear his melodious voice in his own lines! A musician as well is this Vian. 'Tis he who made the choir at Glastonbury one sacred harmony with his own singing. He has mastered musical instruments. He brought us the harp at Greenwich, the lute, and the cithern; and sweet, indeed, are the songs which he sings while he plays upon these."

The musical soul of Marguerite was all attention; and she promised herself, on the instant, that she would break down Ami's influence with Francis the king, and that in spite of the jealous hate which the knight bore to the monk, and which he had confessed to the duchesse, Vian of Glastonbury should recite his verses and sing his songs at Ardres.

As Henry VIII. rode away at five o'clock, displaying his skill as a horseman in curvetings and other exhibitions of grace and mastery, Ami Perrin, who had overheard all this praise of Vian, was burning with jealous hate, and resolving that if his love or power could prevent it, the monk should never come to Ardres.

"Astrée, you said once, 'I fear a monk,'" said Ami inquiringly, when he found her alone.

"And I should not be alive to tell you again, if it

had not been for a monk," answered she, as she sought in vain to kiss the lips which then burned with curses.

There is no such apparently evil world as is this, to an unreasonably jealous heart. The assertion of all others that it might be foolish made Ami more earnest that he should make his hate more reasonable to himself. Every one who knew the monk Vian knew how foolish was Ami's jealousy.

"He is a Pythagorean," said the Duchesse d'Alençon, who, as Marguerite de Valois, with Nouvisset had dabbled a little in Greek philosophy, "and it is impossible that he really loves any woman. Women to Pythagoreans are only evil men, who have been born again on a lower plane. Besides, he is a monk. He is under a vow."

"That fact would not make me less certain of his infernal plot to hold Astrée in his arms," said Ami, as savagely as he dare say anything to the king's sister. And then, as he thought of it, — the apparent longing with which Vian at first looked into her eyes, the swift and measured praise which came from his lips at the moment when he met her, the crafty words which Vian spoke about the king's eyes which put them into agreement, above all, the seizing and tearing her out of his own arms, — he could feel his grasp loosening yet, as again he could also see the rushing horse, — oh, it was all too much !

"The detestable monk really loves her, and I will have revenge upon him," said Ami, as he strode away.

Everything fanned the flame. Not an hour passed that some one did not congratulate the lover that Astrée had been saved from death.

"And who and what is the monk Vian?" inquired these bearers of congratulatory tidings, with unconscious pertinacity.

Every one praised the courageous alertness of the

monk ; and some even criticised Ami by asking, "Where was the knight at the time?"

"This implied censure I will not endure," said he to Astrée. "I was trying to save you."

Tears came into Ami's eyes, but they were soon gone into the flame on his cheek. In all this difficulty with Vian and his own soul, Ami had not the smallest thought of objecting to anything which Astrée — his "star," as he kept calling her through these hours of gloom — had felt or said or done. True, after consciousness had come, she did inquire gratefully about Vian, and even asked if he was harmed ; but Ami was not made so ignoble by his jealousy as to censure her.

She had made him forget everything but her loveliness and nobility, when she said : "I know you did all that a lover and a knight could do. Vian the monk happened to be on the spot where was safety ; but he did not know it until afterward. Your place was the place of danger ; no one of us knew it until afterward. If you had been in the place of the monk, you would have saved me."

It seemed so infinitely true to Astrée's soul. He never discovered that the fires of his passion lit up the trifling possibility of the contrary supposition being true into a very Sinai of truth itself. The light, however, permitted the casting of some awful shadows.





## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### AN UNHORSED KNIGHT.

Oh, wad ye tak a thought and mend !

BURNS.

EVERYTHING appeared to go against Ami for the next forty-eight hours. Even the grounds chosen for the lists, which were three hundred yards long and more than one hundred yards in width, seemed a poor selection. The tapestry hangings for the enclosing galleries were unaccountably dull.

"Those chambers, — they were carefully glazed for the queens, — how ill-placed they are !" said he to Astrée. "The foss is too shallow to keep the crowd back."

Alas, Ami, nothing goes well to a sick heart !

"Blunderers, all of them !" And he pointed toward the twelve English and twelve French archers guarding the entrances. He was convinced that even the cloth of gold which served for the trunk and old leaves, and the green silk which had been made into the living foliage, and even the silver and Venetian gold which fancy was expected to transform into flowers and fruits upon the tree of Francis I., under whose immense branches the heralds stood on a huge damask mound, constituted only a vulgar and uncomely pretence. Indeed, everything save Astrée was a lie to Ami.

Men are driven to truth oftentimes by experience with being untrue to themselves.

"The king appears in bad condition," complained he.

It was true. The monarchs, each supported by eighteen aids, had held the lists against all comers; but the swords which Henry easily wielded were too heavy for the arms of Francis. Ami was in a rage when his own sovereign essayed in vain to sweep a huge blade about his royal head.

"Astrée," said he, "my king has been a baby, with his mother and Duprat as his guardians. Look you! I love him. They are spurring their chargers now. On my soul, how well he rides! Bayard himself made him a knight. Ah! the lance of Henry couches low. See, Astrée! The shock from Henry will be too great; powerful was that thrust! Oh, I shall not permit my sovereign's saddle to be emptied like that, — not I, Astrée —"

Ami leaped from her. Soon the knight held a lance. Before many minutes had gone, Ami had triumphed. First, and indeed solitary among the French, did he unhorse the splendid Duke of Suffolk, Charles Brandon, who had divided honors with Henry VIII. at the tournament.

Astrée was aglow with proud excitement. Every lady in jewels, every emblazoned man, did her honor. Ami's chivalry was the one theme. But, alas! the mind of a jealous man is not to be bewildered even by his successes. With fatal agony it is predetermined to one object of contemplation.

"I wish," said the knight, "it had been the despicable monk. I had even run him through, as he lay there in the dust."

Astrée could not restrain herself. For Ami's sake she would speak. "Is that of the new knighthood? Ami, he who keeps my love must be a true knight."

Francis I., beloved of Ami, friend and king, came close to him who at that moment was the pride of France.

"Would that Chevalier Bayard had seen it!" The king's eyes were congratulations. "Ah! would that Nouvisset, Francesco, and Admiral Andrea Doria were here! But Astrée" — and the languishing eyes of the monarch became intense with interest — "Astrée is here. I would have you dine with my sister, Duchesse d'Alençon, and my queen. Astrée, you will come with your knight! Farewell!"

"Sire," asked Ami, "will any from the camp of Henry of England be with us?"

"Ami, beloved and faithful," replied his Majesty, with hesitation, "only at our desire or at our command. Farewell!"

What could this mean? "Desire" and "Command," — two realms overruled by two sceptres. Under which was Vian? Was he under either? Would Vian grace or disgrace that occasion? Would he be present? All these questions occupied Ami's mind, to the exclusion even of Astrée's grateful enjoyment at such an hour.

Ami had the right to make such queries his own. Louise of Savoy, as we know, was sure that Vian — a Benedictine monk — would more strongly attach Ami to the Holy Church.

Besides this, the King of France now believed that in meeting Vian he had met the most fascinating man in England. His complete self-mastery, his far-sighted conceptions of human progress, his admirable temper, his various accomplishments, his exquisite taste — all of them finding easy expression upon his lips or in graceful action — had charmed and captivated the French King.

"Is it he? It *is* he," said the king to Louise of Savoy. "It is Vian, of whom Erasmus told us."

"He surpasses Marot in rhymes, and the lute-players of Florence in music," said the graceful Marguerite.

"And a monk, — a Benedictine?" carefully asked the shrewd Louise of Savoy.



"Yes ; without a peril in his soul for a woman or a man. Indeed, he is a Pythagorean," said the enthusiastic Duchesse d'Alençon.

Louise of Savoy knew nothing of Pythagoras ; but she had abounding confidence in Marguerite and in her use of this new name. Somehow she obtained the impression that no court-rumor of an unpleasant nature would be possible on Vian's account, because he was a Pythagorean ; that was sufficient.

"Vian is a scholar," said Francis I. "My court must concern itself with ideas, as Ami has urged. Vian — if only my cousin Henry will yield him to France — may supplant the heretics who endanger everything by their advance, and the worn-out reactionaries who imperil everything by their retreat. The true scholar must be a soldier of another sort than these."

The king had a dim vision of what France needed. He entertained the notion that Vian might do for France what he thought More, Linacre, Grocyn, and perhaps Colet were doing for England. The lines of power were about to pass out of Ami's hands.

An hour had passed, and the Duchesse d'Alençon had rehearsed it all — the plans, the hopes, the accomplished facts — to Astrée. Never did Ami feel so surely that Astrée, his love, did not desire to see the young monk again, as when she brought the whole story to him.

It had been a busy morning with both Ami and Vian. Nothing, however, had made it easy or possible for either to utter a word to the other. Francis I. had long ago, in the progress of these ceremonies, broken down all suspicion, and made the intimacy of the two monarchs appear to be a stable fact for future policies, by going with only four companions to the very apartments of Henry VIII., and having entered the chamber of the English King alone, by saying in great glee, "Here, you

see, I am your prisoner." A hearty friendship had sprung up between the two camps. And now the unrestrained hospitalities of this unique occasion were to be fitly concluded. The monk Vian had charge of the chapel; the knight Ami promised Bonnivet to arrange the banquet.

"But," said Ami, "on one condition."

"On any condition, faithful knight!" replied the admiral.

"I shall not dine with Wolsey's monkish servant,—that brazen and hateful Vian."

"The banquet you may prepare. I will beg the King of France that any dinner which would bring Vian hither be dismissed from his thoughts."

Vian had made the chapel for the morning of the 24th a shining witness to his own industry and intelligence, and a fascinating testimonial to the richness of the now concluding pageant. Cardinal Wolsey, attired in proper robes, sang solemn Mass. His voice had the ring of conscious triumph, as its echoes passed above the altar and the reliquaries, and died away against the two canopies of cloth of gold hanging at the side. Legates of England vied with bishops and cardinals of France to make the scene illustrious in ecclesiastical personages. Courtesies, so like flowers on thornless but dead stalks, appeared at every juncture. Even the Gospels the French King refused to kiss, as the book was borne in the hands of Constable de Bourbon, until it had first been offered to the King of England. The queens enacted the same courtesy, when at the "Agnus Dei" the "Pax" was presented. These excellent ladies kissed each other, to settle the controversy.

Pace preached in Latin on the blessings of peace, and then sprang into the sky a monstrous achievement of pyrotechnics. Throngs beheld with awe a huge salaman-

der, spouting fire and traversing the sky toward Guisnes. It occupied the mind of the crowd at the celebration of Mass, which occurred immediately after its appearance. It was the last flash of a huge dream.

The banquet came. Kings and legates forgot to be temperate ; knights and monks forgot to quarrel. The great fountains of wine gushed once more, sending their red streams up into the golden daytime ; and then the splendid picture faded. The red cheek of Ami and the determined eye of Vian, each reflecting the suggestion contained in the other, remained the unsuspected and doubtless unseen testimonials that something had occurred on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" which would influence human history.

END OF VOL. I.



# MONK AND KNIGHT

VOLUME II.





# MONK AND KNIGHT.

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## CHAPTER I.

### TWO LETTERS.

“And whoso knoweth God indeed,  
The fixed foundations of his creed  
Know neither changing nor decay,  
Though all creation pass away.”

THE mountain torrents near La Torre were singing songs of spring ; but the sweet voice of Alke was never more sad than when she called the little herd of goats and looked upon them as one by one on that morning in May, 1521, she saw them bound over the streamlet and come close to her very feet. A severe winter had just yielded to oncoming summer, and the spring-time appeared to be only a battle-ground on which now the glowing fires of an advancing June burned away the frigid chains of December, and then the chains grew more cold and solid, only reflecting the ineffectual light which struggled through frost and damp.

“It is somewhat like the life of humanity,” said the maiden, as she drew about her shivering shoulders a coarse covering. “The patches of snow are like the

drifts of ignorance and wrong which do not melt under the light of truth. Ah me ! does the glacier grow from year to year? I never have seen snow upon these pastures in May until this day."

She looked up into the light, — irradiated, almost transfigured, — and mused again : "There is more light than warmth here." She seemed to feel the air with its contesting energies.

"That is the trouble with Master Erasmus. He is full of light, — light which illuminates every crag of ice, light which penetrates every cloud of gloom, — but he warms not ; he will not melt the ice-bands. He is afraid of the avalanche. A great man afraid of the consequences of great actions, alas, how little he is !" and Alke took from her bosom a letter, which she read : —

#### ERASMUS to GASPAR PERRIN:

As to Luther, of whom you write so admiringly, I must say to you what I have said to the Most Blessed Father Leo X. I have no acquaintance with Luther, nor have I ever read his books, except perhaps ten or twelve pages, and that only by snatches. From what I then saw, I judged him to be well qualified for expounding the Scriptures in an age like this, which is so excessively given to mere subtleties to the neglect of really important questions. Accordingly I have favored Christ's glory in him. I was among the first to foresee the danger there was of this matter ending in violence, and no one ever hated violence more than I do. Indeed I even went so far as to threaten John Froben the printer, to prevent him printing his books. I wrote frequently and industriously to my friends, begging that they would admonish this man to observe Christian meekness in his writings, and do nothing to disturb the peace of the Church. And when he himself wrote to me two years ago, I lovingly admonished him what I wished him to avoid, and I would he had followed my advice. You have doubtless heard from Luther himself. Let me recite to you what I wrote him : " You have friends in England, and among them men of the greatest eminence, who think most highly of your writings. Even here



there are some who favor you, and one of these is a man of distinction. For myself I am keeping such powers as I have to help the cause of the revival of letters. And more I think is gained by politeness and moderation than by violence. It was thus that Christ won the world to obedience to His authority. It was thus that Paul abrogated the Jewish law, putting an allegorical interpretation on its enactments. It is more expedient to declaim against those who abuse the Pope's authority than against the Popes themselves; and the same thing may be said of kings. Instead of holding the universe in contempt, we ought rather to endeavor to recall them to more sober studies; and regarding opinions which are too generally received to be rooted all at once from people's minds, it is better to reason upon them with close and convincing arguments than to deal in dogmatic assertions."

But I am more interested in the manuscript of which we talked so long since. I should like to see the little child whom I never could forget. If she reads some Greek, she must have found out much concerning the coins which I left with her. It appears too much to expect that those tiny fingers which grasped the coins should succeed in copying for me such a priceless manuscript. I shall think much of the writer as well as of the copy. Be sure that after this noisy quarrel of religion is passed by, we shall be rid of being called heretics, and nothing will be more valuable to me or the scholars than such a gift as your beloved daughter has proposed for me.

Half in anger, she folded it with graceless force, and was about to place it within her bosom again, when she paused.

"That is cold, cold light, if it is light at all. Ah! it is not so illumining as much that Erasmus did say, when he feared not the effects of the fires which make the light. A letter like that near my heart? No! it will make it yet more cold. Would that I could burn with a divine passion until the world should be inflamed! Poor daughter of a shepherd and peasant, a great life is not for me! I can only get manuscripts from disguised novices."

She was attracted by a footstep ; then she saw her father approaching.

For the first time in many months, Gaspar Perrin was able to walk so far. Sickness, which had attacked him nearly a year before, had wasted his strong frame. But feeling now the inflow of strength from the lucent air, he had walked laboriously on, until he had made his way to the spot where his daughter stood ; and breathing heavily, he stopped, leaned forward for an instant on his cane, as he said to the child whom he adored, —

“ My dear one, you are not thinking about the goats, yet I do not blame you. That is the letter of Erasmus in your hand. One of the kids has fallen into the stream. It matters not, if things are going well with your mind ; ” and he commanded, as she suddenly started toward the stream, “ Alke, stay, child ! ”

Alke had entirely forgotten her task. Practical as she was, the severe commandments of what was and is called the impractical were upon her soul.

Is not the ideal, in whose presence what we call the practical must often be lost, a higher, broader sort of the practical ?

At all events, this maiden had devoted one kid to the most practical problem of the Europe of her day ; but the loss of that kid, so much like the many losses she had known, only made vivid the thought of her own life, with which she was struggling when Gaspar came near. The letter of Erasmus had come into her soul, like a great stone hurled into a placid pool ; and the splashings had now gradually come to be a series of circles which were acquiring such order, as they broke one into the other, that out of it all she had fancied there might come a newly mirrored sky.

What was practical for Alke ? Only the ideal.

Everybody loved her, because she was like an angel in that kind of saintliness which seems very distant to

commonplace souls ; everybody loved her quite as profoundly because she could do with so much more grace and gratefulness what everybody else in that community had to do, whether awkwardly and drudgingly or otherwise. Her sky was never so far above her earth that it did not communicate itself in starlight, sunlight, dewfall, and blue ; and yet sometimes her earth never seemed as unsacred as when she looked away from it into the sky. Life, and not thought, solves this problem for every Alke ; but she was then trying to think it out.

“ No one,” said the pale and weary father, whose strength rallied as he spoke to her, — “ no one can sympathize with you as I do. You have in your soul the whole of this vast transformation which I feel is coming over all lands and peoples. Poor little girl, with an entire revolution in your bosom ! ” Gaspar’s utterance was choked as they walked on together, — father and child.

He proceeded : “ I have taught you, in this straitened life which you have had to live, the ideas which made Athens glorious and Rome imperial. They have come into your mind along with those sentiments which the monks could not kill, — the sentiments which made the Holy City of Jerusalem. Your life has been placed in a narrow vale, like a little field of rich ground ; and now these rapid streams flow down from the ages upon it. Oh, my daughter, beloved ! shall they entirely sweep the field away in their rush toward the sea, which even now they seem to have scented as no longer afar off, toward which they roll like wide rivers which have been long delayed ? ”

They were standing silently looking into each other’s souls, through eyes glistening with tears. The goats were browsing among the flowers that had risen up to greet the sunshine, which lingered at the foot of a vast, snow-covered, frozen sea, whose gigantic edge dripped in tinkling drops into the mirror-like basin which held the

mountain shadows. Alke felt it all, — the fine significance of her father's sayings, and the infinite meaning of the humblest life.

Latin and Greek, Cicero and Plato, had come to her as to no other woman in the mountains. Perhaps not a half hundred men in all Southern Europe had so filled their souls at classic fountains. But she had something else which these never gave her. She had the intellectual outlook belonging to Christian culture. Her deep religious spirit had never allowed her to long for the return of Europe to the pagan times. Christianity without any crushing tyranny, religion without decaying formularies, Christ without interposed barriers, had made her thoroughly Christian. Greece and Rome had given to her soul a vision of the intellectual possibilities of humanity, which lost none of its brilliant hopefulness when she saw it all in the presence of the Christ. Never had she felt so surely that the next word for the world was *reform*, as when she read the letter of Erasmus, and saw his willingness to be content with merely intellectual changes rather than have the world suffer a revolution, — never since the hour in which her father had told her of the report which some of the brethren had brought back from Florence of Savonarola, who had allowed nothing of the splendor of the Renaissance at Lorenzo's palace to bewilder his moral eyesight.

But what could she do?

She had not forgotten her father's words as she begged him to go homeward and rest. As he turned to look upon her before the mountain should hide her from his gaze, his eyes saw not for tears.

"Poor girl!" he said, with a sigh which bore a hope. "But she has spoken the truth. Master Erasmus has more interest in the manuscript of Virgil than in the reform of the Church, unless it can come peaceably. This cold world" — and the thin hand of Gaspar grasped

his walking-stick more tightly as he faltered upon the ice, — “ah, methinks this frozen world must have more light, but light with heat in it!”

Again he looked back. As Alke stood there, thinking of the huge movement which had already begun to make the proudest crowns tremble and the oldest institutions rock uneasily, she unconsciously made a suggestive picture. From the mighty glacier which ran backward amid the mountains for countless leagues, and which at any moment might desolate countless other leagues before it, there came a sharp report like the crack of doom. She looked upward to God through the murky sky which darkened the gray desolation of the crags; then she reached down and plucked a tender *Lychnis* flower which had been watered at the dripping edge of this awful sea of ice and snow. It was the picture of but one human career, with a power vast as that measureless glacier threatening to engulf it, while from the cold white breast its blooming life was inspired.

The Waldensian had but reached his cottage when two of the younger men of the fraternity, Gerard Pastre and Louis Savan, came up to the doorway, at whose approach Alke had with her own hands prepared, even in sight of the snow, a little garden-plot.

“Oh!” said Gaspar, “if my child had the sunshine which breaks from your faces, my brothers, this cold soil would grow food and blossoms at once.”

“Do you think either of us looks as happy as we feel?” inquired Louis Savan, as he entered the home to which so often in Gaspar’s time of sickness the councillors of the fraternity had come with news from the Reformers in Germany or Switzerland.

“You have come with thunder-clouds and winter on your faces so often,” said the delighted peasant, as he drew near and searched the faces with renewed satisfaction, “that I look for the seeds in the pot yonder

to break, and the trees outside to bloom at once if you looked upon them to-day. Where have you been with yourself, Gerard?"

As Gaspar addressed him, the young mountaineer, who had been in confidential relations with the Barbé, and had been the bearer of letters to and from the Reforming party in Germany, revealed his sense of special responsibility in his erect form; and as his lips parted, his very eye held within it the memory of a battle-field which, as it appeared, he had just left somewhere behind him.

"Here," said Gerard Pastre, "is a letter to you from God's noblest son, Martin Luther."

The hands which gave trembled quite as much as did the hands which received.

"And you saw him?" said Gaspar, with the emotions of a hero-worshipper struggling in his voice.

"Yes," answered Louis Savan, feeling glad to be able to contribute even second-hand items to the conversation, "he saw him, and he has come to tell us all about it; but our time is short. We must find our beloved Barbé. You may read the letter at your leisure. Much has happened since it was written. God bringeth forth nations in a day. Only a few of such days after the writing of the letter in your hand, and this same Martin Luther was at Worms; and long before that Gerard Pastre —"

"I was with Luther from the hour in which he received the summons from the emperor," said Gerard, who knew of the tremor in the soul of Louis Savan.

Gaspar was all attention. He could hear from the warm-hearted Luther at last! Erasmus was light, revealing the tinder and the need of its being burned up; Luther — so did Gaspar believe — was both light and fire. He saw in the flame within Gerard Pastre's eye, that that fire had communicated itself to at least one soul; there was a conflagration ahead. Oh, how cold

seemed the letter of Erasmus, as, half afraid to speak, Gaspar thought of it, and the maiden down yonder at the foot of the glacier.

"I must have my daughter?" he averred in inquiring tones.

"Alke!" said both Gerard and Louis Savan. "Yes, truly."

"She must hear your story," said the father, fond, proud, and true. "She is down by the torrent with the goats. She must hear it all, — beloved one she is! I can walk the distance again;" and he rose only to sink back into the high-backed oaken chair, worn out by his illness, and exhausted in his felicity and hope.

As soon as Gaspar had revived, Louis Savan left the cottage, and hurried toward the glacier's edge to fetch the daughter to a cottage whose roof then seemed not far from the illimitable sky beyond.

Luther! — what a theme of conversation, what a star of hope, what a sword of triumph had that name been for months to the Waldensian household!

"I will read the letter to you now. They will come presently, and Alke may read it again for herself," said Gerard, anxious to behold the joy it was sure to give to the sick man.

"She knows the writing of the fiery Martin. Let us be thankful for fire as well as for light," added Gaspar. "Let me hear it."

#### TO GASPAR PERRIN:

I am on my way to Charles V., Emperor. A safe conduct has been promised me, by request of God's servant, Frederick. I have no confidence in princes; for I remember the promises made to John Hus of Constance. But we journey onward. The imperial herald, who rides before us, often looks backward; and the Devil is in his eye. I cannot decline to go, for I believe God; and I believe, also, that this thing resolutely done will be for His glory.

I thank your minister for sending Gerard Pastre to me, with good news of your faith and good works. God will reward His saints. I am now out of sight of the loved towers of Wittenberg. Melancthon has promised me to stand by the truth. I am not out of sight of God Almighty; and He has promised protection and succor. Erasmus, whom you have ceased to follow, loses credit with me every day. Two years since, he wrote me exhorting quietude. God's cause cannot pause for his good taste. Friends can do much for my comfort. Gerard Pastre is a solace and a continual joy unto me. But it may be that he will have to leave me at Leipsic. I know not what may happen. God will not leave me. I write this to you, my faithful friend, feeling that if I die on my way to Charles V., you may know that I was killed on my way to heaven. Murderers can only hasten my appearance, by the sacrifice of His Son, at His throne.

In love of Christ,

MARTIN LUTHER.







## CHAPTER II.

### GERARD'S ACCOUNT OF WORMS.

"So lay the world. So lie the frozen fields  
Before the dawning of the Arctic day,  
Sick for the sunshine, loathing wearily  
The cold, illusive gleam of fitful lights  
That toy with darkness ; then up leaps the sun,  
And routs those mocking lights, and changes all."

AS Gaspar touched the precious manuscript, — more precious to his soul than that manuscript of Virgil, — Alke, radiant and beautiful as a morning cloud, came to the side of her father. Saluting Gerard Pastre as she kissed the tears out of Gaspar's hollow cheeks, she said, —

"I know it, I know it all, — all but the story of the Diet at Worms. Tell me !"

The great, deep, expectant eyes, reflecting the struggle of storm and sunlight, looked up into those of Gerard Pastre as he spoke. Gerard's long fingers were often pushed through masses of almost yellow hair, and his feet moved as though he were repeating the long march from Wittenberg to Worms. The suit he wore was stained and weather-worn. His heavy boots contrasted with the less coarse foot-wear with which he had usually been seen in La Torre, as the rivers of Germany with the silvery splendor of the Pelice. His voice seemed more mascu-

line, and his great hands clinched whatever came in their way, as he proceeded with his story.

Every step was described. The rough but intelligent mountaineer was eloquent in his description. Now and then the clear blue eyes glistened, and the strong utterance faltered a little; and at the last no one had a tearless eye, as they found themselves standing breathless, each with attention riveted on the speaker, while his stalwart body looked like one of their own mountains smitten with thunderbolts yet defying the artillery of the skies; and concluding his tale, he placed one foot, as it seemed, upon the eternal truth; the other advanced into what appeared to be the certain future, and cried out, until the hills gave echo, —

“I cannot and I will not retract. Here I stand. I can do no other. May God help me!” So Luther had spoken.

Everything about him seemed interesting; and each word concerning Martin Luther was an invaluable line that helped to complete the picture which each had made of the young Reformer.

“He is the fire,” said Gaspar, as his swift-footed mind flitted along the route which had just been described to them as Luther’s path to the Diet of Worms, — “Martin Luther is the fire, and woe to whatever may be consumed in its flame!”

Louis Savan was a little inclined to be captious, even though his soul was entranced with the scene which Gerard had briefly recited to them. Fastidious and careful of proprieties, he had always urged his fellow-Waldensians to avoid violence. Luther was a trifle coarse in the picture which had just been made in his mind. He ventured to say to Gerard, —

“Did you not deem his sayings rough?”

“As rough as a battle-axe in the hand of a single unprotected follower of Christ, when every friend of the

Devil, from the emperor to the theologian, was thirsting for his blood," said Gerard Pastre. "He never looked so godlike as when he sent a message saying to his absent friend: 'Christ lives, and I will go to Worms to brave the gates of hell and the powers of the air.'"

"And he never faltered?" inquired Alke, as she stopped cutting the loaf of acorn-bread which she was preparing for the hungry visitors.

"Never! Spalatin urged him to decline entering Worms. He told him of the peril; and Martin said only this: 'To Worms I was called, and to Worms I must go. And were there as many devils there as there are tiles upon the roofs, yet would I enter that city!'"

Louis Savan, a little anxious for the dignitaries, inquired again: "Did he respect those rulers whose power is always, as you know, from above?"

"And you a follower of Christ, whom the rulers of His time put to death! Ah, Louis Savan! Seckingen asked him to come to his castle at Ebernburg to do all and to answer all, through the confessor of the emperor. Luther replied: 'Not to Ebernburg, but to Worms have I been summoned. If the imperial confessor have aught to say to me, let him seek me there.'"

"Is not that enough for you, Louis?" asked Gaspar, with a smile.

"Nay," answered Louis; "I would convert unto us, rather than repel, even kings."

"Our cause is with men who think, and kings are usually ignorant," ventured Alke.

"The youth, the thought, the hope of the world are ours," added Gerard, as with his half-swallowed mouthful of bread he took some goat's milk, and proceeded dramatically: "Students shouted for him at Weimar, as old Leipsic and Nuremberg had greeted him. Forty horsemen came with Jonas Hessus and Crotus to take

him to his old convent at Erfurt, where the prior welcomed him."

"But I want to feel that he has a heart as well as a head," urged Louis.

"Ah, Louis Savan! you would have wept full plentifully had you seen him, as I did, at Eisenach. His memory unsealed his heart. There his tears flowed in memory of the loved Cotta, and his great heart spoke tenderly."

"There is fire in that kind of light," interposed Gaspar, who was now lying on the couch near the window, looking out on the snow-clad heights, looking also into the future.

Louis Savan was not a conservative, if by that is meant a reactionary. He was only one of those persons whose minds never see truth unaccompanied with good society or unadorned with good taste without becoming just a little offended, either at the truth for appearing so unattended, or at the people and circumstances whose absence seems so unfortunate.

Gerard Pastre, on the contrary, like Gaspar, was a radical. He was never quite so sure that a proposition had truth in it as when everybody but the untitled had pounced upon it. He therefore took no little pleasure in saying to the listeners, — each of whom he knew to be right on the main question, —

"Even the barons seem to be with him. As Martin passed up the hall, a gauntlet touched his shoulder. Luther looked up into the face of a great fellow who was covered with steel. 'Pluck up thy spirit, little monk!' said the baron. 'Some of us here have seen warm work in our time; but by my troth, nor I nor any knight in this company ever needed a stouter heart than thou needest at this time. If thou hast faith in these doctrines of thine, little monk, go on, in the name of God!'"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Gaspar, whose weakness made his humor more impressive.

“Did he appear *little*?” asked Alke.

“Nay,” answered Gerard, who stood over six feet at that moment; “though he seemed little enough, often, as I walked by his side. But he was big enough when he replied to the baron and said, ‘Yes, in the name of God, in the name of God, forward!’ He seemed little enough when yonder,” — and Gerard pointed toward an old cupboard, which looked very little like a king’s seat, — “yonder sat the emperor; around him were knights and nobles without number. Closer still to the imperial Charles V. were archbishops and ministers of State; at his right and left hand were princes of the empire. Martin looked little enough when he went up between the richly ornamented ranks. He had only a coarse, brown frock with which to outdazzle the gleaming armor. I tell you, Louis Savan, you would have been ashamed of his clothes. There he was, ‘little’ enough, you must believe, — the son of a poor miner before a sovereign who rules half of this world; but he was big enough when he said to me, who was a little worried: ‘Gerard Pastre, I stand for what all your Waldensian fathers have believed and preached. God is with me. Fear not!’”

“Ah,” said Louis Savan, “then even you winced a little. Ah, Gerard!”

“Why,” said Gerard, “I was afterward ashamed. The corrupt Church may always excel us in that kind of appearances. He was always majestic at majestic moments, and oftentimes he made the moment itself majestic. Everybody’s eyes were on him. As we went through the city gate, I could hear them say, ‘That is Luther, — that monk in the brown frock!’ The court fool tried to be sarcastic, and waving his torch and crucifix, cried out, ‘Ecce advenit quem expectamus in tenebris.’ Alke, you know what it means?”

“Yes,” said the maiden; “‘Behold he comes whom in the darkness we have expected.’”

"Well," continued Gerard, "in every hour like that he was sublime. Crowds did not bewilder him, though the house-tops were filled. I saw him once silent, and methought tears were on his cheek, when an old soldier laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said: 'Poor monk, poor monk! thou art now going to make a nobler stand than I, or any other captain, has ever made on the bloodiest field. But if thy cause is just and thou art sure of it, go forward, in God's name, and fear nothing! God will not forsake thee.'"

"Nor will God forsake him, so long as he walks in that path," said Gaspar, wisely shaking his head in earnest affirmation.

Louis Savan was annoyingly silent. Alke busied herself at domestic duties, turning her fond eyes toward her father as he spoke, and often quitting her task inopportunately to get closer to the expressive glance of Gerard, who was now walking over the floor, and re-creating for the complete demolition of Louis Savan's doubt the scene of that memorable second day at the Diet of Worms. Gerard was somewhat irritated that Louis had not even yet, in the course of the relation of these events, cried out "Bravo!" and he had even begun to suspect that his description of the scene had suffered, because in his pointing to that antique cupboard as the throne of Charles V., Louis Savan had lost his vision of awe-inspiring princes and full-armored knights which he would have him imagine, among the saucepans and pots which lay in front, too prominent to require an effort of fancy to behold them.

"Courage?" cried out Gerard, so that every one attended upon the opening of his trembling lips, — "courage? Did you ask if his courage was lodged with a faith equal to a long strain and the opposition of the kings of the earth? I wish that every coward among us had been at Worms on that second day."

"What led Martin to postpone his reply which the king asked for on the first day, as you told me?" inquired Louis, still desirous of proof.

"Ah!" replied Gerard, "I can tell you there was never a bolder wisdom than his at that moment on the first day. He was asked two questions: 'Do you acknowledge these books?' and, 'Are you prepared to retract what they contain?' The first he answered with almost abrupt swiftness. It would have been grossly precipitant in even such a scholar, it would have seemed in such a presence as though passion lorded it over reason, had the monk as hastily answered the second question. It was a better wisdom than that which fears the lapse of time, and it ruled him. No one can say now that Martin Luther cannot hold his tongue. He has a temper of unusual heat, but his wisdom gave him such self-command that all the sparks from that flame went up the chimney. When everybody thought he had wavered, the next day he came back to give twice the power to his refusal to retract, because what they thought was irresolution or indecision was found to be deliberation and firmness in holding to his thought. I could see how it affected even the emperor. At the end of the first day's conference with the monk, his Majesty said, 'Truly that man will never persuade me to turn heretic!' and at the beginning of the conference of the second day, the emperor looked intently upon Martin, set his large, square under-jaw, as if in determined opposition, looked over to the chancellor of the Elector of Treves, and shaking his head, confessed his astonishment. When Luther was done speaking, I, who stood only near enough to catch a few of his words, heard the emperor say, amid his wrath and awe, 'Unbroken courage! unquailing heart!'"

"But," said the chorus, — none more full of growing admiration than Louis Savan, — "tell us all, — the monk's speech, the reply, the —"

"Oh ! he is light with fire behind it," added Gaspar Perrin, sure that he had a good, even if it were an over-worked figure of speech, whereat Louis Savan's enthusiasm roused Gerard, and he resumed his story.

"Martin Luther knew his audience. The chief personage within the walls was the emperor, master of the richest dominions, East and West. He had already treated the monk with insulting silence. Often on the route had Martin told me of the letter which he sent to his Serene Majesty, truly informing him of the greatness of his power and the hope which sat awaiting his august command. Martin had not forgotten that the emperor had left that letter unanswered, and that his Serene Majesty thought it a wiser statesmanship which led him to intercept Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII. on their way to feast with and flatter Francis I. on the Golden Field, than to attend to the demand of Europe for reform. I could not help thinking, as I stood there, within hearing, by the side of a bold man who had told me about the magnificence of what they say was 'a Field of the Cloth of Gold,' that Martin Luther remembered then how the kings of the earth do yet create tinselled pageants, and with tumultuous acclaim do yet lie to one another in the name of peace, while the kingdom of God cometh without observation. Ah ! it did seem, as I once looked into the pale face of the young emperor, that he saw Somewhat in majesty behind the brown-frocked monk.

"It had been a great audience for Martin if the emperor had been solitary. The emperor had broken many a lance, but had never before met such a foe. But there was Aleander ; his very presence made Martin pity his Majesty, who seemed to be looking, as he sat in thoughtful melancholy, first toward Elector Frederic, Luther's protector, from whom Charles V. had received the crown ; and then toward Aleander, who had urged



his Imperial Majesty to drag Luther to the Diet. Whenever Martin's eye flamed toward Aleander, he seemed to feel the embarrassment which could be known only to a papal nuncio, who on his way to that scene had beheld the growing triumph of the ideas whose condemnation he sought. Astonished at the influence of Luther, he had been unable often to find even an inn which would shelter him. But now the Roman courtier would look at the emperor with a proud hope, — a hope which seemed to decline on his face, as he remembered how nearly the confessor John Glapio had ruined his intolerant programme against Martin, and how often his Majesty had grown cold in the cause of the prosecution. Martin appeared to seek his wandering eye as he entered ; indeed, Martin had told me that Aleander had pursued him with incredible fury. He called him that 'apostate' nuncio ; and yet Martin knew that he was very eloquent. Luther did not forget that in spite of the fact that on his way into the Diet Aleander had had the breath knocked out of him by the usher who hated his cause, the nuncio had swept that assembly with his passionate oratory. The monk seemed to be aware that the hour of another's eloquence had come.

"Before he began to speak he paused, as if becoming surer of his feet ; his self-command amazed me, as I saw him look upon those whose faces he recognized at once. Among dukes, landgraves, margraves, counts, and barons, he selected those to whom he was anxious to speak important words. There were as many archbishops as there were electors and dukes, sixty in all ; but he would turn swiftly as he thundered forth his words, from the Archbishop Albert, whom he knew to be hesitant and excited, toward Duke George of Saxony, who, he was aware, hated him with violence, and yet had spoken to the Diet against the indulgences and profanities of Rome without trembling in a single syllable. Guards and courtiers swelled

the number of an auditory which leaned forward breathless, as the fearless Martin's eyes swept with a glance across the clouded countenances of the nuncios of his Holiness, who had flocked hither, and who fluttered about like foul birds disappointed of their carrion; and Luther fixed their gaze for a moment upon the Archduke Ferdinand, the brother of the king. He fairly shook the building with a consciousness of the inevitable supremacy of the truth against all kings and popes, as he cried out: "If I were to recant, what should I do but strengthen tyranny?" and he looked a thunderbolt into the open gaze of the Spanish grandees, who had come, as he saw, to institute in Luther's beloved Germany an inquisition as murderous as their own. It did seem that the Duke of Alva and his two sons would smite the agitated monk as he spoke.

"I was close to Bucer, the young Dominican, chaplain to the Elector; and he was all a-trembling. He whispered, 'Would that Martin had come to Ebernburg and met the confessor of his Majesty!' Just then Martin, as if remembering, as I believe he did, that Paul of Armsdorf, confessor and grand chamberlain to Charles V., had, in his fear of Luther, tried to persuade him to confer, as Bucer did propose, in the castle of Ebernburg, — just then did the monk with a blazing phrase smite him and the one who sat next to him, the Bishop of Palermo and Chancellor of Flanders, who had desired the emperor to break every promise of safety; and he shouted the words: 'I will defend myself, after the example of Jesus Christ!'"

"What then did Bucer say?" asked Alke, who was triumphing with Luther.

"Hush, my child! Tell us all, Gerard!" said Gaspar, who was resting on his elbows and was entirely oblivious of pain.

"Every moment marked a victory, not more of lan-

guage than of action, in this solid man's unpretentious eloquence. Without knowing it, he drew such a contrast between the power of the unattended truth and the weakness of decorated error as never one saw before. While the Pope's adherents were boiling with anger because the emperor, or at least the chancellor, did not interrupt him, Martin's eyes burned into the very soul of John Eck, the chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves, whose great voice had pronounced the charges against him, and who insisted that Luther should answer as an orator, not as a writer; so that, as the monk pleaded, 'Prove to me that I am in error,' the same John Eck looked as if he was wishing it had come in ink rather than in such startling eloquence.

"He feared nothing, though his friends were few. Chiefest was Spalatin, the trusted counsellor of the elector, who had informed Luther, at the first, of Frederic's friendship, who had sent him in advance a note of the articles which he might retract, who at last had become alarmed and had said, 'Abstain from entering Worms!' Once Martin looked straight at us all. Bugenhagen, who had joined us, having escaped death at Treptow; Amsdorff, and John Schurff, the law professor; Peter Suaven, the Dane, — a boy even yet is he; Justus Jonas, above us all, beloved by Luther, — it is not wonderful that Erasmus has spoken so well of him; — there we stood, as near as possible to the Duke Eric of Brunswick, who had provided in a silver vase some Eimbeck beer for Martin; while by him was Duke Brandenburg, who wanted Luther's ashes at once for the Rhine. Capito, the counsellor of the Archbishop of Mentz, who had played fast and loose with Aleander and our cause, was between. Martin saw his friends, then his half-hearted admirers, then his foes, like light shading off into darkness. He looked with supreme calm upon us all; and while we paused even in our attention to him, he looked over the deputies of the

free cities, beyond the imperial officers who had conducted him, and turned the volume of fire within those eyes, which I shall never forget, upon three who stood together, — the Imperial Herald, the Marshal of the Empire, and Father Glapio.

“Gaspar Strum had presented himself at Wittenberg, and summoned him to Worms ; and on the way thither, Luther had won his admiration, and the monk dreamed of the conversion of this herald of Charles V. Ulric Pappenheim abided with the two counsellors of the elector at the hotel of the Knight of Rhodes, saw Luther alight from his wagon, and had told him amid confusion to speak no word until questions were put ; and now Luther saw that this hereditary Marshal of the Empire was under the thrall of his utterance. Father Glapio, confessor of the emperor, and most adroit of ecclesiastics, had been frightened at the peril of the imperial throne, before this monk ; Charles V. had trusted his policies, and now Luther had astonished the Diet. Luther saw the terror upon the face of that awful monk. Martin seemed to have forgotten the emperor, who sat white-faced and agitated. Luther's cause disdained monarchs ; it touched the commonest of the crowd within, and Martin felt the power of the greater crowd without.

“I marked him well when again it sounded without, as though the Spanish troops had attacked the two thousand and more who ran by Luther's side as he entered the city. Still his eyes were on those three men, as the Italians and Belgians swarmed against the town hall, crying out their impatience ; or when the people gazing from the windows above the gardens or from the house-tops defying all orders of the guards, caught up the hope or fear that Luther had acceded to the scheme, and had agreed to retract only what they termed his ‘errors in doctrine.’ At that moment these three men within were enslaved to that piercing glance ; and Luther, dis-

daining a merely political reformation, was assuming command even of the emperor, as he at last said, with all the power of God in his utterance : ' I neither can nor will retract anything. I stand here. I can say no more. God help me ! Amen ! ' "

Gaspar was sitting bolt upright when Gerard concluded his story.

" Our leader — fiery, impetuous, wise, and fearless — our leader is the German monk ! Has the Barbé heard of this ? "

" Nay ! " said Gerard ; " I stopped to bring to you the letter. We are on our way to the Barbé at once. "

" May God bless you and him together ! " said Gaspar.

" Gerard, the German monk's eloquence has made you an orator, " remarked Alke, as she gave him some wine. " Be sure you tell this whole story to the Barbé ; the beloved man may have wit enough to choose you for coadjutor. "

" Will you paint a parchment for me ? " asked the stalwart young Waldensian, as he bowed a farewell.





## CHAPTER III.

### A VICTORY AND A DEFEAT.

A king's face  
Should give grace.

*Favorite quotation of Henry VIII.*

BEFORE the events just narrated had occurred, every sensitive soul at the French capital had detected one of those tremors running along the ground which indicate the action and interaction of forces of the first significance. Late one evening in 1522, Ami himself was standing alone in that vast open space in front of the Palais de Justice, lost in the thoughts which thronged his mind. The world of men and the world of books lay close together in his thinking, for they almost overlapped in his experience. His eyes had just beheld again the statue of Pharamond, standing with those of the rulers of France, beneath the Gothic vaulting of the Palais. He was on his way from those gilded walls to perform a service for Francis I. The past and the present were meeting in his imagination.

The spot which had almost fascinated him was that which an old monk told him had once been strewn with the fragments of one of the bulls which the industrious anti-pope Benedict was in the habit of fulminating at an hour less significant than this. Ami was almost a heretic.

Indeed, he was quite sure of being confirmed in his doubts as to the authority of the Holy See over his conscience, until that flood of hate which rose in him at the thought of Vian washed his convictions away; or until the report that Vian had himself dared to question the claims of his Holiness made him desire to remain a radical papist. At this juncture he had forgotten Vian; and he remembered only Benedict and his contemporaries.

"This, then," he said to his soul, "is the Holy Papacy in whose absolute authority I am to believe. When I first saw these huge buildings, and confessed the might of the Holy Church, I could not understand why my own father, if he were not an *ignoramus*, could have lived and died protesting. The soul, and the soul's right to its own powers are greater, however, than the Church. The Church is an institution. Institutions are meant to be servants, not masters of humanity. When I think of this, and reflect how many Benedicts and his like my father was expected to believe in and to reverence, I cannot understand why, if he were not an *ignoramus*, he could do anything but protest."

Ami had come near to pronouncing the word "protestant," — a word which, seven years later, at the Diet of Spires, should have its public birth-hour. He had no dream that it could ever signify such a revolution and such a history as lay immediately before him.

A self-respectful, intelligent soul alone with God, in the regal enjoyment of its own powers, clad with sovereignty over its own divinest energies, honest, fearless, and free, dwarfing the magnificence of a Palais de Justice, overshadowing the miraculous grace and chiselled grandeur of this superb structure by his own solitary and self-assertive manliness, — there is no such scene in the world. At such times one beholds the primacy of the soul.

"For out of thought's interior sphere  
These wonders rose to upper air."

Here was man, richer, greater, and more authoritative than the splendid but enslaving circumstances which ancestors and predecessors had left to be his inspiration or his entanglement. Here the Son of man was lord also of one of those revered institutions whose age or whose vastness always silences spiritual mediocrity. Here was humanity finding in its own breast a court before which in a few years, as never before, tradition, relic, ecclesiastic, statesman, tiara, and crown should be fearlessly tried. In one soul at least the principle of Protestantism was born.

Not gifted, as was Vian, with philosophic prevision, Ami saw not the tendency within protesting toward individualism, which had frightened the English monk. Not less, however, was there of certainty and sympathy in that faculty of historic imagination before whose eye the moon unveiled within the immense front of the building which he had just left, an incalculably valuable past.

No true child of the future underestimates the past, out of whose dark root and shaggy stem the blossoming future comes. But Ami had other problems at hand.

"Have I been sent again to obtain a ring which shall rob another man of his wife and bring another Mme. de Chateaubriand hither?" queried he.

It could not be. But the thought of Mme. de Chateaubriand led him to the indulgences. That led him to the increasing sufferings of the Reformers, — Louis de Berquin, Lefevre, and Farel. The moon again broke like a revelation upon the Palais de Justice. It seemed very great.

As Ami looked at the colossal pile, and was conscious of the infantile freshness of his ideas, it occurred to him that beneath that shadow many a young man had foolishly set himself against what seemed obsolescent authority, and found it, instead, an ever-enlarging stream.

"This building," said he, "will probably echo with the



death-song of this movement, at whose head is only a German monk who once had to sing for his food."

Ami could not see that before 1619 the Palais de Justice would be an ash-heap, and the Reformation the conqueror of Europe.

Back again did his mind go to the serene confidence of Lefevre, Farel, and Louis de Berquin, the scholar. Then he remembered that he had just bent the knee and crossed himself in front of the figure of the Virgin, before which stood a statue of Louis XI. kneeling. In his new-found manhood and now, he would have stood on his feet, and deemed himself the more a man because of the man-child whom the Virgin bore. He wanted to return and to tell the few workmen who still lingered to admire those fine fantasies wrought in marble, with which the ornate chapel was being further enriched, that they need not return to toil and carve on the morrow.

"'And the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom,' — that," said Ami, "I have pondered over with Master Lefevre, Louis de Berquin, and William Farel. Ah, yes! when the Son of Man wrought man's redemption, the day of the temple had gone. Man alone became supremely sacred."

And Ami reflected upon that other word: "And I saw no temple there."

"Did not the eloquent Saint Chrysostom say, 'The true shekinah is man'? Heaven, wherever it may be, and whatever it may be, is that state in which man has found his rightful supremacy. Institutions are but instrumentalities wherewith to upbuild man. As the authority of man, on whose heart God has written His law in the love of Christ, grows, the institutions which he made for himself as he developed will fall away; and we shall see no temple there. Every institution from this time forth will be less material, more spiritual. The spirit of man will at last be God's only temple. I remember now

that Master Louis Berquin has quoted often to me, 'First, the natural; afterward, the spiritual.'"

There was a light around and within Ami more fascinating, more brilliant, than the moonlight.

Could it be that this errand upon which the king had sent Ami was another Pandora's box of evils?

The feelings which led him to be anxious about it had made him defiant in the presence of enormous buildings. They had been inspired by the recollection that on that day, one year before, the Sorbonne, under the leadership of Beda, had ordered Luther's writings to be burned publicly. That night the discouraged Ami had gone to sleep upon Astrée's bosom, as they lingered too long in the balcony; and he awoke dreaming that the Syndics had compelled him to pile fagots about a beautiful woman who was a heretic, whose scorched face at length he discovered to be Astrée's.

"May the saints preserve my soul from such another dream as that!" said Ami, when a few hours after, he met Nouvisset. "But I am the king's friend, — yes, the king's friend!"

"Do not expect to be happy," said the lame knight, "so long as you tolerate that infernal passion of jealousy in your bosom."

For hours these words echoed in the young knight's breast.

"I am not jealous of Duprat, or Louise of Savoy, or the Sorbonne; it is impossible," reassuringly mused the young man.

But it was not impossible. Ami's unregulated soul was unable to permit another to influence one whom he loved as Ami loved his king.

"So long as I love God, I must hate iniquity," said the conscientious knight, who did not know how easily conscience may be beguiled into service with self-assertion.

Alone again in the moonlight, he thought of the king's disquieted realm; and it was not strange that his self-consciousness grew rather arrogant as he reflected that every tendency, which was leading the France of 1522 downward, had been met by his opposition.

As long ago as in the early months of 1516, shortly after the visit to Bologna, Francis I. had tried to persuade Ami that the Concordat was an un-mixed blessing. The knight had never hesitated in his replies.

"The Chancellor Duprat sees ahead of him nothing but the ten archbishops, nearly a hundred bishops, and five times as many abbots, who must now supplicate the throne. Parliament — good Sire! be patient with me —"

"Only your service at Marignano and the saying of the astrologer keep me so, Ami!" said the king, who was greatly irritated. "Proceed about Parliament."

"Parliament," continued Ami, who never lost his temper with Francis I., "sees something else; and that is that your Majesty's powers are too nearly absolute."

"I will answer you, Ami, as I answered the deputies: 'I know that there are in my Parliament good sort of men, wise men; but I also know there are turbulent and rash fools. I have my eye upon them; and I am informed of the language they dare to hold about my conduct. I am king, as my predecessors were; and I mean to be obeyed, as they were.'"

"You have great confidence in the wisdom of your chancellor, Sire!"

"Did I not tell the deputies," vociferated Francis I., "that a hundred of their heads had been, seven months and more, painfully getting up these representations, which my chancellor blew to pieces in a few days? There is but one king in France. I have done all I could to

restore peace to my kingdom ; and I will not allow nullification here of that which I brought about with so much difficulty at Marignano and Bologna. My Parliament would set up for a Venetian senate ; let it confine its meddling to the cause of justice, which is worse administered than it has been for a hundred years. I ought, perhaps, to drag it about at my heels, like the Grand Council, and watch more closely over its conduct."

The outburst was medicinal. Ami was serene. From that hour the King of France had begun to learn a better wisdom ; and as the knight thought again of the Concordat, he made a note of the fact that never did his sovereign so much as now appear to desire his opinions as to the real interests of France.

A little later, however, the king showed great ill-temper at finding that Ami and the Duchesse d'Alençon had been helping on the influence of Louis de Berquin the scholar, and William Farel the preacher ; also was he provoked because they had given aid to Briconnet, who had now become offensive to Louise of Savoy, in his efforts to reform the Holy Church.

"You, Sire, have changed your attitude toward the scholars," said Ami, who remembered the day when his Majesty said : "I want to favor those who teach us. I wish to have able men to live in my country."

"Not seriously," answered his Majesty. "Scholars are harmless enough so long as they are in the minority ; but they are flocking about Louis Berquin and William Farel in clouds."

"Shall the fact that truth and learning are growing make you despise their champions?" asked the unnerved knight.

"Ami, your goodness is like the art of a virtuoso, as the Italians say. I like our poet Clement Marot."

"So also do I ; but he writes —"

"Love poems for our 'Marguerite of Marguerites'?"

"I see only the Psalms of David, which they translate and make into rhymes."

"Ah, Ami, do you really love Astrée?"

The king laughed so coarsely that Ami heard within it a sneer at Reformers, and his Majesty's contempt for a pure affection. They separated.

"How far, for the sake of France, dare I stretch the tie which binds my king's soul to the astrologer's words?" said Ami to Astrée, whom he sought instantly upon the king's departure. "How long may I count upon the friendship of the Duchesse d'Alençon, — his 'darling Marguerite'? I will load every power with all that it may carry, in order to ally his Majesty with the cause of reform."

Astrée's eyes were soft and brilliant with happy tears. Her hand was unsteady, as she stood close to the tall knight and lost her white and jewelled fingers in his thick, long hair. She had trembled for their love oftentimes, as she followed his thoughts from place to place, and could determine from the stern eye of flame that they had reached that desolating spot, — "the Field of the Cloth of Gold." Recently, however, Ami had been so under the influence of the simple eloquence of Farel, or the unaffected goodness of his teacher Louis Berquin, that it appeared improbable that ever again the word "Vian" could disturb his spirit. Now she even believed it safe for her to tell him of what she felt he ought to know, since his mind was so set toward identifying itself with the Reformers. They were beginning to suffer ignominy and outrage. Ami's future course ought to be begun with the consciousness of everything which could bear upon it.

"Surely," she said, as the Duchesse d'Alençon told her of the letter of Erasmus to Francis I., — "surely there can be no plan to torture us. Vian a Reformer? If it be true, Ami must know it."

Astrée read the letter for herself, over and over again. It was from Erasmus to Francis I. These words were only a portion of its message : —

“Of that most promising scholar, Vian, who was of Glastonbury Abbey, and of whom I wrote you, I must say this much, — while as a scholar he would serve admirably as professor in the University, it is to be considered also that other matters may unfit him for such a life. Master Thomas More writes me, that, since the meeting of your Majesty with the Sovereign of England at Guisnes, the monk has suffered from an hallucination, — such as young monks do have seldom, — the vision of a beauteous damsel. He has also looked so favorably upon the Reforming party that the abbot, if indeed Vian is yet at Glastonbury, anticipates in him at any time a turbulent Lutheran.”

Within an hour after Astrée had read these words, the face of Ami was pressed against her own. It was hot, and his eyes were restless.

“I have just seen a most atrocious machine, — cruelty invented it,” said Ami, as he sighed. “Duprat has made ready to send it to the mountains for the extirpation of heresy. One victim has already perished upon it. It is most incredible that men should seek to drag convictions out of the soul, as the bones are crushed, the muscles torn away, and human blood spurting over it all. Oh, it is an awful spectacle !”

Ami had beheld only one of those engines of death which were so soon to be used by the Holy Church.

Astrée was calm, for she believed this to be the moment which she desired. “If,” she thought, — “if he is so roused against the wrong done by the Church, he will not likely allow anything to unsettle his purpose. It may be that in this better passion of protesting zeal the ugly fiend which besets his soul — jealousy — will perish. The saints help me !”

Slowly and painfully, even with the blushing embarrass-

ment which a beautiful girl must feel at such a state of affairs, did she proceed to her task and perform it. She recited the letter concerning Vian.

"And you," cried Ami, his cheeks white with rage, — "and you knew it before this moment? Why? — why, Astrée —" Ami was transformed. His breath faltered at her name. "Why?" half whispered, half shrieked, hissed, and lingered in the palate of the knight. His fine teeth glistened, and his mobile lips quivered, as he still uttered the word "Why?" "Why should *you* have had to do with telling me of him?"

Ami's eyes were only the eyes of a jealous man. He could see nothing in the universe that did not connect itself with Vian, and depend upon the detested name. Vian had already ruined his life, as Ami believed. To complete the disaster, he had made the men of the Reform an abominable band, by his presence among them. There appeared no place for an explanation. Most hideous of all was the reflection that he was dreaming of Astrée, — an hallucination!

Astrée tried in vain to assure him. He could hear nothing but that clatter of horse's hoofs on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

"Do you not even see me?" cried Astrée.

He saw nothing but Vian saving Astrée there, — the dust, and Astrée in Vian's arms.

Probably she could touch his conscience. "What! Ami, you do not mean the less to despise the method of that cruel machine of torture, because one whom you hate has perhaps also despised it?" she said.

"Torture!" cried he, as he threw her slender loveliness aside, — "torture! If I go not with the Reform, the cruel machine is my weapon; if I go, the — I cannot think, Astrée."

No, Vian, no jealous man is able to think in straight lines. Reasonless, he seeks rest also, but finds none.

Two terrible things — Vian and that rack — were all he saw; and he was mute as his soul swayed between them. He took hold of the sobbing girl at his feet, and lifting her with tenderness, went out into the deep night, from which the moon hid herself with clouds.

Not long after that wretched night, Ami and Astrée were confronted with other questions. Did she find a solution for that earlier problem? Yes; and it lay in the self-respect which she urged upon Ami, — a self-respect which compelled in some ameliorating measure Ami's respect for her.

"Knight and friend of his Majesty that you are!" she said, as into the darkness he bore her, "never again shall those lips touch mine own, until I am assured that you trust me sufficiently to care nothing for Vian. Yes, I will pronounce his name. If I had not adored you, Ami, your injustice to him and your distrust of me had driven me to love its sound. You have distrusted me —"

"Never, Astrée, never!" Ami saw the flash of a radiant self-respect in the black eyes, — a flash whose gleam shot through the darkness.

"So long as you believe that Vian's imagined interest in me could possibly make a transformation in me or even interest me, you have failed to honor my love for you. Never" — Ami had lifted her nearer to his breast, and now he saw the trembling lips so near — "never, until you respect me, Ami," she whispered.

He had never known before the sorrow of not being able to manifest his love. It quickened his sense of Astrée's loveliness. She was a necessity to his existence. Oh, how lovable she seemed!

But nothing in love's armory is strong enough, until it is stronger than any foe it may meet. Astrée's eyes were telling him these things, — eyes so strongly commanding,



intrenched behind tears. At length the victory was hers, and therefore his. In one long embrace they forgot Vian.

A victory, indeed, though only temporary ; for no soul for whom the Infinite Love has not done more than this, is free from the marauding of such a passion.





## CHAPTER IV.

### A VIRTUOSO'S STATESMANSHIP.

“ Never a thought o'er the boundary flying,  
Never a thought as the clouds swing by.”

**D**ESPITE the fact that Ami's intense passion in this instance soon exhausted itself, leaving however, as it had each time before, a wider field in his soul for its fury when it should come again, his troubles of a less lawless and more personal kind were multiplying.

“ A virtuoso ! ” — this was the only term of implied contempt which Francis I. had ever visited upon Ami's opinions of policies of State. It rankled like an arrow which still hung in his breast. He could scarcely trust himself to recall the temper of the king, as he spoke it, that day ; and it was unsafe for him to utter it, even to Astrée, for she might pity him. A man capable of jealousy has a most sensitive pride, and often it is likely to behave worst when it is made the recipient of pity. .

One man, beside Nouvisset, understood Ami ; that was his earliest friend, Francesco. To him, at this juncture, Ami would most naturally go, because much that he had to complain of in the government concerned itself with the Italian ambassador and ally, who had been like a father to Francesco, — Admiral Andrea Doria.

This noble Genoese we have already met at the French capital. By this time, Louise of Savoy and Duprat were

looking at him only as one who was able to perform certain most menial services for France. Generous as was the great admiral, filled as was his mind with memories of engagements successfully undertaken against Turk and Moor, he had never fancied, as the plans of Francis I. led him on into service, that the day was surely coming when the ill-concealed contempt of the courtiers toward him would ripen into insult. Ami, who did not undervalue the services of the admiral to his sovereign, was too knightly to intimate, even to Francesco, his dread of the miserable schemes of those at court who had grown jealous of Andrea Doria ; but instead, he besieged Francis I. with protests against such a course as would exile this loyal ally and heroic servant.

It was very difficult for Ami so to confine his complaints as to omit Andrea Doria's name. Francesco and he walked together toward the lodgings of Louis Berquin the scholar, from whom Ami's conscience could not entirely detach itself. Just the day before, he had noted another triumph of Mme. de Chateaubriand over the will of the king.

"The patient queen," said Ami, "ought to demand her head."

Francesco thought a moment, confident that even Ami could hardly desire such a catastrophe to come so near to Astrée, whom, but for Mme. de Chateaubriand, Ami might never have seen.

"I know your thought," said the knight, bravely wrestling with his own ; and then, as though he had detected a foul odor upon the air, which was otherwise fragrant with roses, he added : "The purest love here is sure to be blown upon by a stench — What is that, Francesco ?"

"Only one of the peddlers," answered Francesco, as they turned about and followed the crowd, which had gathered about a noisy monk who, with a few hairs which

he exhibited and certain bits of bones to which he asked reverence, began to preach, beating now and then upon a broken drum, and stopping his discourse for nothing else save the poor people who were buying indulgences.

Never before in the city had these men beheld a sale such as this. Once near Chilly, as they visited the peasant with Nouvisset, had they beheld a bellicose monk train the stubborn citizens into a credulity as to the value of the printed briefs of indulgence which he had to sell; and once, only once, had Louise of Savoy explained to Ami how courtiers and royal personages obtained such releases from the results even of prospective lapses from righteousness as under certain circumstances might be desirable even for him.

The instant the white lips of Louise soiled the name of Astrée in that connection, the young knight looked lightnings into her eyes; but the crafty woman only said, "Perhaps the heretics may make life more pleasant for you." The indignation which had grown up with that memory now seethed in Ami's soul, as the monk went on preaching about the blessed Leo X., and the huge fabric of St. Peter's at Rome which his Holiness was anxious to complete.

"The Holy Father appeals to his children, and his children must have the Pope's seal upon the briefs," mechanically sang out the monk, as he handed forth a bit of parchment to a coarse and well-known sinner, who smiled and said,—

"Eh? Three hundred years less of purgatory in exchange for my coins!"

"Was there such indecency in the days of the first Pope, Saint Peter?" asked Francesco, who was never so conscious of small attainments in ecclesiastical history as when he was with Ami.

"No," answered the latter, rather aimlessly as it appeared; but he was determined to let church affairs

alone for the present, and therefore added : "I am sure that money can be raised for almost anything, Francesco. The brother of Mme. de Chateaubriand is here from Lombardy."

"True, Lautrec was at court, intent on a rich marriage, — a marriage which Mme. de Chateaubriand had planned, — and intent also on taking back a large sum wherewith to pay the troops with which he had been trying to defend the Milanese since the battle of Marignano.

"We have costly indulgences at court," said Ami, sadly, "and an empty treasury."

"Mme. de Chateaubriand —" ventured Francesco, who was bright enough to reflect that every man desires to condemn his own relatives prospective, if condemnation is necessary.

"She ought to supply the necessities of Lautrec with the jewels which the king has given her."

"How much does a papal brief for such indulgences cost, Ami?" inquired Francesco, as they walked on toward Louis Berquin's lodgings.

"I am not acquainted with things ecclesiastical," said Ami, glad to get away from the torture of a dilemma, one of whose horns was named Vian; the other, corruption and torture. "This I do know about things political: the king's mother has worked out a scheme for Lautrec and herself. Of course, I am but a virtuoso! But I have been true to my king, and I told him of the peril which comes from an outraged people. Lautrec goes back with promises of money. Mark me, Francesco, he will be compelled to levy upon the duchy, and the Swiss army will dissolve. He is incapable enough with a rich court; he is imbecile in his plans without one."

Louis Berquin was absent, and the delightful hour which these two restless minds had promised themselves in his presence was lost to them. Deeper was the gath-

ering darkness in which Ami felt that the sun of Francis I. might be going down.

"No sooner had Bourbon become wifeless, than Louise of Savoy began to claim the inheritance," said Ami.

"What inheritance?" asked Francesco.

"First, the inheritance of property, and then the man's heart."

"Oh," said the Italian, "she has been after Bourbon's heart since we were children, Ami. But Bourbon will never forget that the lovely Marguerite would have been his, but for her mother; and that Bonnivet —"

"Bonnivet would not have been shielded in his love for the Duchesse d'Alençon, if her mother had not hated Bourbon, whom she cannot rule even now."

"Things are at sword's-points, then? Bourbon detests Bonnivet."

"Did the constable not tell the king, when his Majesty showed him the plans of Bonnivet's palace, that the cage would be too magnificent for the bird?"

"What think you, Ami?"

"Is it treason to be true, Francesco? No? Then let me whisper it to you that the king's mother — I have said it to his Majesty — desires the ruin of the powerful Bourbon. *The king must not lose Bourbon.* Shall I say more?"

"If it be in your heart, poor burdened friend!" and Francesco pitied the conscientious servant of the unworthy king.

"William Farel — blessings on his name! — he must soon flee the city —"

"Ami!"

"I mean all I have said. The Duchesse d'Alençon is kind and true; but the king must not oppose his Holiness. Shall I say aught else?"

"Tell me all, Ami. Your king is not worthy of such suffering as you bear for him."

"Nay, my king has bad advisers. I look for brighter days. Astrée knows the schemes of Mme. de Chateaubriand. They will not fail at present ; but afterward a better day will come. Let me say it, Francesco. Bourbon will be lost to France. Cardinal Wolsey will see to it, for he deceived my king at Calais. Lautrec cannot hide under the love of the king for his sister ; he will fall."

"Ami, you have more to say. Tell me all!" impatiently begged Francesco.

"I shall be faithful to my king and friend. Soon Francis I. will find a stronger foe than any of these. But he must not allow Andrea Doria to be treated contemptuously by his courtiers, while Henry of England and the Emperor Charles V. are met together to devise against France."

"Nay, nay," said Francesco, who, as never before, saw that the king was becoming weak at home, and that the policies of Europe were massing themselves against him. "Nay," added he, "but why do you speak of Admiral Andrea Doria?"

A message from the king was just then placed in Ami's hand. Soon Astrée and the Duchesse d'Alençon joined him ; and with the pale face of Francesco still in his thought, he was asked into the presence of his Majesty Francis I., who had an apology to make to the young and faithful knight.





## CHAPTER V.

### "AUREUS LIBELLUS."

Anglorum rex Henricus, Leo Decime, mittit  
Hoc opus et fidei testem et amicitiae.

*Verses written in honor of Leo X. in the "Assertio."*

WHAT would have been the agitation or wilful stolidity of Ami, the French knight, if, in July, 1521, he had been able to look across the Channel and see Vian, in Windsor Castle, still a monk, and never so much an Englishman as then, assisting his sovereign Henry VIII. in completing a book, famous before it was issued, entitled "Assertion of the Seven Sacraments. Against Martin Luther."

Ami's soul was being ruled by a phantom.

Vian's temper of mind had fitted him to remain long under the influence of Erasmus. Never, as yet, had any of the elements of the Reform gained access to his conscience. He had been kept pure, not by the Church or by the Reform, but by the vision of that little mate, now so nearly the dream of a woman.

Before he had been at Hampton Court three days, he had seen a letter from Erasmus, who asserted that he had no longer any friendship for Martin Luther. Greek literature was communicating to Vian such a desire for literary reform, that he even wondered why he had been interested at all in the German monk. Thomas More's



oration at the reception of Cardinal Campeggio as papal legate, had been repeated to him ; and the young monk was persuaded, for the nonce at least, that if the Holy Church went by the board, as it seemed sure to do if Lutheranism prevailed, that kind of individual opinion which the sub-prior had held before him as a peril, would produce anarchy everywhere. At least it appeared wise, if possible, to foster the movement of reform only from the inside. One of the first duties was the destruction of Lutheranism. Henry VIII. had enlisted himself ; and the manuscript, parts of which were two years of age, needed only completion. Great, however, as was Henry's scholarship in other things, Wolsey was anxious that in his dealing with Luther's "*De Captivitate Babylonica*," he should be accurate and full on the history of the sacraments. He had therefore exhorted Vian to assist his Majesty ; and the king had said, "My heart is quite gone out to your servant Vian."

When Vian objected to the bitterness of the king's expressions, Wolsey said : "You have nothing to do with his coarseness. Make sure that his Majesty is accurate with history, and hasten his publication."

Vian often hesitated ; nay, he even attempted to dissuade his Majesty from issuing such an attack. Wolsey then called his attention to the fact that since 1518 Pace, and Wolsey himself, had been praising the incomplete work. Vian grew weary of Windsor Castle, and intimated that the court overestimated the force of Luther's volume, to which there was one reply. Tunstall would cry out again : "I pray God keep Luther's book from Englishmen. There is much strong opinion in it." At length Vian urged that England's sovereign should not so bemean himself as to bandy epithets with a belligerent monk. Then did the king himself tell him that he had already written to his Holiness about the matter, and had made large promises. At last Vian was silenced, and in

the course of the trial of Buckingham, he labored carefully upon the new book.

August 25th came, and it was finished. A copy covered with cloth of gold, and signed by Henry VIII. was soon in the Pope's hands; and even Vian was happy to have done something toward bringing it forth, when the messenger returned from Rome to tell the court how he kneeled before his Holiness and spoke to him eloquently; how the Pope sat with his bishops, amid quadrants and elegant cloths, looking pleasantly upon him; how he was lovingly asked to kiss the cheeks of Leo X.; how the head of the Church praised Henry VIII., and how he desired five copies of so powerful an antidote to the poisons of "the monster, Martin Luther."

Vian meditated on the word "monster." It seemed entirely unnecessary to this monk, whose literary refinement had become so Hellenic, for even a pope, especially for so cultivated an hierarch as Leo X., who was at that time pontiff, to use so big a word for one whom they all held to be so contemptible. "At least the whole army of popes and kings fear him," thought he; and Vian foresaw that Luther would surely make answer to Henry VIII.

But Leo X. was never to be disturbed with a rejoinder which quite equalled the attack of Henry VIII. in its violence. That characteristic of this rejoinder was sufficient to one who, like Vian, was under the flattering dominion of fancied refinement, to make him entirely forgetful of the value of Luther's rough temperament, and the nature of the gigantic blasphemies which he was to overcome; and so this dignified monk and courtier at the time of the appearance of Luther's rejoinder contented his fastidious taste with the reflection that he had helped to wake up a barbarian. Luther's book appeared from Wittenberg, July, 1522. Leo X. had died on December 2 in the previous year.

"At last," remarked Vian to Giovanni, who often visited him at times when the Abbot of Glastonbury was in attendance upon Parliament, or when his lordship had occasion to consult, through another, the cardinal or the crown, — "at last my Lord Cardinal has the tiara in his grasp."

"Nothing is more improbable than his ever obtaining it," exclaimed Giovanni, sharply.

Vian could not understand the violent asseveration of his old friend, save that it proceeded from an Italian. "Surely Wolsey is the man for Supreme Pontiff," thought he. The monk had found in Wolsey no serious opposition to that state of agnostic indifference into which his own mind had fallen as to matters theological.

Of his great ability no man had doubt, — least of all men, Vian. He had been attached to Wolsey as to none other, for Wolsey was the one Englishman who had already set to work to make England a first-class power.

"Certainly the cardinal is luxurious enough," said he.

"He surpasses any pope in pomp," agreed Giovanni.

"He is favorable to our learning and philosophy," asserted Vian, with the self-confidence of the English Renaissance.

"Entirely so, at present," replied Giovanni. "But he will not be Pope. He has done as much as Luther may do, to destroy the awe with which the world has looked upon the papal chair, and —"

"How can it be? Cardinal Wolsey is not heretical."

"But he is powerful. Freshly grown power is always heresy in the presence of ancient power which has become weakness, Vian," said Giovanni. "Thomas Wolsey has posted no propositions on the cathedral at Wittenberg, has burned no papal bull, has defied no Diet at Worms; but he might as well have done these. He has made himself and Whitehall, in the room of the Pope and St. Peter's, the dictators of Europe. He has

taken the place of Gregory VII., and has ruled, while the rest of the rulers were at one another's ears. Not a king or emperor, for the last five years, has known what he wanted to do until Wolsey was consulted. He has not listened when the Pope has quoted councils and repeated texts; neither did Luther. The papal see is not of essential supremacy any longer. The power of two energetic intellects has overshadowed it. Wolsey is the Luther of politics; Luther is the Wolsey of ecclesiastics. You do not understand me? You are going to Rome, Vian; you will understand me at Rome."

Of one thing Vian was sure, — he had a growing admiration for the powerful cardinal, and wanted to see him pope. Naturally enough, the very influence which at one time threatened to make Vian a contemner of things papistical, now conspired with others to make him restless to behold Wolsey in the papal chair. That influence was none other than John Wycliffe. Vapor in some atmospheres becomes rain; in others, snow.

Out of one of those Wycliffe letters, out of the whole story of his life, Vian had obtained a vivid conception of the rights, privileges, and spirit of England, as a political institution, which made him an intense Englishman. Wycliffe had vindicated England against a dictator who lived in Italy, — so it seemed to Vian, — when Urban was made to yield in 1366. All the workings of Wycliffe's mind at that hour were exposed in the packet of his letters which Vian's father had left to him. With these he had thoroughly sympathized, as he had stolen glances at them at Glastonbury, and reflected upon their significance while he had been living with cardinal and king. This Wycliffite ideal of the rights and prerogatives of England was entering into the warm stream of his admiration for Wolsey; and as the cardinal had become the typical self-respectful Englishman, that stream of admiration would have carried him to the papal throne.

Vian did not suspect that this same Wycliffite ardor for England might, in circumstances which could arise when England's king should find a grievance against a pope, create a sort of patriotism which would leave England popeless, except for the presence of a king who would serve as both sovereign political and sovereign ecclesiastical. "Cardinal Wolsey is the self-sufficient Englishman, — he is the England which I love. Let him be the Holy Father." This was as far as the impulse had gone at this time with Vian, in declaring itself. He ventured to say only this to the old man, in spite of his assurances of defeat, the eyes of the younger monk resting meanwhile upon an interesting letter from Clerk, then the ambassador at Rome, — a letter which lay topmost with many other papers of the cardinal, and which contained these words: —

"Every man here beginneth to shift for himself, because of such garboyle and business as out of all order is like to be committed here in this city, until such time as we be provided with another pope. I beseech Almighty God send us one to His pleasure."

"The *Opifex Deus!*" said the sly old child of the Renaissance, who through his cynical paganism had observed the religiosity of the ambassador's epistle. "He has had very little to do with finding Saint Peter's successors in the past. Let us trust, Vian, that in this case the cloud-compelling Jove may have more influence at Rome."





## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ETERNAL CITY.

"A universal tumult, then a hush  
Worse than the tumult, — all eyes straining down  
To the arena's pit, all lips set close,  
All muscles strained, — and then that sudden yell,  
*Habet* ' — That's Rome, says Lucius: so it is!  
That is, 't is *his* Rome, — 't is not yours and mine."

IT is Rome, Jan. 8, 1522. Near the wall of the Borgo, half-way between the Janiculum and the Vatican stood Vian; and looking straight into his eyes was a Neapolitan trooper, who insisted upon knowing the business of the former in Rome at that time. Clerk, the ambassador of Henry VIII., had already given up hope of making Vian's person safe in the Eternal City. Possessing nothing of Vian's enthusiasm for Trajan's Pillar or the ruins of the Temple of Bacchus, and caring even less for the Coliseum than for his luxurious couch in the palace, he did not understand the obvious recklessness with which Wolsey's young friend pushed his way about, through a city which was thronged with Spaniards, beneath whose glittering garments hid daggers for any who might be suspected of opposition to the will of Charles V., and with Neapolitan troopers who ravaged by day and slept at night in the galleys with which Civita Vecchia was crowded.

"An Englishman!" exclaimed the trooper, with a dash of petulance. "The election had been over long ago, had your cardinal not thrown an hundred thousand ducats in the scale."

"*My* cardinal?" observed the frightened monk, whose outer garment was a thin cloak guarded with lace, whose rich material contrasted strongly with the thick birrus worn by the servant at his side, and whose pearl-sown edge revealed, as it fell backward, a girdle exquisitely barred of silk and gold, and a doublet of satin, whose aiglets of silver shone almost as brightly as did the clasp of gold which fastened it, in which gleamed two gems.

"Indeed! You know how things are to issue yonder, do you?" said the Neapolitan, pointing to the Basilica.

"I am not the less an Englishman," retorted Vian.

"And a brave fellow, in no mischief as I can see," said the other, charmed with the courageous frankness of the stranger. "Dismiss your servant! I will give him my blade as a surety for you; and we will betake us to the Arch of Titus, for which I heard you making inquiry a short time since."

True, the Neapolitan, who was one of the army which Don Manuel the Spanish ambassador had ordered from Naples on learning that Leo X. was dead, had been following the footsteps of Vian for many hours. Every syllable which the Englishman had uttered was treasured in the Italian's heart. But luckily, Vian had said nothing of popes, conclaves, or kings. Instead, he had been garrulous with his servant about classical manners and Roman literature,—the old Italy which Vian assured the ignorant man was superior in every way to that of their poor, degenerate day. The trooper who had been set to the graceless task of apprehending conspirators against the will of Charles V.,—a sovereign whom he abhorred,—was weary of listening to this rumor and that, which had proceeded from the Basilica

or from the brain of a madman. The conclave had now been in session for thirteen days ; and infinitely perplexing had been the reports of conspiracies, briberies, frauds, and farces. Tired soldiers, who a fortnight before had begun to watch for foes with proud interest, now cared not whether Colonna de' Medici or Farnese was to be triumphant ; and this trooper, who was himself a hapless man of letters, pursuing the trade of a soldier that he might find bread, was fascinated at once with an Englishman of such evident rank, who cared for the ancient Rome when she was so illy represented by her vulgar successor, and so overwhelmed by soldiers and ecclesiastics. Vian, quite as delighted as was the Italian with his new acquaintance, immediately dismissed his servant, and soon they were standing under the Arch of Titus.

"You are living in the Rome of the Forum, not in the Rome of the Vatican," observed the soldier, who went on to utter sentiments which expressed themselves as though they had been delayed many days. "It is, as you explained to that slave of yours, the greater and truer Rome. I myself have written some verses upon the theme, and I fancy that when you have gone back to England you will hunt up the roads of Cæsar, which must yet be discoverable in Britain, while priests and kings wait for the newly elected pope to die, and while they wait conspire for the new wearer of the tiara. The only truly modern world, after all, is the ancient world ; and I am right glad to find an Englishman who at this moment might be dozing in the palace within reach of the late pontiff's wines, straying away to look up the laurel of Daphne. Have you ever loved ?"

"I," hesitated Vian, — "I have had a dream, — that is, a vision or —"

"Well, dream, vision, or actual love-affair, — it is all the same here in Rome. The more visionary the vision, the more real it is ; and the more actual your love-affair,



the more certainly will it turn out to have been a dream. Why do I ask you? For the reason that I suspected it; no one will expose himself to robbers and soldiers, as you have done in Rome, without having on hand a love-affair, either with some woman or with the ancient city herself. You are really love-stricken. I could discern as much, when first, ten days ago, I followed you to the shrine of Apollo. But you are under the Greek god of love, Eros."

"I myself am a Pythagorean," said Vian.

The trooper exclaimed: "A Pythagorean! There can be no love of woman in you! You must vent your raptures on something whose soul has not transmigrated downward. The Eternal City will suffice. Even your dream of love — and I wish you would tell me about it — will vanish before the Pythagorean view of things. I had a friend, — a Pythagorean; and Rome was his dwelling-place. But he really lived in a world of old friends. He himself — so his philosophy taught him — had been a friend of the ancient poet Martial; and most of Martial's epigrams, especially the less decent, were on his tongue. He often explained to me why Martial, if he had passed through less than three transmigrations, — that is, if he had been born but twice, — would appear, not as a rhymester, but as a writer of prose. Such was his life at Rome that my friend, who in his other life had bandied witticisms with him, easily worked it out, with the aid of his Pythagorean charts which he himself made at that time and now remembers perfectly well, that Martial would reappear as a literary vagabond, learned enough and more humorous, as also he would be more licentious than ever. Hist!" — and the trooper pointed to a figure partially wrapped up in a faded and torn doctor's gown, his hair illy hidden by a worn cap. Bright eyes, full of laughter and scorching irony, were glistening upon the path which he was treading, and

which led toward the Coliseum. "Hist!" said the Neapolitan, "there he is even now!"

"Your friend who knew Martial the poet in the other life?"

"No! Hist! It is Martial himself, or rather, Martial as he lives now in pontifical Rome. Oh, your Pythagoreanism would have confounded Minerva herself! Look at him! It is Martial as we see him now, — so my friend has told me."

"Why," observed Vian, who had been favored with an hour on the day before with the most characteristic man of the Renaissance of ancient Rome, — "why, that is the physician, Dr. François Rabelais!"

"The same, the same!" answered the Neapolitan. "Martial, — Rabelais! Ah, sir, you Pythagoreans live in a strange world. See! he is going to the Coliseum. Let us follow, after a while. Meantime," pursued the trooper, who appeared entirely inattentive to the fact that the English Pythagorean was attempting to solve the problem of Martial's metempsychosis, "let us talk on this matter of love for old Rome, which by the way is almost the only kind of love that monks can indulge in without an indulgence from the Pope — Oh, you must not smile at indulgences! St. Peter's had to be finished and ornamented; therefore his Holiness had to have money; therefore he had to offer indulgences for sale; therefore St. Peter's is glorified on the debauchery of Europe!"

"I perceive that you are heretical," broke in Vian.

"Well, I prefer Cæsar's Rome to Leo's Rome," replied the trooper, "and you are in love with the same ghost."

"That is not my vision." Vian remembered the dream of Lutterworth, Glastonbury, Whitehall, Rome, — for it had returned to him on the night before; and his lips moved with the whisper, "Dear little mate!" Then he saw her as a woman.

"No, perhaps not; but being a monk, — I saw you

take the crucifix from your breast as you stood in the great vault, — being a monk, as I said, and a Pythagorean, you have had to banish actual womankind out of your life and philosophy, and being a scholar as I see, you have fallen in love with the Eternal City. Well, she is in a sad plight ; but if you really love old Rome, you will disassociate her in your mind from her unfortunate circumstances. She lies, after being half breathless for many centuries, still alive under all the rags of her own former clothing. Basilicæ, statues, manuscripts, and arms, gems which she wore, lie tossed about from this cold portion of her still heaving breast to that ; and now those who for two hundred years have caught a whisper from her lips, or felt beneath the enwrapped loveliness of her form a heart beat, have been finding beneath the long silken tresses of her hair, the gracefulness of her strong arm, even the voluptuous splendor of her glorious eye. This gang of cardinals and princes — the ambassadors of all Europe gathered here to quarrel and perhaps choose a head for Christendom — do not reflect that the gorgeous ceremonial of the Church, the place which the papal chair occupies in the human mind, many of the doctrines of the councils and much of their power, are but fragments of the old clothes of this ancient political Rome, painted and laced by the ecclesiastical spirit which the Christian religion infused into the human soul. Your ‘Ave Maria’ is in Latin, — the language of the sibyl of Cumæ. Even your Pope is Cæsar Imperator. The capital of the Church was the old capital of the State. Rome is still the world’s centre. Still the dream of universal empire floats over these seven hills, and nowhere else. You have studied the doctrines? Well, the old Roman prayed for the dead who had neglected the gods of the Capitoline Hill. Candlemas is not more devoted to light than was the older festival of Lupercal. The nun is the Vestal Virgin. She is yet buried alive. The

Holy Virgin was enthroned in Diana's city, Ephesus, for the same reason that the Pope, Cæsar's successor in the human imagination, was and is enthroned in Rome. You will see torches wave there, when this election is done, as they once waved when Cæsar mounted the throne. The Pope began as *papa*, as you say; now he is the sole Prince over nations. Cæsar has come again. The festival of the resurrection occurs when the spring-time tempts the corn. The Virgin began as a woman who had borne a son; she is now the Queen of Heaven. Oh, I know you must go back to England in love with old Rome!"

By this time they had reached the Coliseum. Vian was conscious that he occupied an anomalous position, even to his own mind. Here he was a servant of his Lord Cardinal Wolsey, anxious to see him made pope, perfectly certain that he had been a defeated candidate from the first. Vian was trying to hold to the Rome of the Holy Father in 1522, while he was in love with the old Rome of pre-papal days.

At the conclave they had seen an illustration of the truth which the Neapolitan had been speaking. Vian had beheld it, as they passed the filthy huts which he saw were builded of fragments of marble porticos and decorated by entablatures from the peristyle. Cattle had looked out upon him from beneath roofs which overhung broken columns of exquisite workmanship, and slabs on whose immaculate strength beauty had dwelt for seventeen centuries. As they stood with that ignorant complacency with which a fat monk repeated his "Ave" or meditated upon the victory of Constantine, a horse, which might have been only a very remote and badly descended son of one of Cæsar's war-horses, was tied to a statue of the beautiful Apollo; and the beggars were exhibiting their sores, as they sat on bits of cornice which had once helped to support a graceful arch upon which

Horace and Augustus had gazed. Never had Vian been so sure of the composite character of the faith for which he stood. With one mighty effort, he still could compel himself to say, —

“And yet the one vitalizing fact which prevented barbarism from ruining this old Rome entirely, and has brought down to this day a stream of civilizing influence, is the Holy Catholic Church. Long live the Pope!”

The cool air came not unpleasantly from snow-crowned Soracte, fanning into motion the light edges of that growth of moss which far above the head of Vian clung to the enormous ruin, and driving into one of the cellars the wretches who besought strangers for an alms. The broken beams of light lingered upon the sharp corners of the ruined Forum and Capitol, toward which Vian looked, his eyes resting upon the spot where now, sixteen centuries after the last dance of the Muses, the followers of a peasant were selecting his Vicar.

The Coliseum and St. Peter's, — he was about comparing them for a moment, when the Neapolitan and Dr. François Rabelais engaged him in conversation.

“They are electing a pope yonder,” said the witty physician, pointing to the domeless building in front of which was a huge scaffolding devised by Bramante; “and I have just written a dissertation on lettuces.”

“Why did you not write on the authority of the Pope?” asked the Neapolitan.

“Because the authority of his Holiness is long ago spoiled. I wanted a fresh topic. Aha! lettuces are the only fresh things in Rome,” answered the great wit.

“Here,” observed the trooper, who was not unpleasantly jocose nor too familiar with Vian's name, “here is an Englishman, a Pythagorean, and a —”

“A friend of Thomas Wolsey also, I suppose, eh —”

“One who is to be disappointed, I fear,” said Vian.

“Ah ! I am not disappointed with popes when I examine their pedigrees and count their children.”

Rabelais had not yet been asked by the Bishop of Mailerai to find out whether Farnese was the lawful son of a somewhat dissipated pope ; but his mind was sufficiently full of such information concerning the Churchmen of the day to make him very loquacious whenever the topic of reform was introduced. Rabelais has left many testimonies as to his cleverness in understanding the real force of the Lutheran movement ; and young as he was at that time, his conversation possessed many of the witticisms which afterward sparkled on his page. He was not long in finding out that Vian had held warm relationships to what was known in England as “the new learning.” He saw the anomaly, — this engaging youth, stirred with the Renaissance and stolid against the Reformation, looking anxiously every now and then in the direction of the conclave. Rabelais soon discerned that Vian’s refined objections to Luther and a great popular revolt against ecclesiastical Rome were founded upon exactly the same ideas and fears which had taken the warlike tone from Erasmus, and had made Thomas More timid.

The three — Vian, the trooper of Naples, Rabelais — sat together in the chilly air. The awful masses of stone overshadowed them, until the sun, finding openings through the arches and between the columns, gathered out of an unclouded sky sufficient warmth to make their corner in the broken amphitheatre fairly comfortable. Rabelais had already begun to spin for them the story of Pantagruel and Gargantua, with which the reader is familiar. Vian had been musing upon the vast audiences of the past, as his eye wandered up and down the stony flights of steps which burdened the huge pedestals. His soul was back again with Nero, as yonder the emperor walked in his gardens with Acte, when Vian recalled the epigram of Martial, and he thought, —

“Why, Martial is here, talking at my side !”

There was no mistaking him. Rabelais ! — Martial ! — it was confusing ; but Rabelais was sketching the future of the Reform. He had reached this part of his story : —

“Whereupon Gargantua, fearful lest the child should hurt himself, caused four great chains of iron to be made to bind him, and so many strong wooden arches unto his cradle most firmly stacked and mortised in huge frames. Thus continued Pantagruel for a while, very calm and quiet, for he was not able so easily to break those chains, especially having no room in the cradle to give a swing with his arms. But see what happened once on a great holiday, that his father Gargantua made a sumptuous banquet to all the princes of his court. Hark what he did, good people ! He strove and essayed to break the chains of the cradle with his arms, but could not, for they were too strong for him. Then did he keep with his feet such a stamping and so long that at last he beat out the lower end of his cradle, which notwithstanding was made of a great post five feet square ; and as soon as he had gotten out his feet, he slid down as well as he could till he had got his soles to the ground, and then with a mighty force he rose up, carrying his cradle upon his back, like a tortoise that crawls up against a wall. In this manner he entered into the great hall where they were banqueting, and that very boldly, and did much affright the company ; yet, because his arms were tied in, he could not reach anything to eat, but with great pain stooped now and then a little to take, with the whole flat of his tongue, some good lick, good bit, or morsel. Which, when his father saw, he saw well enough that they had left him without giving him anything to eat, and therefore commanded that he should be loosed from the said chains. When he was unchained they made him sit down, where, after he had fed very well, he took his cradle and broke it into more than five hundred thousand

pieces with one blow of his fist, swearing he would never come into it again."

"Pantagruel is the Reformation!" — when Rabelais had concluded, Vian found within his mind this ugly element of discord, — "Pantagruel!"







## CHAPTER VII.

### A NEW POPE.

In times of decadence power always searches for minds of a niggardly temperament, — the undecided, and above all, those who have passed their lives in a sort of twilight. — EMILIO CASTELAR.

THE Neapolitan and Rabelais followed the English monk as he walked across the space and began to climb the steps.

“The future climbing upon the past !” said the wit.

“Yonder,” said the soldier, pointing far through a giant arch toward St. Peter’s imagined dome, — “yonder is the present ! Let him rejoice in its grandeur while he may.”

Vian now stood upon the loftiest step, and looked down upon the space which had been crowded at one time by nearly one hundred thousand Romans ; then, without straining his gaze, his eye found in his own fancy the vast dome of St. Peter’s. Was it not possible to lose sight of a noisy friar of Germany in the magnificent flood of memories which Vian saw piling up on the Campagna, until it rushed across the space between, and struck and swirled with a still more solemn sea of holy hopes and fears which came sweeping on from one of the crosses that glittered in the purple light ? The ancient Rome had built the Coliseum at the hour when the old Roman

spirit was dying ; the mediæval Rome had built St. Peter's at the hour when the spirit of the Middle Ages was vanishing ! Vian did not dare to adopt this view ; it led to the suspicion that modern days would create a fane as different from St. Peter's as was St. Peter's from the Coliseum. He was, however, convinced that he had not the mental freedom which he supposed himself to possess.

Why should he be afraid of the suspicion that great changes were to come ? In Wolsey's presence any kind of opinion on religion had hitherto seemed so tolerable that Vian supposed he had come to the intellectual liberty which he had yearned for at Glastonbury. But now, to him, standing where he could look over Roman arch and Christian temple, with the shout of the multitude in the amphitheatre mingling in his soul with the whispers of the cardinals in the conclave, it was evident that a human soul must get a freedom for its operations which a Wolsey could not give or take away, if the soul would realize its destiny.

Awhile ago he had been on the point of comparing the Coliseum with St. Peter's, — their memories, their architecture, their renown, their significance. That moment occurred when he stood beneath the arches of the one, or before the steps leading into the other. He was now above both of them, and his feelings suggested the thoughts that the human soul could surmount and overawe its own creations ; that in such moments those creatures attained their true proportions ; that at such instants the future came into sight, and that after all there are but two great powers in the universe which have to do with the problems of mental freedom and its solution, — God and the human soul.

How long Vian remained upon that step he did not know. When he descended Rabelais smiled, told a humorous tale or two, and the three set out for the

Capitol. Vian was listening while they chattered of the affairs within the conclave. The wind was now sighing through the plane-trees and laurels; and the scantily clad Rabelais was glad to use the birrus of Vian's servant, who had come from the palace with a message to Vian from Clerk the ambassador.

"The emperor took the city by his soldiers, even before the Almighty could get here with His pious cardinals," said Rabelais, as they aimlessly wandered in front of the trenches out of which the workmen of Alexander VI. had brought some of the grotesques. "Some of the cardinals do not look like children of Minerva —"

"Nor of Venus," added the Neapolitan, "though I saw one of the least beautifully created tumble into the ditch at Porto d'Anza, where they found the Apollo of the Belvedere."

"He was doubtless a beautiful worshipper of Apollo in the other life, who had sinned, and therefore had been born ugly in this life, but was yet sufficiently united to his past to find the place of the image of Apollo," said Rabelais, looking at Vian. "Poor Antony, who doubtless is a cardinal in this life, ought to be apprehended where Julius found the statue of Cleopatra."

Soon they had reached an inn, at which they partook liberally of cakes and of wine, which induced plans for another series of visits to classical places. Between the pillars and modern churches, sarcophagi and temples, they talked of the election of the Pope.

"Every cardinal is a candidate," said the Neapolitan.

"So said Don Manuel," added Vian; "and it would seem that they are voting on one name at a time."

"Did your Lord Cardinal Wolsey ever really expect the papal throne?" asked the Neapolitan, bluntly.

Vian was somewhat annoyed at the question, for he had learned of the treachery of Charles V. It would

have been insulting from a soldier who had not the Neapolitan's hatred for the emperor. Vian answered :

"It is an age of royal liars."

"What ! not Henry VIII., who has crushed Luther !" exclaimed Rabelais, knowing not that Vian had sometimes looked indifferently upon his part in the composition of Henry's book, especially since the story of Pantagruel.

"It is an age of lying," said he, feeling that it was a safer assertion ; "and the chief of liars is Charles V. He promised my Lord Cardinal his support at Bruges, and repeated it through the ambassador, the Bishop of Elna, whom I left speaking to his Eminence at Hampton Court."

"There are too many Churchmen in the affair for anybody to tell the truth," remarked Rabelais.

Vian continued : "Henry VIII. sent his ambassador to the emperor to learn his choice —"

"And," interrupted the Neapolitan, who seemed to know everything, "Henry VIII. also sent two letters, — one in favor of Wolsey, to be used if he shall be elected ; and another in favor of De' Medici, if Wolsey shall fail."

Vian stoutly denied the truth of this statement ; but he saw that the Neapolitan was constant.

Rabelais simply said, "His Majesty would make a good pope."

"The one hundred thousand ducats which Wolsey has offered would indicate that Henry VIII. is ready to pay for the tiara for another," said the soldier, with an implied assurance that some one in the conclave had been carrying out news of importance.

It troubled Vian. "Every precaution has been taken against such as you knowing too much."

"Oh, yes !" laughed the Neapolitan ; "the army of lords and prelates stop up the breathing-holes —"

"The Devil will get in anyhow," said Rabelais.

"The platters are washed over and over again when they come out; and holy noses smell about the meats which enter and the pots which return, to discover a syllable of simony, which the Pope's bull prevents, or to find a phrase of news from some cardinal, which by this time any of them is too weak to write. You" — looking into the calm eyes of Vian, — "you saw the turning-wheel which was invented, by which their food is delivered. Not even a cardinal could make it tell a tale."

"This is the thirteenth day?" inquired Rabelais. "Ah! they have had but one kind of meat for several days. Rabelais! thou wouldst make a good choice of popes, for thou hast gone many a day without any meat at all; but in these days hunger is not piety."

"From the first day," said the Neapolitan, "the Cardinal de' Medici was hopeless of election. Tokens and signs told his party of the fact."

"Who was the saint carried forth from the conclave a few days ago, half dead from foul air?" asked Rabelais.

"Gremani."

"Lucky dog! and pious cardinal also, I doubt not."

"Yes; everybody within the conclave is tired, suspicious. Why, when Farnese's servant asked for a larger pot of wine, they cried, 'Oh, it is a secret watchword, — 'More wine!'"

"Nonsense!" said Rabelais; "that has been the watchword of the whole series of conclaves for ages. The Cardinal of Ivrea, — poor old fellow! — who was taken prisoner on his way hither, must have wished the captors had killed him, so much does he dislike scarcity of meat and wine."

By this time the three found themselves looking into a lime-pit about whose edges lay broken statues, a bust of Mars, and innumerable fragments of the colonnade of Minerva, the most beautiful blocks of which had been long ago converted into lime. Vian never felt him-

self so much a pagan; and his mind flew at once to Giovanni.

Vian felt it desirable to know more of the facts with which the Neapolitan seemed perfectly familiar; and saying farewell to Rabelais, to whom he gave the cloak, and to the Neapolitan, to whom he gave an invitation to visit him if ever he should betake himself to England, Vian was soon enjoying himself with a party of Wolsey's friends, who had given up every hope of the advancement of the cardinal if Richard Pace, whom now they anxiously expected, should not arrive before the dawn of the next day.

January 9 had come. The air was resonant with rumor. Vian's imagination had been stimulated by a story full of circumstantial accuracy, which he overheard while gazing at the ruin of the temple of Jupiter,—a story which led him to believe that Leo X. had been poisoned. His officer, Paris de Grasis, had strangely omitted to care for the late Pope in his sickness. The medical attendants who made an examination were certain that his Holiness had died by poison. A cup-bearer had been taken to the castle of St. Angelo. Vian could see the livid and swollen corpse. What could such a city and such a conclave do toward selecting a suitable successor?

Soldiers had crowded the streets since the day of Leo's death. Cardinal Volterra, one of the foremost candidates, had so insisted that the Imperialists had prejudiced the issue of the conclave by the presence of Swiss arms, that a thousand foot were added to their number to guard the conclave. The city thronged about the Basilica of St. Peter. It angered Vian to see the haughty Imperialists, as they denied every rumor which pleased the Roman populace, or spit upon the suggestion which once lifted the crowd toward the window, that Wolsey had won

the throne. Vian had to persuade himself that probably at no time had Charles V. dreamed, as had Wolsey, of the use of force to consummate his purposes; that in such an event the outside ward was held by stout Roman nobles, the second by the ambassadors, the third by the prelates who kept the keys of the conclave.

Reports that of the thirty-nine who had gone into the conclave singing "*Veni Creator*," not one was now strong enough to speak at length, made the throng which surged up against the Chapel of Sixtus IV., demand that the life of this cardinal or that should be spared.

"Colonna sung the Mass," whispered an Italian, whose belated information stirred the crowd with such interest that shouts of the word "*Colonna*" gave to the multitude in the street the impression that that faction had prevailed. As soon as the falsity of the report was announced, the shout "*Cardinal de' Medici*" went up; and children on the Aventine were crying out the defeat of the *Colonnas*. At once Vian recognized the absolute necessity of the strong guard. Often, in spite of them, did it appear that the cardinals within the palace would be dispersed by the furious populace.

Almost every cardinal, fourteen days ago, had gone into his cell,—a room sixteen feet long and ten feet broad,—healthful and confident. Now every one was pale and weary. When twelve cardinals had voted for Farnese, Saint Quator, whose strength was stimulated by the prospect of an immediate decision, shouted, "*Papem habemus.*"

Colonna rose at once.

"*Papem habemus*," cried out the Imperialists, led by Campeggio and De' Medici.

"Your reckoning is false," shrieked the haughty Colonna.

"*Papem habemus! Papem habemus!*" came from twelve throats.

"No!" and Colonna had vanquished the pretenders of the Farnese faction.

Out into the multitude came the word "Farnese," on wings unseen. On that instant the crowd broke into fragments. Soon the palace of Farnese was surrounded. Beyond the artillery and over the heads of the troops which defended it, the rough crowd saw within the splendid residence the testimonies to his luxurious taste. They paused; the troops were its defence; and leaving behind them the silent cannon, the throng pushed its way back again toward the Basilica.

Inside, the half-starved cardinals were listening to the nomination of Colonna; and as the wave went back which had brought that name forward, the name of the mightiest cardinal in Europe was pronounced.

"His youth! No!" shouted one after another.

"Too young," said an Imperialist who dreaded Wolsey's name.

"Nine votes," said the chalice which gleamed upon the altar.

De' Medici, Campeggio, and Volterra were pale, while Colonna and Farnese were wild with wrath. They could not help hearing the shoutings of the multitude without; but now they were far more intent upon the message to be given by those silent billets, which with so many genuflections were being deposited within the chalice.

It is done: thirty-nine cardinals present; thirty-nine votes have been cast; all is orderly.

"Twelve votes," said the officer, with faltering voice.

"Not once have I received more than six," thought De' Medici, who was determined to stand well with Wolsey if his election should be accomplished, but was sure that the next scrutiny would not be so favorable to him.

"Too young," repeated the cardinals, who feared only his abilities.



"He is less than sixty and more than fifty," said Campeggio.

Again the chalice was the receptacle of votes, which were placed within with a trembling hand. Only the Medici faction was calm.

"Nineteen votes," said the officer, with evident consternation.

Oh, could Vian have known it as he stood there on the outside, laughing at Rabelais as he talked of his new cloak !

Inside, every face showed exhaustion but that of De' Medici. He, however, now saw that he could not be chosen. Wolsey was showing too much power. "Now let the Imperialists rally," whispered De' Medici.

Don Manuel had made De' Medici the lieutenant of Charles V. in the conclave. Henry VIII. and Wolsey must be defeated. Tortosa was to be the Imperial candidate if De' Medici could not obtain the tiara ; and now for ten times the chalice had registered the growing strength of another.

"Twenty-six votes !" and this was the eleventh scrutiny.

"Tortosa ! Tortosa !" they cried. Election by scrutiny was overthrown ; and by concurrence an aged and feeble man, schoolmaster long years ago to Charles V., was chosen to the throne of Leo X.

"The Holy Ghost did it !" said the tired cardinals. The crowd repeated it.

Outside the Basilica, Rabelais said to Vian, "The Holy Ghost can do little enough, as we know, so long as they are in good health."

Then the crowd caught up the words of the wit. Screams greeted the cardinals as they came forth. The city was a laugh, a jeer, a peril which derided the conclave, and hated the name of the "stranger Pope," as they called him.

In the morning, when Vian set out from Civita Vecchia for London, the gray mist was still lingering above the Pontine marshes, and the quiet dawn which had now lit up the desolation of the Coliseum fell upon the ground, like the gold powder, which, with mixed carmine and minium, served to conceal the same blood-spattered soil when, centuries before, the roads which led to Rome were those of politics rather than of ecclesiastics, and when within that enclosure Rome shouted over the cruel spectacle of death in the amphitheatre.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE COURT AND THE VISION.

Doth he use then on mules to ryde?  
Yea, and that with so shameful pryde  
That to tell it is not possible:  
More like a God celestiall  
Than any creature mortall  
With worldly pompe incredible.

ROY.

VIAN had been sent to Rome to bear a special message to Don Manuel. He had failed to see his Lord Cardinal made pope ; but there were other things for him to do.

Before Vian had been at Whitehall a single fortnight, Thomas Wolsey had recognized him as a young man of careful scholarship, fine business ability, and above all, of quick and accurate perception of the motives and character of the men around the chancellor. Wolsey himself was astonished at Vian's capacity for affairs associated so intimately with what seemed to him a daring genius for speculation in matters of religion and philosophy. His success on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," in pleasing every one interested in the display, furnished proof enough of his ability.

"I want you always to be with me at Hampton Court, whither I shall often go for quietude and the fresh air. I shall not be troubled with much business there. I order

that all business shall be done at Whitehall. I want Hampton Court for health and rest, and there we will talk over your 'new learning' and reforms in the Holy Church," said his Eminence.

There was a slight flavor of irony in these last words which almost assured Vian that while the Chancellor appreciated his fitness for diplomacy, he would make an effort to rid him of his heresies. Yet he believed that Wolsey's interest in heretics and heresies was political, not religious. Things had become so pressing that it was only a word now and then which was spoken upon these subjects. Only when the shrewd politician saw that something in the mind of his trusted young friend was taking the very soul out of that delicately formed body, — only when he saw that Vian was so influenced by some such weight upon him that, brilliant and powerful as he was, he had really exhibited but a small portion of his energy in politics, — was it that his Grace would chat with him about the progress, perilous enough to crowns and mitres, of the new opinions at Oxford, the attitude of the scholars toward the Greek philosophy which had been brought from Florentine academies, and more particularly the impossibility, as the cardinal saw it, of keeping a Church at all without a more comprehensive treatment or a severer discipline.

"Abbot Richard Beere may be right," said he; "the sword must go against the heretic."

Little as Thomas Wolsey could know of the demand for freedom which such a soul as Vian's was making, now and then the keen discernment of the eminent Churchman enabled him to meditate thus: —

"I say this young man needs no liberality of thought which he does not already possess, because I avow truly that I, as a faithful and important adherent of the Pope, need nothing for myself which I have not. Perhaps, however, the freedom which I use comes to me because

the Holy Church has much open space in the direction of my desires, and there may be not a hand's-breadth of freedom in the direction of Vian's aspirations. There ought to be room on every side, for we are not all alike."

Only his profound love for the young ecclesiastic and the evident demands of policy would allow him to yield to better reasonings than those which ever come to any soul untouched by love. They detained his scheming intellect, however, but for a moment. Soon some brilliant plan for a short cut to the papal throne mastered him, and Vian's cry for freedom seemed both silly and wicked to the mind of the chancellor.

"Vian, my son," he would say, "the honor of your sovereign, Henry of England, the duties you owe to his Holiness, the loyalty you have pledged to me," — Wolsey always talked with such an ascending scale in mind, — "these ought to banish such whimperings from your breast."

One man at least partially understood Vian. Fra Giovanni, who was thoroughly at home at Hampton Court, whose absence from Glastonbury Abbey was productive of unalloyed delight in the minds of both the abbot and his sympathizing priors, had watched the contesting energies as they struggled within him. Much as the happy old friar was interested in Vian's fight for intellectual liberty, he was so sure that he would obtain it that he gave himself no special concern upon the point; but rather did he devote his observations — for Fra Giovanni was a consummate detective, as had been proven in Italy and England — to what he saw was a battle between a vision and a philosophy.

He tried in vain to explain Vian's mental condition to Thomas More, who had begun to believe that the brilliant future of Vian as a scholar was overcast with clouds.

"Why," said the old friar, as they stood talking one morning at Hampton Court, to which More often came

either as an honored guest or because Wolsey and the king's affairs required it, "the young man is in love with a vision, has loved the object of that vision for nearly fifteen years, and is trying to kill his love with the philosophy of Pythagoras."

"He will never be able to destroy a heart-beat with a theory of his brain," said the intrepid man, who honored love in his theories and in his experience.

"But what do you mean? Something, I know, is extracting the vigor from his soul."

"Well, let us go out where we may talk it all over. Vian is a noble young fellow, and we must cleave to him now."

"Vian must have the privilege of doing his own thinking if he be not badly heretical," said Thomas More, not at all conversant with the truth which Fra Giovanni had discovered, and never guessing that Vian had gone further toward the iconoclasm which More feared than the latter dreamed.

"That is not what rocks his soul so uneasily now. I say to you that he is trying to abolish a passionate love for a fancied maiden, with a theory of the transmigration of souls."

"Impossible!" again remarked the statesman.

As the two were wending their way slowly across the red-brick court, beneath the latticed windows and through the awe-inspiring cloisters, the young man himself in whose career they had such interest was explaining to the chancellor's secretary, who was very tolerant of his religious or irreligious proclivities, why he could not wisely accomplish a mission to the court of Francis I., which had been proposed to him.

The secretary had insisted; Vian was faithful to the interests of Wolsey, and refused to go.

Wolsey himself knew of the unpleasant meeting of Vian and Ami on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold;"

but it had not occurred to him that at this juncture it might be important to consider its effect upon diplomacy. Vian had become almost indispensable in the service of his Grace. He had shown a comprehensive talent for statecraft, and brought a wonderful insight into association with his intimate acquaintance with the forces which were agitating the religious and literary world. Wolsey therefore had felt peculiar gratitude that Vian escaped the dagger of Ami.

Wolsey would willingly have trusted Vian with any message or task in England or France. Why was he not willing to go? It certainly could not mean insubordination. "Surely 'the new learning' has not entirely turned the head of Vian," thought the chancellor. His Grace also remembered the girl Astrée. He chuckled at the thought that Vian's fear of meeting her again — lovely creature that she was — might have saved for his Grace at this hour the skill and tried talents of his most brilliant servant.

Then the chancellor laughed, as he said to his secretary: "The young man Vian is mysterious. He is not in love. He cares nothing for the French girl whom he rescued. That abominable philosophy of Pythagoras has destroyed the charm of every female for Vian, except that of the intangible girl in his vision. Abbot Richard said he never could be a respectable monk with that beautiful little girl floating in his dreams. Mayhap I cannot make him a good politician until the vision fades. One thing is sure: the young man Vian has a clean soul, and pure. I wish all monks had some vision which, like Vian's, would keep them from mortal sin."

No other man in Wolsey's service at that hour would have dared to object to going to France. It was such an honor that even wisdom of the ordinary sort would have been deluded. It was a delicate situation for the monk who was now playing in politics, for the scholar

who was so successful at diplomacy. Vian was known to have no great reverence for the papal chair. Cardinal Wolsey had been offered, in 1520, the help of the emperor by the Spanish envoys toward that position; and at Bruges Charles V. had voluntarily indicated his acquiescence in the scheme. Vian was known to have regarded the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" as a magnificent farce considered by the side of Wycliffe's translation of the New Testament. Could it be possible that he declined to go to France and represent Wolsey, because he pretended to foresee that the demands of the Reformers and the popularizing of intelligence would some day be considered as the only worthy topics of the time for kings, cardinals, and even their private advisers and servants to interest themselves about?

The great effort at mediation at Calais had failed. On Nov. 25, 1521, he had left the obstinate Emperor Charles V. and the ambitious Francis, — the one to his adviser; the other to a man whose strong intellect divided honors with a passionate, jealous hate of Wolsey's young friend Vian. This latter was the chosen friend of Francis I., — Ami, who was always at his side, and who at the moment when, to obtain even a temporary truce with Charles V., the king would have surrendered Fontarabia, said: "Sire, his Majesty the Emperor of Germany has no equivalent to offer you. I beg you to accept no brief truce from Charles V. through the hand of a cardinal who desires the papacy."

From that hour Cardinal Wolsey had understood the influence which this young knight Ami exercised upon the mind of the French King. He knew that on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" Vian had met an antagonist of equal power. He now reflected that Vian might have the best of reasons for declining to go upon the proposed mission. Of one thing he was sure, — Vian was not a coward.



That morning Wolsey had departed from Hampton Court, "desiring to be alone," as he said to More ; and so was rowed down the Thames by eight trusty and stalwart oarsmen, to find, before he set foot upon the palace stairs at Whitehall, that Vian, the young monk, who had previously saved him from the hate of Leo X. by the discovery obtained from the ambassador of Charles V., had now, by his wise refusal to go to the court of France, exempted his plans with Francis I. from what would have been sure defeat. Vian had put a letter into the hands of the cardinal as he entered the boat, and in it all was explained.

"The Pythagorean philosopher may not be satisfactory to Glastonbury, but his political sagacity adorns Hampton Court," thought his Grace, as he tore the note to pieces, and threw its fragments into the river.

"My refusal to prejudice the cause of my Lord Chancellor by meeting him who is at once my bitterest foe and the trusted dæmon of Francis I., may bring upon me the contempt of his Grace for the present ; but I will bide my time," was the remark made by Vian to the secretary at the same moment at Hampton Court.

In their long walk through the buildings already erected, and in sight of improvements already begun, More and Giovanni had resolved to put into operation some scheme which should, if possible, so relieve Vian's mind of some of its problems that he might achieve the high success as a man of political affairs which seemed possible for him.

"You ought not to be here simply revising the plans of James Bettes, even if he does call himself 'master of the works of Thomas, Cardinal of York,' " said More.

"I learned architecture of Richard Beere, Abbot of Glastonbury," replied Vian, as he proceeded to give instructions concerning the copings of the parapets and

the forms of those chimney-shafts which have delighted Victoria in our own day.

"James Bettes is not some Angelo dead and born again," said Giovanni, trying to make Pythagoreanism appear in Vian's answer.

"No ; if he had been an Angelo he would be laboring now at some St. Paul's School, or perhaps at building a great temple for heretics. A man who has been brave and good never finds himself born anew on a lower scale."

"Vian," said More, with a touch of friendship in his tone, "come with me for a holiday."

"I must not leave my Lord Cardinal. When he returns I must tell him again that I cannot go to France. That fiend Ami will upset his plans if he knows I have to do with them. I could not go. Would you explain it to his Grace? Fra Noglini, who knows the knight, avows that his jealousy of me is so great that he would join the heretic William Farel, and go body and soul with the Reformers themselves, had he not learned that you and Master Erasmus were my friends, that I loved to read the 'Praise of Folly,' and that if he became a heretic, he might find myself in the crowd."

"You are in politics now, and out of church quarrels," said Giovanni.

"Yes. But I want to feel free in my thought and faith, nevertheless ; and he, the hypocritical Waldensian sucking sweets at the court of Francis I., pretends to have a conscience. He is an infernal scoundrel, but he hates the indulgences as much as does any true saint. He would break his Majesty's realm to pieces to defeat me. I want to be true to my Lord Cardinal, good friends, and I refuse to go to France on any mission for the sake of his Grace. I beg you explain to his Grace where I am. I did not try to steal the affections of the girl Astrée. I want no woman's love. My philosophy prevents my loving any

man's beloved. Pythagoras teaches that woman is man who has done wrong in some previous life. I prefer men. But oh, I had a vision once — "

More thought he saw that the monk was on the verge of madness. He was standing, or trying to stand, where hurricanes were meeting.

"Perhaps you would better amuse yourself with helping his Grace to build and adorn Hampton Court," said Giovanni, full of sympathy.

This touched Vian's soul. He hated the life he had been living. He hated the struggle through which he had been led. He hated, most of all, the thought that he must actually abuse a mind made for higher things, by amusing it in this crisis with the magnificence of the court of Henry VIII. and the splendors of Wolsey's country palace. The society of one great truth, held honestly and defended with heroism, would have compensated him for the loss of all; but he was hedged on every side.

"It is all amusing," said he, "to have a mind unmoved with the greater facts of this life. I have a certain faculty of hearing the lies of kings and popes and cardinals, and arranging them so that my Lord Cardinal can beat them all at lying. I am here so long as the falsities of men are valuable to one another. I want the truth. No pageant can hide that desire." Then he added in a long laugh: "We had a pageant ludicrous enough here at Hampton Court. My Lord Cardinal was giving a dinner to an ambassador. He sat in the centre of the high table. Around him were the guests. Two ladies were very near to his Grace. Gold and silver vases stood where we could find room. The minstrels played; and the dinner being over, the maskers waited in the chamber for the procession. Everybody was disguised. The hoods had been made in France, Spain, and Italy. The laces of gold and the embroidered green

satin came<sup>o</sup> from Flanders. The waiters upon those who wished to gamble held the bowls full of ducats and dice, while the dance went on. Suddenly the king himself rushed in, masked and picturesque. Forty others followed attired as the hideous crew of a pirate. Consternation seized every one. The torch-bearers dropped their torches, the drums thundered, and the fifes screamed, until all was confusion. Then the king himself pulled down his visor, and laughed at my Lord Cardinal, whereat the king sat down and played on the harpsichord while he sang a laughable song. It was all very amusing; but I would rather have an hour with Erasmus. Then there are serious questions of statecraft here. Charles V. swears and breaks his oath; the Pope promises and forgets; Francis I. embraces his Majesty, my king and yours, and both of them have their ministers arranging another farce. It is all serious and amusing, good friends; but I have had a vision, as you know. That vision I have buried in philosophy; but I do not think that Pythagoras or even the Pope can bury the noisy demand of the Reformers. What think you?"

More said nothing. He was charmed, astonished, perplexed; and he rested not until, on the return of Wolsey, Vian was allowed two or three days as a holiday.





## CHAPTER IX.

### PYTHAGOREANISM AT SIR THOMAS MORE'S.

All things are but altered, nothing dies,  
And here and there th' embodied spirit flies  
By time and force and sickness dispossessed,  
And lodges where it lights in man or beast.

PYTHAGORAS in OVID (*Dryden's translation*).

"IT is a battle between a vision and a philosophy then," said More, looking upon Vian with his placid gray eyes.

"Alas! I am torn to shreds with the contest, whatever it may be," answered the Pythagorean monk, as he shook his head aimlessly.

They were standing together in the home which has become renowned in history for its refinement and affection. Hours were gliding by on wings of gold. It was impossible for Vian to escape the charm of the family life which made that house so heavenly. The intellectual impulse which was generated there moved Vian's mind toward love. He yearned for such mental and spiritual companionship as made the atmosphere ideal. Heart-hunger never appeared so irrepressible. He remembered that More had once been pledged to the life of a monk. He could not avoid contrasting what would have been the loneliness and thirst of his soul with the delicious interchange of thought and feeling, the bright and glowing fires of mutual devotion, which characterized that home.

Love had made her sacred temple there. The altars of affection were covered with costly sacrifices so freely given. The fire from on high was consuming the offering. The incense-cloud of affection ascended to the great white throne.

"I have been pledged to a monastic life; I am an oath-bound celibate," thought Vian with a sigh, as the wife of More came near and placed her hand upon the shoulder of her illustrious companion.

They had a delicate topic to talk upon. More was anxious to deal with one problem at a time, and his wife was conscious that her presence would interfere seriously with the full expansion of a conversation on celibacy. One such beauteous planet suddenly coming into such a gloomy sky would unduly irradiate and might confuse a soul so embarrassed with the limitations which annoyed Vian. She soon found another task of love elsewhere.

"But your devotion to Pythagoras has more to do just now toward putting out the fires of love, than your attachments to the monastic life," said the wise friend.

"Alas, oftentimes my vision of my mate plays havoc with my philosophy, good sir!" observed Vian, painfully smiling.

More was determined to test him.

"You have had a beautiful vision, Vian; and Saint Paul, when he explains the glory of his own career, has said, 'I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.'"

"But, good friend!" urged Vian, "mine began as the vision of a child."

"Samuel's vision, so the Scripture tells us, was a child's vision. It must not be forgotten that the Saviour of the oldest of sinners makes him return to his childhood before he is saved. Except we become as little children, we cannot be saved," replied More.

"Yes; but," Vian said, as he felt the vision steal upon him again, and command him with its pristine

charm, — “ yes ; but I have been taught that these desires for love and for being loved, this thirst for the one above all others whom I must love, whom I have never really seen, — I have had it all held before me as a temptation of the Devil. Against something of this sort saint after saint has struggled. To escape that pitfall, some of the more holy have cut their bodies with flints and rolled in tangled patches of briars, penetrated their flesh with thorns, and frozen their limbs in caves of ice. Oh, it seems so strange that this beautiful one, whom I never have lost out of my vision, should be the only power in my life to keep me pure and to make me hope for saintliness ; and yet that all the custodians of religion should tell me, from the words of the Fathers and the lives of the saints, that the dream I have had of her is the Devil’s own invention to drag me to hell ! ”

“ It cannot be,” said More, firmly.

Vian, long hours before, had told the story. In spite of this vow, it had haunted him ; and now, in spite of Pythagoreanism, which had been a sort of substitute for that faith in the Church which he had lost and which degraded woman, the vision came back upon his soul with a celestial beauty. He had an affectionate faith that Thomas More would get him into no difficulties. He had always been thankful that he had obeyed the statesman on that dusty roadway, when he followed him and Erasmus, and that he went back obediently to Glastonbury Abbey. He had told but three men of the vision which had followed him since childhood. He had told the sub-prior, on an occasion forever memorable to Vian, in explanation of his difficulties with the monastic life. He had related the story of his ideal love for his unseen mate to Fra Giovanni and Thomas More. Each had met him with a characteristic prescription. Monasticism, in the person of the sub-prior, regarded his vision as a Satanic device to damn him. Fra Giovanni looked

upon it with the contempt inspired by a philosophy which made a woman to be but a man who had behaved badly in some other life, and was therefore punished in having to appear on earth as a female. Thomas More, looking out from the experiences of love itself, pitied the yearning heart of Vian, and being a Churchman who feared a little the revolutions which he had helped to incite, tried to be cautious even in his use of truth.

Everything was against his making such an impression upon Vian as would serve to abolish that passionate love. Here was a living woman of whom her husband had written an epigram, which has inspired an archbishop to translate it thus : —

“ With books she ’ll time beguile,  
And make true bliss her own,  
Unbuoyed by Fortune’s smile,  
Unbroken by her frown.

. . . . .  
So left all meaner things,  
Thou ’lt on her breast recline,  
While to her lyre he sings  
Strains, Philomel, like thine.”

Vian was a lover, a musician, and a man of literary talent. His ardor was not cooling in the presence of a beautiful woman, whose husband, by educating her in literature and particularly in music, had made the Pythagorean philosophy so ineffective in so far as it threw a shadow upon such womanhood. Not Holbein’s famous picture in oil, nor those of Erasmus’s “ Colloquies ” in words, so sympathetically reflected the love at the home of Sir Thomas More, as did Vian’s growing thirst.

More shrugged his shoulder — Erasmus tells us that “ his right shoulder always had the look of being higher than the left ” — when Vian, fully intent on keeping his faith in the transmigration of souls, proceeded to tell him of a few of his Pythagorean experiences.



"I am sure that in some other life I have met our sovereign Henry VIII."

"Where did you encounter him?" queried the host.

"In Rome, on the Appian Way. Yesterday I caught in his words the same tones with which he spoke to his charioteer. In his laugh I know there is the guffaw of one of the Cæsars."

"Do you recognize anybody else about the throne or court as belonging to that age? Has anybody else's soul transmigrated?"

"Now, good sir," said Vian, trustfully, "you will grant me forgiveness. Master Erasmus would not find fault. I love him. The chains which bound me once to worn-out traditions he has partially broken for me. I am too thankful to do him dishonor. I know that he wrote the 'Praise of Folly,' or at least completed it, in this house. You need not blame me —"

"Vian, you need not be anxious; we both love Erasmus," said More, wistfully.

"Then let me say I do not doubt that Erasmus — or the man we know as Erasmus of Rotterdam — is really Lucian of Samostata. He has his old satire; his mind is keen with the same weapons of wit and irony; and he knows that the priests now require his sarcasms, as did the gods in the time of his previous existence."

"Well," said More, laughingly, "that is a bright and just literary judgment, at all events. Erasmus himself would appreciate that."

"So," said Vian, "I am sure that one of the sisters at the nunnery is one of the vestal virgins of Rome come again. She acknowledged to me that at night by the crucifix she finds her way back to Rome. The old Roman religion has begun to decay; a new faith breathes like a spring-time upon the altars, and a fresh enthusiasm glows in the eyes of the priests. She says it all seems to be re-

enacted again. Just as she stood, herself being one of the last of the vestal virgins, at altars from whence the mind of ancient Rome had been led by the decay of faith and the rise of a novel worship; so here on earth, in this new time, she beholds the attack on the papacy and the influence of 'the new learning,' with an ominous atmosphere around it all, indicating that a great transformation has come."

"You must live in a very strange world, Vian," said More, reflectively.

"Yes; I do indeed. The ghosts of the past are everywhere. I myself am one. If I knew all previous history, I could find out people and tell them their past. I could also tell whether they had done well or badly in their other lives. The very animals are but the incarnate souls of very vicious people. The saints and heroes are those who had done well and have been re-incarnate at a higher point in the scale. When I recognize a man, I can always see what his tendency is, downward or upward. One thing is a worry to me —"

"Ah!" said More, "only one?"

"No; would it were so! Woman is a problem, — that is, some women are problems."

"Woman has always been a problem," said the pleasant host.

"Yes; but women — that is, all women — do not take their places in my philosophy as they ought, if they are what they seem to be, or if love is not a snare, or if Pythagorean doctrines of metempsychosis be true."

"That is a fierce trilemma. Each point is a spear," said More, with a smile.

"Well, what I mean is just this," — pointing to the monkey which appears in Holbein's famous canvas, "The Household of Sir Thomas More," — an animal which there nestles in the robes of Dame Alice Middleton, but which in actual life and at the moment spoken of was

climbing upon the table before Vian, — "that monkey is doubtless the re-incarnation of some court-jester —"

"Or philosopher," whispered More.

"And Pythagoras teaches that he is what he is now because he was so bad in the other life. But Fra Giovanni has so explained Pythagoras that woman —"

"And you are a Pythagorean, having lost your faith in much that the Church teaches?" inquired More, reprovingly.

"I believe in God, in the Blessed Son our Lord, in the Holy Virgin —"

Vian hesitated with the words "Holy Virgin;" and then he said: "I believe the teachings of Pythagoras to be true. Some day they will be harmonized with true Christianity."

"But," said More, "you find it hard to think that such a woman as Dame Alice —" and just then Alice Middleton, who in no small measure had taken the place of "the gentle girl" whom More had lost, came near to them, and appeared, as she was, a most beautiful and affectionate woman — "you do not believe that she" — More placed his hand upon her white forehead — "is only a bad man reborn into a twenty fifth or sixth life."

Vian said, "No," with decision.

"What shall we say about your vision of that lovely maiden, your little mate at Lutterworth? It seems that if Pythagoras has spoken truth she must have been a bad —"

"Never! Not at all!" cried Vian. "I would annihilate all philosophies before I could believe that. She is as real to me as ever, — I believe that I love her."

"You are a sworn celibate too," observed Sir Thomas More, gravely.

"He is a beautiful lover," broke in Dame Alice.

"You are a Pythagorean," said More, with evident knowledge of the difficulties of Vian's heart and brain.

"I am nothing," replied the monk, — "nothing, if I do not love that vision of my soul's mate."

"Vian," — More began slowly, as they both stood up, and Dame Alice put her hands upon the gesticulating hand of Vian and that of her husband, — "you may know that when I was younger than I am now, I played at farces which I myself did compose. If I had to write one now, it would be simply the record of an imaginative young monk who has had a rapturous vision which has been too powerful to allow him contentment as a monk, and which is now too strong to let him remain a Pythagorean, believing in the transmigration of the soul. As I said to you, the battle is between a vision and a philosophy; and this sweet woman knows philosophy will not win the victory when love is in the vision."

"Oh!" said Vian, as he walked to the window and looked out where the children of Sir Thomas were learning the Greek alphabet by shooting arrows at the letters, "I am confident that it was a child's vision. I shall find myself always a Pythagorean and a Christian. I have believed that I should some day behold that same lovely face which has haunted my eye. But the abbot assured me that it is the temptation of the Devil; and I was once flogged when I spoke of it to a prior who had thought me heretical. Later on, as I lost my ability to have faithful care for the relics and fasts and feast-days at Glastonbury, the vision came back. I thought I should find her — O God, how often this unseen companion of my spirit has kept me from mortal sin! Then the first truths of Pythagorean philosophy became my meat and drink, instead of monks' tales and the exploits of saints. I accept that philosophy to-day."

"Of course it involves the doctrine of the soul's transmigration," said More.

"Yes," hesitated Vian. "I believed that this doctrine did shed a fair light upon the sweet face in my vision."

I thought that I must have known my mate in another life. I think that, beautiful as she is in my dream, she has been compelled to work out a ransom for herself somewhere. She lives probably in some corner of this big world. Oh, I dread, and yet I yearn to meet her if but for a moment! I will—I must be a Pythagorean. It is the only philosophy to harmonize with our holy religion. I will not—I cannot believe that this affection is born of Satan. That vision has kept me, I say, good friends,—it has kept me pure. I am glad enough to be away from Glastonbury, where the prior asked me daily if I did not want to be flogged because the face of my soul's mate still haunted me."

Dame Alice stood near him, wondering, breathing a prayer for Vian. It was at an hour when the currents of thought which preceded the Reformation swept before her, mingling, in this unique experience, the driftwood of the past with gleams which lay upon a tossing flood set toward the future.





## CHAPTER X.

### THE SACRIFICE OF BAYARD.

"Lost! an army in the hills of Genoa! The finder shall have a reward."

HARDLY had Pope Adrian VI. been enthroned by the intrigues of Charles V. through Don Manuel, before Don Manuel himself began to share the contempt which Rome expressed after the election.

His Holiness offended the men of the Renaissance, as he entered the Vatican. He remarked, as he saw the statuary, "*Sunt idola Antiquorum!*" and refused to enter the Belvedere, which he afterward walled up.

"The Holy Ghost," said the Spaniard, "was with the cardinals in the conclave, but the Devil has been with them since they came out."

His Holiness was not ready to hand over the tiara to the custody of the emperor; Adrian VI. even contended that Don Manuel had tried to prevent his election.

Charles V. and Cardinal Wolsey were soon beholding at Windsor a play, in which "Amity" (which they were expected to constitute) had sent "Prudence" and "Policy," who broke the horse "Force," or France, biting him severely and reining him most carefully. France must be invaded; and the Pope, England, and the emperor were against her.

Grave as was the peril to Francis I., it had grown more terrible, when one morning Ami came to him and repeated the words of Bourbon: "It is too late."

"Where is his sword?" cried out the French monarch, who was wrathful beyond expression, as he looked into the calm face of Ami, who so often had urged him to be just with Bourbon, — "where is his sword?"

"Sire," answered Ami, with dignity and a graceful courtesy which tangled the king's thoughts, "he bids us say to your Majesty that his sword was taken away when his command was given to the husband of your darling sister Marguerite."

"The collar of Saint Michael?"

"Here, my gracious sovereign," said Ami, producing it. "It was under the head of his bed at Chantelle."

"Oh, Ami," said the king, whose heart was bursting with pain and foreboding, "forgive my tears, forgive my insults! I would give Duprat and Bonnivet, Lautrec and Lorraine, — all of them would I give for him, for Bourbon, if he had never fallen to be a traitor."

Ami knew that this was no time for reminding the king of his previously expressed anxieties and protests. No true knight ever said, in word or deed, "I told you so." He was sure that, if ever, the king needed his friendship now. Bourbon had been mistreated by the king, the Chancellor Duprat, and above all, by Louise of Savoy; but now Bourbon was a traitor. That fact was sufficient to warm Ami's spirit to enthusiasm against him.

Charles V. did not intend the conquest of France; he was simply making Henry VIII. pay for an army which would persuade Francis I. to give up Milan. Bourbon, in his flight, had eluded the eye of Francis; and soon Francis was again growing weary of Ami's pleas that Duprat's schemes for the capture of Bourbon should be superseded, when the item of news came, — Ami had to break it to his king, — "The Emperor Charles V. has made Bourbon Lieutenant-General."

While Francis I. and Mme. de Chateaubriand were

arranging all sorts of plans to tarnish the love of Astrée and Ami, and thus to reduce it to the level of their own, the young knight was gathering from the luminous darkness of Astrée's eyes, and from the soft pressure of her lovely hand, the courage and tenderness with which next day, having followed the king into his Majesty's chamber, he adjured him to prevent the sacrifice of Bayard to the ignorance of Admiral Bonnivet.

"He will not complain," said the king, who was full of spite over the failure of Mme. de Chateaubriand's latest scheme.

"I do not complain, Sire."

The rich divan upon which the king lay, was half hidden with the splendid garments which gave beauty to the sinewy strength of his Majesty's form. As the king rose to say, "The astrologer said it!" Ami's eyes fell upon a jewel-box which he and Astrée had observed in the hands of Mme. de Chateaubriand; and the knight turned away.

April 30, 1524. A stone sang through the air. Yonder was a puff of smoke from an arquebusier.

"Jesus, my God, I am slain!"

"No," said the dying man later, to those who came up to hope against despair, — "no; it is done." His trembling hand lowered his sword, and the glassy eyes were fixed upon the shining cross in its hilt.

"Let us carry him hence," exclaimed Ami.

"No! In death I will not turn my back on the enemy. Charge ye!"

It was Chevalier Bayard's last word of command. "Miserere mei, Deus Secundum magnam misericordiam tuam," murmured he again, as they gently placed him, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, under the whispering tree around which ran a clinging vine.

Through his tears Ami saw the dust-cloud. The



enemy was near. Mid the clatter of hoofs, Bayard was confessing to a young man, Jacques, —

“All I regret is not having done my duty as I ought to have done,” he said.

“A quart of my blood were nothing!” said Pescara, the foe, as he commanded that Bayard’s enemies should raise a tent above the agonizing man.

At that instant Ami saw a well-known figure near him. On his breast was the coat of arms of Charles V.; in his eye was pain. It was Bourbon.

“I grieve for your disaster,” said he, kneeling by the side of the greatest of knights.

Chivalry spoke again. Bourbon had risen. Through the branches above him sighed the spring. Prophecies of summer played and vanished upon his glittering armor.

A cloud came over the scene, as Bayard extended his finger, which seemed a sword tipped with scorn, and said: “My Lord, no pity for me! I have done my duty, and die. There is pity for you, who fight against your oath. your country, your king.”

As Bourbon silently withdrew, Ami felt himself knit, in bonds never to be severed, to Francis I. and to France. He was, however, not less sure that Admiral Bonnivet had sacrificed Bayard.

October found Bourbon commanding Milan, which he had forsaken when his army was in such condition as would justify setting up in Rome such a pasquinade as has been printed at the beginning of this chapter, and to which city of Milan he had returned with thirteen thousand men.

Meantime Ami had urged Francis I. to pursue the disorganized Imperialists, until his Majesty, acting under Bonnivet’s advice, had told him: “I have now no patience with you or with astrologers.”

That iron entered Ami’s soul. What should he do?

Astrée was far away; but he remembered her words. They sufficed to make him burn for an opportunity to prove himself a better soldier than Admiral Bonnivet. Ami could still hear Louise of Savoy say to him with stinging scorn: "The King of France allowed you to exchange the cap and plume of a page for halbert and helm." "No," had said Astrée, as she looked upon her knight in polished steel; "I have loved a knight, and Bayard said it."

The king himself solved Ami's problem. A last message to his Majesty, which had been lost for a time, had finally arrived. Bayard had so commended Ami to the King of France that Bonnivet's words went for naught; and Ami, Feb. 23, 1525, was made ready to serve his sovereign again.





## CHAPTER XI.

### PAVIA.

“ Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur ! ”

NOVEMBER 8 had seen the king sacrifice more than two thousand Frenchmen in storming the town of Pavia. The river was a torrent ; the skies were murky ; and Bourbon and Pescara had strengthened the Imperialists by their arrival. Around the governor, Antonio de Leyva, were consolidated the viceroys and generals of Charles V. Francis, in obedience to Bonnivet, had continued the siege, in spite of the proposals of the enemy, the starved condition of his troops, and the peril of his situation. Continually on horseback, he rode about within sight of the garrison of his foe, sneering at the suggestions which he had received from the new Pope, Clement VII., and laughing with Bonnivet over Wolsey's second defeat at Rome.

Antonio de Leyva had converted all the sacred vessels of the churches into coin ; and the gold chain which hung about his neck had been melted into ingots. The women were working in the trenches. Desperation had done its work in making the Imperialists courageous. Each army had agreed to fight next day. Night had come over the tower of Mirabello, from which Montmorency had made the bodies of its defenders dangle,

because, as he said, "they had resisted a royal army in a hencoop." Darkness, broken in upon by the starlight, half concealed the great walls which surrounded the park.

As Ami sat there in the star-lit night watching with one whom he so deeply loved, filled with inspiring recollections of the night before the battle of Marignano, and impressed with the importance of what he foresaw was to be known in history as the battle of Pavia, the king suddenly turned to the young knight, and said, —

"You believe me to be surrounded by bad advisers."

"I have not said so much," was the swift reply. "But I have thought your knowledge of my loyalty and love would allow the truth to be spoken concerning the measures and methods proposed to you, Sire."

The moon looked clearly upon the fearless and affectionate honesty of the young knight. Francis I. was charmed with his superb appearance. Ami had resolved to remain in the saddle, even if the sovereign slept. He was mounted upon a noble charger, which was as unwearied as his gallant rider. One of the squires held the rein, which was at that instant relaxed. Ami was clad in complete armor. Every incidental word or motion indicated his readiness to dismount, as was the custom, and leave his horse in charge of one of the infantry, while he fought. The golden spurs and the white girdle, which latter Nouvisset had asked Astrée to place around his loins when he left Chambord, seemed instinct with a nervous vitality. His helmet detained the silvery light, as the beams played upon its glittering surface. Beneath his cuirass was beating a heart which now had but two impulses, then made one, — love for Astrée and loyalty to the king. Jealousy of the detested English monk had driven conscience from the field of his emotions; and jealousy had gone away after conscience in hot pursuit. He was not interested in Reformers or Reformations. The

Waldensian within him slept in the stalwart ambition of the knight. As Francis I. gazed upon his companion, he still believed that though Chevalier Bayard's race had been run with this young Bayard, he could even yet rekindle the expiring embers of chivalry.

"I did venture to say," remarked Ami, "that it appeared to me, Sire, that your soldiers should have been drilled by their commanders."

"Drilled?" asked the king, — for at that hour in the history of war it was a new idea that such a regulation should be imposed upon officers — "drilled? Did you say it?"

"Every man should know his pike or bow or arque-busier, — every man should be known for ill or good in a crisis like this."

"You do not see victory —"

"Except in trained soldiers who have not been gathered by force or by money," interjected the knight. "Courage, my king, is born of love and loyalty; and even courage needs to be trained to its task. We are on the way to a new era in the history of military affairs, Sire."

"Ah!" said the king, betraying his somewhat sleepy condition, "you and Nouvisset would make many revolutions. What else, Ami?"

"If the contest does not come at dawn, I would have your Majesty's mercenaries so disposed that they would not dare to abandon their king and the nobles of France, even if they desired."

"I see," said the king, "you have lost faith in human nature, — first, in the good sense and skill of commanders such as mine; then, also, in the soldiers themselves."

"Nay, my king, nay! I never have had any faith to lose in purchasable human nature."

"Nouvisset was a mercenary," said his Majesty, sharply.

"His love for you, his loyalty to France, however, have never been purchasable," was the answer. "He loves the king and France."

"What else?" said Francis I., as he scowled upon Ami, and then yawned with royal earnestness.

Ami sat more knightly than before, peering out into the shadows which were a little disturbed by the starlight, and he said wistfully, —

"I hope the captains have not overestimated the number of men under the standard of your Majesty. Every man should have been counted."

"Still you distrust somebody!" said the tired king, with petulance. "It must appear to you that my captains have some interest in exaggerating the strength of my army."

"They have truly, Sire!" was the reply, — a reply which never left the mind of the King of France, until more than a year later, his army was placed under a finer military administration.

"You are peering into a bog of heavy shadows, Ami. Come, cheer up! This is another Marignano. We shall go to Bologna again and get another ring, I pledge you!" Upon the face of the king was a coerced smile.

Ami, by the instincts of his mind and by Nouvisset's culture, had a certain mastery of the science of war. He said nothing. The moon was hid again behind the clouds.

"Be careful of your person," urged Ami, as he strained his gaze far over to the wall of Mirabello, where he was now sure that what he had descried was only the light playing with the shadows.

"And you are a knight?"

"And a lover of my king!" was Ami's answer.

Nothing burdened the mind of Francis I. as did the defection of six thousand Grisons, upon whom he had relied.

While the king cursed them, Ami thought of the speech of Cardinal Sion to the Swiss, before the battle of Marignano, in which that fierce orator told them, "Ye are the distributors of sovereignty!"

Could it be that at length Europe had passed into the hands of a rising democracy?

Ami started, as again the lights and shadows moved yonder. It was two o'clock on the morning of February 24.

"Only the flashes of dawn," said Bonnivet, as he turned away.

"Nay!" exclaimed Ami. "They are soldiers!"

It was true. Pescara had broken down nearly fifty fathoms of the wall; and three thousand German and Spanish troops, — each man's armor covered with a white shirt, — trusting to the interval of darkness, had accompanied the vanguard under Guasto, and had stolen forth to save the garrison.

Instantly the French cannon poured a flame of death upon them.

"Scatter and flee!" cried Guasto, as the fire divided the columns.

"They flee! they flee!" shouted Francis, when he beheld the falling enemy. "Charge!" cried he, as he descried the foe clambering upon the bank.

Down upon them swept the impetuous sovereign of France. Ami alone urged him to refrain from exposing his person. Dead at the king's feet fell the Marquis Civita San Angelo. The enemy's advance-guard was broken. The men-at-arms about him were stung with indignation at Ami, who twice had prevented his sovereign from advancing beyond his own guard.

"The lanzknechts are unprotected!" cried Ami.

"Cut him down for his contumacy!" shouted Admiral Bonnivet, who struck at the knight.

"I would fain call myself 'Duke of Milan'!" said the

haughty king, as he broke through a corps, with the brother of Mme. de Chateaubriand, Lescun, at his side.

"The soldiers of his Majesty are between their guns and their foes!" said Ami; "this ought not to be."

Ami was as helpless and sorrowful as he was brave and faithful.

At that moment Pescara threw nearly two thousand of his arquebusiers upon the French. Horses and riders struggled in death, while the arquebusiers fell back to renew their attack upon the gendarmerie. The king and his troop now masked the French batteries by persistently fighting in front of them. The unprotected lanzknechts were cut to pieces by the Germans whom Pescara had hurled upon them. Montmorency was abandoned by the Swiss and captured by the vanguard of Guasto, who had now thrown his forces into the gap which the King of France had created.

Ami defied the hirelings of Bonnivet, as he urged the king to unmask his guns. All around the sovereign the foe was creating a bloody plain. Horses and knights, broken arms and bloody helmets, were piled about his Majesty. Antonio de Leyva soon joined Pescara with the garrison.

At length Duc d'Alençon, Marguerite's husband and Bourbon's puny successor, instead of coming to the rescue of Francis, left the field, and carried the rear-guard of the king in retreat. Marot and Henry d'Albret were prisoners; La Pallisse, La Tremoille, Chabannes, Chaumont, and Francis de Duras were slain.

"My God!" said the king, "what is all this?"

"I cannot endure this disaster," cried Bonnivet, who raised his visor and fell mortally wounded.

"Ah, wretch!" hissed Bourbon, who on pressing near had forgotten all the other sins of Bonnivet in his remembrance that he had aspired to the love of Marguerite, and who at that moment saw his enemy's corpse. "Thou



hast cheated me of making thee my prisoner ; thou hast ruined France and me ! ”

The king's three wounds were bleeding profusely, but now and then he was able to cut down an assailant. His huge sword at length became heavy in his hands, though he compelled one of the foe's standard-bearers to groan in death beneath his Majesty's horse. The king's courage was, however, departing, while the intrepid Ami was defending his master on every side.

“ You *are* a Bayard,” said Francis, with gratitude ; and then with sorrow he added, “ Ah, Bayard ! had you been here, this had not happened ! ”

They had turned toward the bridge over the Ticino. It was broken down. A blow on his horse's head made the beast reel and stagger to the earth. The Spaniards crowded about him, as the king stood by the side of his dying charger, and smote his face. The golden lilies blazed upon his coat of mail. In the storm of battle his thick plumes still nodded defiance. No one, save Ami, knew him, as he fought man after man, until Seigneur de Pomperan — a refugee with Bourbon — came near, and helping Ami to drive the rough soldiers from the king, urged him to surrender to Bourbon, who was in sight.

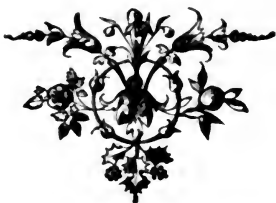
“ I would rather die than honor a traitor ! ” replied the bleeding French Sovereign. “ Send the Viceroy of Naples ! I will surrender to him.”

Francis I. was soon a prisoner. Lannoy held his sword.

“ Oh, Ami,” sobbed the great broken heart, as Francis commanded him to bear the words, “ All is lost, save honor ! ” to his mother, Louise of Savoy, — “ oh, Ami, if I had heeded your words ! Do not avenge yourself on me, by preventing my frank speech. Ami, had I obeyed your words I had been a victor, and Bourbon had become my prisoner. Farewell ! The astrologer said it ! ”

As Ami turned to go, — for the king's desire was not to be changed by Ami's pleading to accompany him, — another kind of message from the Abbot of Najara was placed in the hands of a courier, who was to bear it to the Emperor Charles V.

"Twenty-five years ago to-day," so ran the language, "your Majesty is said to have been born. It is the day of the Feast of the Apostle Saint Matthias. Twenty-five thousand times thanks and praise to God for His mercy ! From this day, laws for Christians and Turks must be prescribed by you."





## CHAPTER XII.

LA TORRE.

Thou, Lord, dost hold the thunder ; the firm land  
Tosses in billows when it feels thy hand ;  
Thou dashest nation against nation, then  
Stillest the angry world to peace again.  
Oh, touch their stony hearts who hunt thy sons, —  
The murderers of our wives and little ones.

Yet, mighty God, yet shall thy frown look forth  
Unveiled, and terribly shall shake the earth ;  
Then the foul power of priestly sin and all  
Its long-upheld idolatries shall fall.  
Thou shalt raise up the trampled and oppressed,  
And thy delivered saints shall dwell in rest.

BRYANT.

WHILE, on the soil of Pavia, a haughty and unintelligent king was passing into servitude unto Charles V., the cause whose demands he had at first invited, then forgotten, and at length scorned, was acquiring sovereignty throughout Europe. His Imperial Majesty Charles V. himself had not yet even measured swords with the Reformation, though he had fancied Francis I. to be the most important prisoner his armies might capture. Francis himself had not yet even awakened to the majestic power, the neglect of which was to make his reign a most brilliant failure, though he imagined himself to have been defeated by the most resistless force of the sixteenth century.

There, near La Torre, upon a maiden's face quivered a splendor more majestic than that upon the crown of the emperor; and yonder in the mountains of Switzerland was seen a glow which that Swiss army knew not, when in their presence the King of France was knighted by Bayard at Marignano.

"Si el non vol cum la fe las obras acabar  
La corona de gloria non es degne le portar."

These dear old words, which had been repeated by her forefathers so often when they found themselves likely to forget that faith without works is dead, had just come from Alke's lips, as full of the rippling melodiousness of her soul as was the mountain brook of the harmonies of summer. She was passing under the heavy shadow of the great cliff to pluck another blossom which had attracted her eye.

The fever was raging in the neighborhood of Gaspar Perrin's cottage as never before. Every day the lay-representatives of the haughty Church repeated to the affrighted denizens of that hitherto lovely valley the assertions of the priesthood that this virulent disease would not abate until the Barbés and the fraternities yielded their submission to the Pope. Poor mothers, the bodies of whose children had been recently hidden from their sight, were met, as they fell to weeping at the graves, by these papistical emissaries, who assured them that the monks had the tenderest sympathy for them in their bereavement, but that nothing could be done to relieve the valley from the presence of the plague until the authority of the Vicar of God was recognized.

"You dare not claim the right to sacrifice your innocent children," said one of them to an affrighted woman who had stolen away from her cottage to visit a little grave under the hillock. "You know their lives are not yours to give as an offering to your wicked rebellion

against the Holy Father. You may slaughter yourself only with peril to your soul, but with what more dreadful peril do you kill your little ones ! ”

Many a mother's heart stopped beating while these implied maledictions hung over her head ; and many a strong man whose eyes had just looked into the yet livid face of his dead child for the last time, found himself asking questions of his soul such as never occurred to him before. The redactor — the senior Barbé — was absent, and Alke felt that a severe trial for their faith was coming.

Events and confessions of faith have often jostled uneasily against one another in the life of mankind ; and Alke, who was now a sort of high-priestess in the mind of the community, saw that the Waldensian spirit, which had endured much, needed a mighty strengthening against these horrible experiences and the sinister suggestions of the Churchmen, who now hung about the sorrowful and dying.

“ Oh, sister and beloved ! ” cried one poor woman, whose only son lay next the open window, with the shadow of death hovering over his scarlet cheeks, “ oh, Alke, I could believe in God when I saw the priests burning his father in a swift flame ; must I believe in the priests when I behold God burning his child in the slower fire ? ”

The spiritual crisis seemed more imminent when it was noticed that even Alke's face was strangely wan, and her eye, full of weariness, the true home of constant watchfulness and prayer, was becoming unsteady and sad.

Oh, how the infinite abysses of loveliness and faith within those eyes — vast deeps which entertained the Eternal One — appeared to have grown narrow and shallow, as she had looked upon the lustrous images of death in those children's faces ! Could it be that the

Lord God of the Waldensians had forsaken her, who sang like a Miriam in yonder cavern, who had blessed little ones and made that dedication of our Lord's Prayer at the communion which none could forget?

These awful doubts were multiplying. More recently, and especially on the day before, Alke's prolonged absences from the scenes of suffering had been noticed with an unholy dread.

Had God so forsaken her that she had forsaken them?

True, at evenfall she had brought more flowers into the homes of the dying than ever before. Never had the pillows on which the children gasped for breath been so irradiated with color; never had the low rooms been so fragrant as in the hours just gone. But death had been supreme all day, and she had been away so long!

"Oh, my children die, and the flowers wither as soon as you bring them!" sighed Jeane Ferson, as she, whom some called the "angel of the dawn," silently went out of that cottage upon that very morning again, a tear in her sad eye, and weariness in her uncertain step.

A knot of the stricken ones in the roadway — some leaning upon the breasts of big, silent men who looked perplexed, others looking away toward little graves which had been made by the side of the tombs of fathers and husbands slain for a faith which was now shaken — was seen to be deeply engaged in attending to a rather loquacious but good-hearted peasant-woman, who had believed in God and Alke up to that very hour. Her faith, however, was now quite gone.

What had she seen? Enough to prove to her that Alke had given up hope, had been overtaxed, was probably wandering in her mind, and had begun trying to hide her despair in aimless flower-gathering.

"Oh, I could see it!" she said.

Before this chattering woman could tell her story of Alke, a solemn son of thunder threw into their panic-

stricken souls an account of an event quite calculated to make the conquest of doubt and superstition complete.

There is no such scepticism as that which is born of superstition, and there is no such credulity as that which nurses at the breasts of doubt.

"A child has been cured,—a child of Manel Janven," said he, with a voice betraying the state of mind into which that indubitable fact had placed him. Other hearts than his—even Manel Janven's—were wondering which was the direst calamity,—the loss of a child with still a fragment of faith left, or the cure of a child and all one's faith gone over to the enemy. That event brought with it this fearful dilemma. For every one knew that one of the priests had been muttering sentences and exhibiting relics over the little one; and now—they had heard it—the child was delivered from the plague.

Nobody asked a question. Many a mother listened to hear a baby's cry, and many a father felt a sickening possibility drinking the blood out of his heart. Only the mountaineer with grewsome look had spoken. Every one else wanted to speak. Each, however, seemed to feel that in matters of belief, as in affairs of practice, it is not what goeth in but what cometh out of one's soul that defileth. Silence is often the salvation of faith.

How desperately they struggled to keep the Waldensian faith! How, also, did each mother feel her babe's eye looking up into hers from the grave by the torrent or from yonder cradle!

Now, for the first time, they knew that French soldiers were not the strongest foes of belief. An unexplained fact, coming into one's creed from the larger equation of life; a babe's moan which finds no harmony amid all the tones of one's belief,—will do more to break up the accepted equation, or to destroy the accepted tonic theory, than the armies of a world. An army is usually

the shadow of a phantom ; but a fact, needing no army, must make a place for itself. No creed is strong enough to disdain the smallest fact.

"The child is nearly well, and laughs, as it toddles around about," repeated this man, hardy with his sense of reality. He was even harsh, as every soul possessing a fact which we cannot make to fit into our scheme seems to be.

"How was the little one made well?" inquired a brawny man, whose throat was full of tremors, as he tried to speak.

The answer was as pitilessly accurate, and therefore as thoroughly inaccurate, as is any response which worships what we call "the scientific method," — a method which has always illustrated its unscientific tendency by so stating the facts of which it does know that it discounts those of which it does not know.

This was his answer : "The priest said words over the sick child. The priest also showed relics to the little one."

It was a true account as to everything but the whole truth.

"Yes," cried Gaspar Perrin, who for a few moments had stopped with the circle, "I could tell you more than that. The priest fed the child day and night."

Gaspar turned toward his cottage wondering if he should find Alke. Silence again ! Another fact, — therefore a necessity, perhaps, for another equation !

Think you, reader, that these knew how increasingly a genuine Protestantism must always have that experience? "Thy heart shall fear and be enlarged," must be written upon the soul of every man who reveres truth more than statements, who knows that institutions and constitutions are less large than man and human life. The bane of Churchmanship, inside of Catholicism and Protestantism alike, has been its vigorous necessity to



crowd facts into predetermined theories; the work of Christianity is everywhere to respect facts by making theories accordant with them. It is a large universe which we inhabit; and so large and rich in facts it is, that the ultimate creed will never be written. The protester — sometimes by necessity a protester against Protestantism — will always have his work to do in this world.

In the bewilderment which Gaspar's words caused, the garrulous old woman began to tell of Alke's wanderings, as she had observed them, in a way entirely true to the facts which she saw, thoroughly untrue to the facts which she did not see. Nobody fancied then that the soul most agitated by the advent of all these facts, and indeed the soul most sure to find their meaning, and thus to discover their harmony with the old facts, was that of this very girl Alke, who was both gathering flowers, and holding her mind to the facts which she had and to the faith in which she held them, while she labored. Alke's unchurchly protestantism against an uncomprehensive creed was healthier far than theirs, because she had a dim, unspoken faith in truth, — that thing which guarantees that whenever one has discovered two facts between which there seems to be no connection, there is a certainty that a third exists somewhere which will relate them. Alke was more than a Waldensian. She had so read the Greek philosophy that her rationalism was Christian; and she felt that while she was thus waiting on truth, she was obeying the precept, "Wait on the Lord."

What was she doing in the defiles between the mountains? Gathering flowers for the pillows of the dying; gathering facts for the completion of her creed. How? By obeying a noble faith in truth and a noble impulse to help humanity.

One is never so sure of a complete and true creed as

when one has set out to do a completely and truly generous act.

All that the old woman saw was this: Alke had found a Golden Ball which her eye had seen in a dewy meadow. In that air above her, which for an hour had hung thick and murky with storms, she had gathered around that tuft of sunshine the harvest of beauty from the height and depth.

"Going mad!" had whispered the woman, as she saw Alke digging under the anemones which swayed with the huge pines overhead, — pines in which just then the dazzling light, breaking through the gray gloom above, swept like a dream, and left every tree a shivered emerald. "Going mad! going mad!"

The eye of despair and assured wisdom followed Alke, as she grasped a bunch of ox-eyed daisies which were curiously defiant of the darkness when the sun was overcast; and stopping only to dig again, as it seemed, Alke pushed on toward a rhododendron, which surpassed in depth of crimson even the Alpine roses which were held in her girdle.

"She is eating roots. Ah! gone mad? Yes; gone mad! Alke has lost faith and has gone mad," averred the peasant-woman, shaking her gray locks like a despairing prisoner.

Still had the sad eyes of the peasant-woman followed Alke.

Far over the rocks, where the noisy torrent plunged into a tumultuous, wild cascade, flared the Kamblume, red like a torch, as if to light the rapid way of the dashing waters at night and to outrival the stream itself in power of attraction by day. There was Alke, her wan face and tired eyes seemingly uninterested in the glaring splendor. As she dug again beneath the blossom, and plucking up a root, tasted it, the woman on the rock behind the pines whispered, —

“Yes; poor Alke! Gone mad! Does the Barbé know it?”

Up and on Alke climbed, the eyes of the older woman's anxious and satisfied thought following her, until she and her flowers were half hidden midst the weird desolateness of the crags, or until she emerged again, like a lost spirit, bent on finding an old path, only to reach down into that summer snow-field of Edelweiss, even beneath the bloom, to the dark roots below, — the same eyes following her, tears gathering in the old sockets of the gray head, until Alke stood looking out over the valley beyond, where were health and rejoicing, where Alke saw girls radiant with bright ribbons and beautiful in white bodices, and whither she started. In a moment she had left the perilous crag on which she had been standing. She slowly withdrew from its loneliness; and there it stood out alone like a pedestal bereft of its glorious but pathetic figure.

This was all that the talkative woman, then almost despoiled of her own faith, could see. She had told it over again. Looking again through her eyes, as they huddled together, a band of stricken souls, baffled and perplexed in belief, this was all they saw as she told her tale. “Going mad! gone mad! Digging in the ground beneath the blossoms! Eating roots!” — these phrases they heard, as they silently parted and went away, listening to the crash of beliefs within their own breasts.





## CHAPTER XIII.

### A HEART'S DISCONTENT.

*And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief.*

CAMPBELL.

TWO sad weeks had gone. They had ended in a dawn-like revelation.

"Who said it?"

"Young Gerard Pastre," replied Louis Savan. "I ought to say our dear Barbé, I suppose; but we are Waldensians, and fear even a little priestcraft. Besides, Gerard is so young."

"And what said he, Louis? Do not keep us waiting!" urged a mountaineer.

"He went on to say, — Gerard is eloquent sometimes, good friends, — he went on to tell, as I cannot, how Alke herself a week ago was trembling for her own soul. You know it all. Every child was dying. Every mother looked at a grave, or at a little one who might leave her for its grave in a day. The heavens seemed to give no answer. Strong men among us doubted God's love. The priests swarmed about us, taunting the men and inducing the mothers to doubt the effacacy of our faith, and to believe that God was punishing us for rebellion against the Pope. Then came the cure of that child by the priest;" and Louis Savan placed his hand upon the head of Manel

Janven's little child, who stood before them. "Could Heaven have made a more awful trial of our faith?"

"And then," said Gaspar Perrin, who had been silent until he stumbled in his speech, — "then you thought my Alke was going mad."

"Then," pursued Louis, whose voice shook, as he looked about in vain for Alke, "she was in the hills hunting for herbs and roots, — God bless her!" and Louis could say no more.

The truth was that on that holy day to which Louis Savan referred, the service of thanksgiving and praise had been held. As he and those about him came homeward, they had met those who remained to guard the flocks and cottages; and Louis Savan was telling them of Gerard Pastre's sermon.

Gerard Pastre, who, when we met him last, was leaving Alke, as her quick wit bade him good-by, in the hope that he might become a Barbé, had soon finished his course at La Torre, and was now, as he had been for a year, Coadjutor. But they gratefully remembered that he was more than a minister. He had been a student of medicine for months before he was sent to Wittenburg to see Luther; and in the frightful crisis through which the faith of that plague-stricken community had just passed, he was Alke's constant companion and successful co-laborer.

How radiant appeared the day after such a night of gloom! Even the little graves seemed to respond in praise of this deliverance for their faith.

The facts may be easily guessed. The life of the child of Manel Janven had been spared, not because the priest had held before it a relic of Saint Ambrose, not because he had muttered before it the phrases which he did not understand, but because, knowing something of the disease peculiar to the region, and intelligent of the properties of the root which grew beneath the blossoms

that decorated a certain narrow gulch in the rocks above, he had in secret fed the child the proper medicine, which he had craftily prepared. There had come a speedy cure. The priest had felt every confidence that the entire fraternity would soon forsake their opposition to the Church, and that relic-worship and obedience to the Pope should be re-established in that region, because it was a guarded secret. No one, as he fancied, saw aught but the relics, or heard aught save the muttered words. Who could doubt the miracle and the efficacy of the relics?

Alke was a student of philosophies as well as a protesting believer. Far in advance of the ideas of the Reformation upon these topics, had the Renaissance, which swept from Venice to Gaspar's cottage, lifted this woman. She had a true rationalist's belief in facts. She had that broader Christianity which, to the vision of a reactionary protestantism, is often rationalistic, because it holds every fact sacred. With a religious enthusiasm, she began to search for causes. Her creed she trusted would endure at least one more fact. It must endure it.

One night Gaspar had sat alone until daybreak. In the morning on which the peasant-woman saw Alke digging and tasting roots, she was possessed of the secret of the priest. At nightfall she had God's open secret in a fact. The root had been discovered. At the end of three days two other children had been cured, without relics or phrases or priests. The priests had suddenly departed; and now the plague was stayed.

"Angel of the dawn!" again said the aged Barbé whom Alke had helped on his way to the communion, — "angel of the dawn!"

How great a dawn none knows, even at this day, lay in the soul of the least conspicuous child of humanity, who at that crisis conceived that a thoroughly Christian creed must have room for every fact, and that not even

the new vision, which was protesting against the old, was ultimate. The historic blunder of Protestantism lies in the notion that the Reformation under Waldo, Wycliffe, Luther, and Calvin was complete in itself. The Renaissance is behind and within all thorough reformation; and not even Waldensian courage must be allowed to write a *ne plus ultra* upon the gateway of the mind. Perhaps the nineteenth century is learning, in the reconstruction of much dogma, that Luther's Reformation allowed too little place for the forces of the Renaissance.

Alke looked at the world, without and within, with these forces in her heart. "Poor girl!" Gaspar had said; "with this revolution in her bosom! But she has the grace of God; and that may make her happy, even here."

The Reformation — the Reformation which had the Renaissance behind and within it — had not only Luther within it, but Bacon, Cromwell, and Milton; and as a later blossom, Coleridge, Browning, even an Emerson. It gave the human brain the impulse of freedom; and its history has proved the conviction true that nothing is as safe as liberty. Protesting has not yet ceased; and protesting has come to be constructive rather than destructive. In this woman's soul the rationalistic Greek spirit had come, along with Luther's Latinistic, imperator-like self-respect. Therefore there were, even in her mind, germs of religious thought, and notions of the right of the soul to its own functions, which in theology have flung upon the nineteenth century such a constructive protester as Maurice, in politics such a constructive reformer as Lincoln.

How could she content herself with her environment, when such movements swirled in her brain? Could the grace of God and intellectual vitality suffice?

There is no such agony as sits at the gate of opportunity and lacks power, save that which waits with

power before a wall in which opens no opportunity for its exercise and ministry.

"How useless," Alke had begun to say, "seem knowledge of language and enthusiasm here!"

It did not help her to be told by Gerard that France dreaded any movement which looked toward the popularizing of the Scriptures; but Alke connected the ideas. "These languages," said she, "are to be used in making the Scriptures an open book to all the world, and in explaining them to the nations. I ought to be helping it on."

As Gaspar, who had heard this conversation, looked at his daughter as she spoke of printing the Scriptures, the fingers of both his hands were partaking of the excitement of his mind, which was dreaming of setting the type somewhere for a cheaper edition of the Bible, as he had formerly helped to popularize the lines of Homer.

It was nearly 1526.

"Would that I could set the types!" said Gaspar.

"Would that I could read and correct the printed leaves!" said Alke.

But even this aspiration did not suffice. Nay; the grace of God, intellectual vitality, fine aspirations never will take the place of human love in the life of a woman.

Alke wandered out into the sunshine with the goats and her own restless heart. Near the tiny stream, where the grass had felt constant refreshing, grew the only stem of monk's-hood which Alke had seen, except the solitary specimen which her father had once brought to her from the high pastures. Its absence from this floral museum often seemed grateful to him. He disliked everything, even in Nature, which reminded him of a priest. The valley was far more tolerable to his sensitive enthusiasm because it refused to grow monk's-hood. Alke was saying this over to herself, while she held fast the copy of Luther's "Babylonian Captivity of



the Church of God " which the young Reformer had sent to Gaspar Perrin. She sat upon a rock for a moment, with the rare blossom in her hand, and read aloud the concluding words of this heroic man: "I hear that bulls and other papistical things have been prepared, in which I am urged to recant or be proclaimed a heretic. If that be true, I wish this little book to be part of my future recantation."

Alke felt a strange longing in her heart.

"What is love," said she, "but this yearning to be loved by such a soul? What is it also, but to live for such an one?"

Poor Alke! her name meant "yearning;" and she had seen but few men, none of whom touched her girlish affections.

"I am too young to think of loving anybody," she added; and then she gave herself up to that most exhaustive passion which visits the heart of an intellectual and affectionate girl,—the consuming desire to be allied with a noble and great soul. Dreams of the heroine she would be, if such a man as was Wycliffe should ever give her his heart; visions of her ceaseless joy in suffering, if only she might go with a Hus to his couch of fire; pictures of the rack on which her loveliness would gladly stretch itself, if only she could live in the dying for love and light,—these broke upon her as the soft air played upon her rosy cheeks, kissed her beautiful lips, and the monk's-hood blossom dropped from her hand. Love, abstract, ideal, but fiery and divine love had come with her opening womanhood. The girl had thus early blossomed into the glorious flower which yearned for its sunshine. For a moment it was as though she had found a gem, and had set it in gold. The gem she would not possess; the setting would abide, and it would always demand a large and deep stone. To fall deeply in love with an ideal, suggested

by some reality, makes the woman incapable of being satisfied with less than a hero. This was to be the fate of Alke.

She stooped to pick up the monk's-hood, and like a girl who has suddenly felt a woman's interest without losing the girl's ways of thinking, she said, —

"Well, I know I never could marry a monk. They cannot love. If they dared to love, it would be only to be excommunicated. They have sworn not to love."

Then she wondered how, if any monk had found surging in his soul these oceans of affection whose ripples began to affect her, he could ever help loving. She thought it would be wrong to try to imprison such divine feelings. Religion and love, she was sure, moved the world.

"No ! a monk is under a vow ; but Erasmus said to my father that human nature cancels vows. Yet" — and she crushed the monk's-hood blossom — "I could not love a monk, not even Salmani. They know no books but manuals of monkish prayer. They hate Master Erasmus, as my father distrusts him. They burn the heretics, and they killed Ami. They may kill my father !"

And she hurried to go home, taking in her left hand the little book, and in her right the flowers.

Why did she stop?

She suddenly remembered that Salmani was not blood-thirsty ; that Martin Luther was a monk, and Catherine Von Bora had loved him. In her father's conversation, in her own conceptions, they two, at least, were saints. But Luther had been excommunicated?

She was bewildered, and sure of only one thing, that a strange yearning possessed her very soul. The problems of the heart were leaguings themselves with the problems of Alke's brain.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### SPIRITUAL ENVIRONMENTS.

Is it so, O Christ in heaven ! that the highest suffer most ;  
That the strongest wander farthest, and more hopelessly are lost ;  
That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain,  
And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain ?  
SARAH WILLIAMS.

OUR information of the progress of events which affected Ami in the exciting months of the latter part of 1525, is meagre enough. What we have must be obtained from a conversation which occurred later, on the evening when Ami's old friend and teacher walked with him to the architect's rooms, where Ami was to inspect with care the plans of the palace of Villars-Coteret, which was at once the shrine and monument of the guilty love that the king bore to Mme. de Chateaubriand. Seldom did Ami have the pleasure of passing an evening with his friend, so constant were his duties to the court ; and the old knight was as pleased with this attention as Ami had been to bestow it.

Nouvisset knew well the reverence in which Ami held the very name of the Queen Claude, whose heart had been penetrated by the last earthly agony, dying, as she did, with the early June flowers. The old man had a certain faith that the influences of the court had not

entirely unmanned Ami, though he had begun to suspect that this youth, whom he knew Francis loved for his apparent susceptibility as well as for his excellence, had felt within him a manly shame at the mention of the name Chateaubriand. Ami had often seemed to dodge him in their conversation, when it approached her to whom Astrée was an adopted sister.

In confidence, Ami had once said that he was often far from being perfectly happy ; and at certain moments Nouvisset had noticed with what fervor he asked curious questions about the pure streams and white snows near his childhood home. The old man thought he had discovered within this longing for the immaculate snows and crystal waters a noble revolt against the stained life of the court. Nouvisset himself felt that all the elegant splendor and magnificent pageantry of France about him, spotted with wrong and smeared with blood as they were, were but decorated falsities, when Ami's voice trembled with his own emotions, excited by the vision of a nearly forfeited ideal, and especially when his childlike simplicity dissolved the spectacle with one pure breath.

Each had been made the recipient of royal attentions that day. The king had remembered the Greek with a purse and a copy of "*Faustus Andrelinus*." The old knight and scholar had admired the copy which had been presented to Louis XII. when that monarch was travelling in Italy. Francis I. had obtained another through Grolier ; and now, bound by Geoffrey Tory, bearing the salamander, the "F," the emblem of France, and the collar of Saint Michael, it was meant to complete the happiness of this gentle and faithful servant. Ami had been presented with a pair of golden spurs of most exquisite workmanship, bearing the initials of no less a knight than Gaston de Foix. Often had he wished to possess such a relic of the chivalrous youth whose consummate heroism never seemed so sure of remaining

unsurpassed as when Ami felt that he stood amid the decaying splendors of knighthood on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." At another and earlier hour the gift would have completed even his happiness.

"A happy day," said Nouvisset, "a very happy day it has been for us both!" Ami was silent; and with an evident effort at persuading, the scholarly old knight said, "Indeed, we are a favored and happy couple, Ami."

"I used to try to persuade Queen Claude that she was the happiest of human beings," said the young knight, deliberately. "I shall not soon forget my labors and their failures."

"Ami," said the old Greek, inquiringly, for he always loved gossip, "did you ever try to get her to love Mme. de Chateaubriand?"

It was an unfortunate utterance; or rather, perhaps, the name of Chateaubriand came in too early in the talk, and therefore the moment was unfortunate. Ami was indignant, then dignified, and then sensible. He had swiftly concluded that to show his anger would be to confess what he hated. He knew that the preceptor had not meant to link him unpleasantly with the Chateaubriands; and if he seemed to take offence, the tale would be told. Terrible again did he find it to meet a fearless knight, and to be clad in armor so thin at certain points.

"No," answered Ami, at last, without giving any evidence that his mind had been a whirlpool; "did you know Gaston de Foix?"

The transition was sudden. Nouvisset had almost got his nose into Queen Claude's or Mme. de Chateaubriand's apartments, when unfortunately he was instantly confronted with the bleeding and disfigured corpse of Gaston de Foix on the battle-field of Ravenna. Again he lived through that awful day, seized the king's nephew

as he fell, and heard Louis XII. say, as he was congratulated upon this triumph, "Wish my enemies such victories!"

Ami knew his teacher and friend perfectly. The last gleams of chivalry were dying away in France, as were some of the lights in the old Greek's brain. Ami knew that he could always, at least for a moment, stop the pursuing steps of this learned gossip, when he had started after plunder, by recreating some scene in which his chivalry had figured. He had tried it this time, had succeeded, and now, having had a moment to recover from his disquiet at the mention of the word "Chateaubriand," he felt prepared to humor his own mood of sadness and the inquiring appetite of his friend, by telling him all about the interview with the late queen.

As the old knight went on muttering to himself his curses on the Spaniards at Ravenna, Ami was thinking, —

"Oh, if I could only throw off this annoying feeling about the Chateaubriands whenever I meet my old teacher or whenever I see the name, I might find pleasure in him, as I once did. But I do love Astrée, though she is called *sister*."

Love ought to sanctify everything, as it seems, to our easy sensibilities. But love is more honorable than we are; and love refuses, as more brightly the fires burn, to do aught but illuminate an offensive fact out of which exhale fever-laden memories.

Both minds finally got back to the ill-used queen, and Ami had the kindness to say, "Queen Claude was not happy, though she was the wife of Francis I. and the mother of a dauphin."

"Alas!" said the old courtier, "I was present in the Chapel of St. Germain-en-Laye on that day in May. I saw the black robes of mourning which they still wore for Anne de Bretagne. I knew it was a bad omen."

"Oh, you do not believe in omens!" said Ami, while his own mind recalled the event; and he rushed on to say, "The queen had a sincere love of purity, a just idea of truth, and she found herself satisfied with what I wish could satisfy others."

Ami had then, for the first time, said out loud to Nouvisset that the confessors and bishops, crucifixes and masses, abbots and popes, to which the queen had directed him in those moments when he believed so little and thirsted for goodness so deeply, had failed to satisfy. He saw the fine eye of Nouvisset gleam with curious intelligence, and heard him say with feeling, —

"Ami, did you see that burning of the hermit of Livry?"

There was indignation in the tone of voice; and for an instant the form of the old scholar stood out in the clear moonlight, as the statue of Bruno now stands out, the embodiment of freedom and reform, in the shadow of the Vatican.

The scene came back at once. Again Ami stood in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

"I saw it. I see it yet. I shall never forget it," replied the younger knight, looking like a fearless Puritan born before the time; and as his voice grew more eloquent, he whispered: "That sickening smell of burning flesh; the dreadful tolling of the great bell; the white soul of the hermit shining out, surpassing the brilliance of the flame! Saw it? Yes. And, my knightliest of friends, I say to you what I dared to say to the Duchesse d'Alençon afterward, if this infernal kind of persecution must be carried on to protect the Holy Church, I would rather see the cathedral fall and bury in its ruins every false-hearted priest and wicked cardinal in Europe."

"That description," quickly said the old knight, "would include almost all of them. We must not wish to depopulate the sacred buildings. But, Ami," added

he, "you have said enough to throw you into the same fire if Comte de Guise knew it; and as a knight, I tell you, think what you please, but hold your tongue."

"Oh," said Ami, and his face was white, "would that I had died with little Alke, if my fate be to smile on these outrages!"

"My boy," said the old man, who put his hand on his shoulder, "you can trust me."

"Ah, yes; I have trusted you this night with my heart."

"And tongue," added Nouvisset. "But answer me this, where there is no priest between us and the great God above,—answer me, Ami!" and he held up his tremulous hand pointing to the quiet stars. "Did you set the Duchesse d'Alençon to the task of helping Farel,—I mean William Farel,—did you help him to escape? You know he has gone to Geneva."

Silence like that above Nouvisset's hand reigned upon the lips whose heat had cooled perceptibly under the old knight's advice. Ami found himself confronted with a question which could be answered by a monosyllable; but never before seemed so praiseworthy and so convenient that masterly lying through half-truths uttered in royal presences, that elegant method of prevarication with which Ami had become familiar at court, but which had never pleased his conscience. The eye of the old knight never left its victim for an instant, while Ami's conscience, which just a moment before, in that dangerously free talk, had grown stalwart, thundered at the gates of speech for utterance.

Why should he be afraid? Because he had been afraid so long. Why should he not speak as his re-enthroned conscience demanded? Because he had so often silenced conscience in the courts of magnificent wickedness. He was afraid, but he did speak the truth.

"Yes!" he almost shouted; then bit his lip. But the



air was ambrosial; and Nouvisset thought he saw before him a youth whom the gods loved.

While the liberated conscience of Ami luxuriated for an instant in its new-found freedom, toying with its new crown, and the young knight's breast heaved with a self-respect he had never known before, the old knight quoted from Menander:—

*ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.*

Ami was not at all disconcerted at this prophecy of an early death. He recalled to mind what he had heard some one quote from Chaucer of England; and before he remembered where he had heard it, he had repeated the lines:—

“And certainly a man hath most honour  
To dien in his excellence and flower.”

When he thought of that hour in the course of which those lines were quoted by the man whom he now detested with an intensity greater even than that with which he abhorred the policy of the Holy Church, a pang of mingled jealousy and self-reproach seized his very soul; and it was not eased as the old knight laboriously said,—

“That sentence was quoted by that diabolical man, Brother Vian, and must be as false as he.”

The irony in Nouvisset's voice was very keen. Where was the sorrow of Queen Claude, about which they had begun to talk twice in vain? Where were they?

Nouvisset had not changed from being the same elderly sceptic which he had found himself to be years ago, when he was the confidential servant of Louis XII. and Queen Claude was a girl. He had then lost all respect for the character of priests; he knew the Church to be foul, and the mass of her clergy to be ignorant and vicious, or shrewd and vile. He had then learned how little they really believed of the elaborate dogmas which grew longer as genuine faith decreased. He had seen

with horror the ever-intensifying persecutions of the Reformers. He had beheld with terror the rise of a papistical party bent on the wholesale murder of those who would protest against the greed and villany of the clergy and the arrogance of the Pope. Day by day he had hoped to find the truth penetrating the mind of Ami. He had confidence that the Waldensian iron in his blood would some day feel the magnetic touch of these Reformers.

Of course he dared not tell Ami that his father and sister had not been killed. That would have been untrue to his king. He also had a dim notion that Ami and the world would be better off, if he remained the beloved subject of Francis I. He did not enter the fight against the Reformers, as others said, because he was old and laid by; and as he knew, because he honored their aims and wished them triumph. He did not fight for the Reformers, because he was a foreigner, had come to France only as a Greek mercenary, and did not desire to help to complicate affairs for his too weak and wilful sovereign. No; he was not in the fight, for he was hardly a Christian. His interest was in Ami, in knight-hood, which might revive or die in the coming struggle, in elegant letters, in the Renaissance; and he never forgot that he was a Greek, that the culture of Erasmus and his predecessors who had initiated this great revolution in the brain, before it had touched the conscience of Europe, had been brought to Italy, where the Renaissance was now in its dotage, by Greeks from Constantinople. He would live and die simply a Greek, who had been of service to two French kings,—a Greek who had lost what faith he had acquired in the Holy Church, who believed in reformation by means of scholarship rather than by Masses or grace, and who was glad to see Ami terribly unsettled and indignant.

Ami, on the contrary, had gone a tremendous distance

in the experience and culture of a soul. He was more than unsettled and indignant. Conscience had been re-enthroned. Oh, how like an undisputed and regent power she sat in the soul of Ami again, when he discovered that he had actually told a human being of the feelings he had when the hermit of Livry was burned, and of the fact that William Farel escaped death and fled to Geneva through aid from the Duchesse d'Alençon and himself!

The fact that he had spoken seemed to have atoned for the whole past; and it was only when he had made that blunder in quoting words which to his mind had been actually soiled by the lips of Vian, that he lost sight of the heroic moment. Conscience was enthroned, truly; but when such passionate hate burns in the soul, the throne of conscience may prove inflammable.

Ami, beware that thou dost not lose the height which thou hast reached, in thy search for Vian's life!





## CHAPTER XV.

### A BELEAGUERED CASTLE.

He would not make his judgment blind. — *In Memoriam.*

NOW the conversation turned to Queen Claude and her sorrows with a graceful ease. Two great and moving energies had met in Ami's mind, — his indignation at the Church and his abhorrence of Vian, — and so nearly equal in power were they, that his mind was at rest, and ready for the topic which they had left. He was glad to begin again.

"As I said, the gracious queen really loved the true and good wherever she saw it."

"She would have loved to be loved, too, think you not?" said the old man, anxiously.

"Yes, oh, yes! Women are so like —"

"So like men in that respect," broke in Nouvisset.

"'Tis true! So much does the human soul crave affection," said Ami.

"So much, my boy," added the old knight, "that a man, full grown and a knight, will often yield to those caresses of love which he did not at first respect."

Things of interest were getting far away from Queen Claude again, and they were getting perilously near to Ami's personal life. Could it be possible that his old friend and teacher suspected that his relations to Astrée had really so issued as to cause this genuine embarrassment?

Ami was perplexed at his own condition. Ashamed that, by the influence of Francis I. and Mme. de Chateaubriand, he had been led into what seemed to many, even to Nouvisset, an intrigue, he was also more deeply ashamed that he did not like to have any Chateaubriand lightly spoken of, so truly had the holiest affection sprung up within him in the midst of circumstances unsavory. Oh, how the clouds overlapped, though the sunlight did struggle between ! Ami, however, instantly appreciated the situation ; and he had so found the habit of being honest a pleasant one, that he replied, —

“So much, my honored friend, do we need love, that no unpleasant beginning which it may have, can drive it from the breast of a true knight.”

The speaker was relieved.

“Ami, you have more trouble on your hands than you think,” said Nouvisset.

“I have always found it so ; and I find it harder than I supposed it would be, to tell you anything about the queen.”

“Perhaps because,” said Nouvisset, slyly, — “because we have other people and other facts in our minds. Even a queen, especially if she is dead and buried, has a hard time in expelling lesser people from the brain, if one really loves them.”

There was no dodging this kindly thrust. It opened the steel coat-of-mail about Ami’s soul, and Nouvisset could see his heart beat wildly.

“What can you mean ? ” said the young man, with no meaning whatever in his question.

Nouvisset was a knight ; and, like a gentleman, he allowed his antagonist a moment of relief, which was still more pleasant to the younger knight when he found that the elder would not take an undue advantage, and when he heard him say, —

“You have spoken of ‘the true knight,’ and of what he

would not drive out of his breast. I am sure you did not learn of those things from me. You are farther along than my unworthy teaching has taken you. But I know the king gave you that 'Book of the Order of Chivalry,' printed by the English Caxton in 1484,—an eloquent book it is; and you have read the words: 'Oh, ye knights of England, where is the custom and usage of noble chivalry that was used in those days?' Those days, Ami, make a knight of to-day homesick for his ancestor's coffin. Then you do not forget, I see, the Augsburg folio, 'Consilium Buch,' and the inspiring legends on the coat-of-arms. Oh, my boy, we wonder that the forefathers of these velveted ninnies who would ruin a virgin as they would kill a hare, do not rise from their graves and snatch the armorial relics away from unworthy men!"

The old knight looked like a living combination of the hero and the saint, as he grew more eloquent. Ami was silent. They had wandered away from the city, and stood in the moonlight, under the mulberry-trees, while the scholarly courtier spake on.

"I know not when I besought you to read good Sir Thomas Mallory's translation of King Arthur's Histories, and asked you to read again and again what Caxton spake, 'Do after the good, and leave the evil; and it shall bring you good fame and renown,' that you would so soon find injustice, cowardice, hate, and even murder, guarded by chivalry, at the king's court."

"My guide! did you not say something to me, a minute since, about the danger of talking freely about cardinals and their like? Is it safer to decry a king? The king is my friend, you know, and yours."

These last words Ami uttered with a voice which had become used to contrary emotions. He betrayed the fact that with his love for the king, he had a conscience, and a love for *Nouvisset*. No other man could have

spoken those words about the king's court with safety, though Ami knew the truth which they conveyed was indisputable.

"I know you, my boy, and I know Francis, King of France also. I am now an old man. I have not much to lose, but I would give up my life; if every knight in France were chivalrous. The word 'gentleman' is cursed with suggestions of a soft gentleness which seduces and damns."

The old man turned from the face of his companion; there was something in his eye brighter than the silver livery of battle. It was a tear shed over the decay of knighthood.

The young man was on the point of explaining what he meant when he used the phrase "the true knight." He had enjoyed speaking honestly to his friend, — he had never dared do so with the clergy, the dukes, or the king. Only once did he ever open so much of his soul to human eyes; and that was when he sat in the palace with the queen. Oh, if they could only get back once more to that topic, — the queen! Let them try.

"I meant to say," answered Nouvisset, "that to be a true knight in France at this hour is to be heroic and true, at a cost such as you cannot compute. I am proud of you; and God defend you!"

Ami felt happy; he scarcely knew why. His teacher and friend had certainly not meant to tell him that true chivalry would cut him off at court, or that it would bind him to Astrée, or that it would take the pain out of his soul. He had no time to extract the meaning from the seething mixture in his mind. He only felt as though Heaven were near, when he heard the words: "I am proud of you! God defend you!"

Involuntarily, as it seemed, and simultaneously, the two began to retrace their steps, and were soon back again, going into the city; but it was too late for any such

thorough study of the plans of the new palace as the king had urged Ami to make. Upon discovering this, Ami said, —

“How thankful I am that the poor queen is spared knowing of this new building ! It crushed her to know that she was unloved, and to feel often unhonored and even pitilessly neglected. This agony she has escaped by death.”

Nouvisset knew well that Francis was making this elaborate expenditure to please Mme. de Chateaubriand ; and yet he felt that he must not again throw Ami off the track by mentioning the name, if he was to obtain any of that kind of information about Queen Claude which would satisfy an old man who had always been a lover of gossip, and who was now amusing himself by writing his “Memoirs of the Court.”

Suddenly Ami remembered this task which the old knight had set himself to perform for posterity ; and he resolved that as they walked back to the palace, there should fall upon him an incessant stream of talk about the queen’s affairs. The main facts Ami was sure the old chronicler knew ; he would delight him with descriptions of insignificant but interesting things about herself and her ways. In much better spirits, therefore, than before, he began the colloquy again.

“The queen had many little things to make her happy. Of course, I do not mean simply her carriage, which you know was the first carriage in France,” — Ami knew not that the second and a far richer one was soon to be given by her royal lover to Diana of Poitiers, — “and,” continued the young man, “her cabinet, which was as rich and beautiful as her jewels were brilliant and rare, — that cabinet which I saw on that last afternoon at the palace, — a cabinet whose very key was adorned with half the history of chivalry, — the cabinet which was ornamented with exquisite gems, whose whole front,



back, and sides were heavy with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and jasper, elaborately engraven — ”

“And which,” added the eager old man, delighted to produce a little scandalous information of his own, — “which, as I know, did not compare with the cabinet which the king sent by my own hand to Mme. de Chateaubriand, on the day after his visit to the tomb of Claude.”

Ami was not to be thrown from the track, though he was astonished.

“Nor,” continued he, “do I think as much as even she did, of the priceless scent-box which she opened so often on that afternoon of my visit, — a box on whose golden sides long ago Corneille de Bonté had graven the story of Daphne and Chloe — ”

“A story which must have given great peace of mind to the queen as she thought about her lord,” dryly interrupted Nouvisset ; and he proceeded to add : “You could hardly have expected her to be entirely satisfied with toying with that diminutive watch which, with her usual kindness, the king’s mother had given to her after explaining that it was to take the place of the hour-glass which was very precious, — precious to the queen’s mother, and therefore so abominable to Louise of Savoy. Ami, does the stately Louise of Savoy seem to enjoy this life now that the poor Claude has no further need of the Latin cross and the bejewelled timekeeper? ”

“Oh,” said Nouvisset, when he saw Ami hesitate, and remembered how well he enjoyed telling the truth, even after he had been pushed into it, — “oh, I know, and you know, that Claude was always a dove in the claws of a vulture, from the moment in which she became Queen of France until that other hour in which Louise of Savoy sent the glad news to Claude’s absent husband that his queen was dead at St. Germain-en-Laye.”

Ami felt that he would give his golden spurs and al-

most the last trappings of knighthood, to unbosom himself to this old friend. While Nouvisset was an intolerable lover of gossip, he never told a secret. Part of the interest of his singular character lay in this. He had a marvellous appetite for salacious information, and an unsurpassed conscientiousness as to guarding it. He was a Greek mercenary who had been a confidant at the court of Louis XII., and Ami knew that he had the secrets of a hundred human beings, and that his would be safe in that harbor; but after all, there was something so dear about his own secret that he did not want to have it left in bad company. He was a knight; and his secret he really began to believe involved the destiny of one who was noble and true.

"Princess Claude," said he, with awful deliberation, "was a dove in the claws of a vulture. Did you ever think that an attempt had been made to rob less illustrious maidens of not less noble life-blood?"

"By the same beak?" asked the old knight, quickly.

"I see what I have done," said Ami. "My very soul is aflame when I think I would have found and loved her as a pure man finds and loves his own, if I had not been used as foully as was Princess Claude; if she — I mean Astrée — had not been cursed with the scheming friendliness of Louise of Savoy and Mme. de Chateaubriand."

"What?" said the teacher, — "what? Do you know that woman is the mother of the king? Do you remember? 'The king is my friend, you know, and yours.'"

The repetition of the very words which Ami had spoken with two struggling motives in his tongue — "The king is my friend, you know, and yours" — unhorsed the young knight. But they had been pronounced with precisely the same struggle on the lips of Nouvisset. The old knight knew well that he had the boy where he must confess to all he cared to know of his life and hope. Yet his simulation of indifference, with manifest anxiety as to

the queen, and almost pretentious friendliness to the name of Francis I., must be adhered to for the moment.

With almost cruel suddenness, which, on the whole, was grateful to Ami, because it helped him out of the immediate crisis, the old man began to relate his own memories of the bric-à-brac, the toys, which the queen had possessed. It was a dreadful transition from the hot flame of Ami's soul, where crowns, diadems, and courts were being consumed in the fire of love, to the rooms of the royal Claude, full of the elegant pawns which Francis I. had given for love, — the cold sepulchre of dead affection bestrewn with embroidered grave-clothes. Both men had complete control of their faculties; and so far as outward appearances could testify, the transition was made easily.

"What an artist was that Luca della Robbia!" said the elder. "I never knew how much more Greek was he than that pretentious nephew of Andrea whom the king lauds to the skies, until I saw the white Madonna which Queen Claude asserted to me ever reminded her of Anne de Bretagne. A thousand of Giovanni's relievos, such as those in the sacristy of Santa Maria Novella which I saw when Florence was a camp, cannot equal one of Luca's medallions."

"No; certainly not in your judgment, Nouvisset, if it bear the arms of René of Anjou, or any heraldic devices. You are a knight!"

"Yes; but I am also a Greek, a lover of art, I trust. Knighthood is dead, except in my soul. Art is alive here!" and Nouvisset smote his breast. "And under that fellow Cellini, and old Palissy with his stained glass, and Leonardo, whom I wish the king could have persuaded to France; and Angelo, who is both heretic and architect, I am sure art is alive in this world which I am getting sorry to be leaving so soon."

The Renaissance rested like a glorious morning on the

old man's brow as he spoke these names, and as he remembered that seven years before, he had seen in the cathedral the two altar-pieces — one by Raphael, and the other by Sebastiano del Piombo — ordered when Cardinal Giuliano was bishop of Narbonne.

"And you knew," said Ami, swept into that flood of renascent life which broke forth at that time in any unsuspected moment in the conversations of Western Europe, — "you knew that the beautiful gift which I have to preserve from that melancholy hour is the vase of lapis-lazuli which Benvenuto himself enriched with pearls. At some time his Majesty will fetch Benvenuto to Paris. But, God prosper him! things must become more peaceful."

"I have seen it," answered the old man, forgetful of the troubled king, — "I have seen it. It is most exquisite. You knew that the king himself conceived the design which Cellini worked out for Mme. de Chateaubriand, — that enamelled cup, whose edges, as I take it, are too rough with diamonds which are cut to a point, and whose sides one cannot hold without pain, for the finely sharpened rubies upon it. But it was well conceived. Mme. de Chateaubriand will find the cup very like the love of the king, mark me, Ami!"

It was Ami's chance; he said sharply, "The king is my friend, you know, and yours."

The old knight was unhorsed; and they were leagues away from the topic, — the good Queen Claude.

"Nouvisset, why do you always run our talk to Mme. de Chateaubriand?"

"Because we started out to inspect some plans for her residence," answered he.

"How do you know that the palace of Villars-Coteret is to be her residence?"

"Because I remember the night at Chambord when you saw the beautiful Astrée, and that earlier night when

our Sire Francis I. saw the lovely Françoise de Foix, and when Louise of Savoy smiled on Jean de Laval de Montmorency, who is now thinking betimes of Mme. de Chateaubriand, when she thought of the ring which Cellini made — oh, I remember the tears in his eyes, brighter than the jewels of the king's mother, as the broken-hearted man, now called Comte de Chateaubriand, sat there behind the gentle Queen Claude, his wife at her feet, and the king eying her beauty."

"Why," said Ami, his heart sick within him, "what ring? Cellini made for what?"

"Boy even yet, I swear!" answered he; "and you never — you never knew of it? *You* carried the ring to Francis I., and saw him and M. de Guise compare and scrutinize them."

"I carried a ring, I saw it compared with another."

"And that new ring was a golden lie, — a cursed, elegant lie, full of wrong and shame, which brought Françoise de Foix from her castle to Chambord in spite of her husband's efforts to prevent it. You know what has happened since," said Nouvisset, with a wave of his hand.

"I only know that I am confounded at all this, — yes, I know of —"

"Of the intrigue, my son."

At that moment they had arrived in the street leading to the palace; and a swarm of chattering monks rushed by them. Strange faces also appeared, as they entered the familiar doors; and Nouvisset, who alone seemed to comprehend the situation, said, —

"Ami, be a true knight, until we meet again."

They had separated; and their thoughts would have been lost in the apprehension of strange scenes, if they had been such thoughts as men may lose.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### A DISCARDED FAVORITE.

"Hateful is the dark-blue sky  
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea."

THAT conversation with Nouvisset was never finished. Notwithstanding this, however, Ami found out soon what all readers of French biography know, — the true story of that ring, — the vain effort of a husband to keep his beautiful wife from the eye of an ignoble monarch; the subtle invention of a ring exactly like one which he himself held, promising to send it to his home in Brittany only when he should deem it wise to welcome his beloved spouse to the court; the king's stealth in the sending of the fine imitation to the unsuspecting but weak Françoise de Foix; her sudden appearance before the scheming monarch, and the suffering of her mystified and suspicious husband: the unholy alliance; the transformation of her husband Jean de Laval de Montmorency and Françoise de Foix into Comte and Comtesse de Chateaubriand, at the command of the dissimulating king; the ruined woman, the dishonored man!

Until Ami knew all these facts, he had not fathomed the murky gloom out of which he had seen shining his star, — Astrée.

“Oh, curses on the head of Louise of Savoy!” said Ami, as he remembered that the king’s mother had planned it all, and had sought to make his own love for Astrée the den for such a brood of vipers. “Nouvisset knew that I could not successfully oppose her schemes and crimes, leagued as they were with the weakness of her son, — my best beloved! Oh, he was, he *is* my friend! Once more will I try to awaken the slumbering soul that may rule Europe.”

Tears were in Ami’s soul, and they were soon in his eyes. He went out into the fresh morning air. He never learned what many others could have told him, that the crowd of monks of the night before had been in pursuit of a luckless Lutheran, who happily had escaped them. He had learned enough, however, to convince him that critical hours had come. His heart was breaking for Astrée, when he took out of his pocket an exquisite little picture of his loved one, which, by order of his king, had been painted on ivory.

He now knew also what the appearance of those strange faces of the last night at the palace meant. The valet-de-chambre had made it clear that the king was about to exile Mme. de Chateaubriand. At last Louise of Savoy had become intolerant of her influence over the affairs of the king. Here was the guard of protection; and —

“Curses, curses upon her and the priests who grant indulgences!” cried Ami’s heart.

The guard of protection waited to escort the Comtesse de Chateaubriand to a husband who would at least shelter the unfortunate woman.

Ami’s heart sank within him. During the imprisonment of the king he had suffered as much of contumely as Chancellor Duprat and Louise of Savoy had dared to inflict upon him. The comtesse had served the queen regent, who had counselled with the chancellor, and accepted the advice of Parliament as to the suppression

of heretics. Louis de Berquin, dear to Ami and to Marguerite, had been seized for translating the writings of Erasmus, and imprisoned in the Conciergerie. Louise of Savoy had made Ami charitable even toward the name Chateaubriand by her cruel treatment of the king's favorite, when the latter could not serve her. Now that the king had returned to France, saying, "Lo, I am king again," the young knight had looked for better days. The sky, however, was very inauspicious.

The old knight, in his apartments, waited the orders of the queen regent, who was sovereign over her son's love-affairs. Ami was commanded to appear before his Majesty. This knight was aware that some subterfuge would be adopted to escape the force of convictions which Francis I. never failed to honor in one way or another. The king saw that he must now appease the conscience of his friend, — as deeply did he love him as was possible in such a nature, — and he must accomplish this by spreading a banquet before Ami's intellect.

"He cannot be dull enough to miss the flashes of Mlle. d'Heilly's wit," remarked his Majesty. "She is far more bright than the comtesse ever will be." Then the king repeated a saying which had already tickled the ears of a court which was ready to welcome from the regent's suite the new royal favorite, — "*La plus belle des savantes, et la plus savante des belles.*"

"No," said the queen regent, as she thought of Ami, — "no, my Cæsar! If you must hold fast to a man who is a nuisance, and who is rapidly becoming a heretic —"

"The astrologer bade me," said Francis I., with decision, "and I love Ami."

"Then make him easy," she answered; "quote to him the praise of the poet Clement Marot."

Francis I. was soon able to repeat those lines which Marot had written of the king's new love: —



“Dix-huit ans je vous donne,  
Belle et bonne,  
Mais à votre sens rassis  
Trente-cinq et trente-six  
J'en ordonne.”

“Surely,” said he, thinking of the wit which even Marguerite had loaned to her guilty brother, and which was now engraved in loving mottoes upon the jewels intended at first for the discarded Mme. de Chateaubriand, — “surely, Ami will help me to meet the tasks growing up with this revival of ancient learning ; and my Marguerite of Marguerites, with the sweet mademoiselle, will soothe his conscience with their scholarship.”

A man who has no conscience is sure to make miscalculations with reference to one who has ; and Francis I. was therefore impotent with the Waldensian, when the concessions of friendship were forgotten. Ami was not strongest on the intellectual side of his nature. His power lay in the faculty for which Francis I. could spread no feast.

In the presence of conscience, the knight at once saw his Majesty's effort to conceal the topic of his heart with sentences which dealt with the affairs of the brain. So deep and tender was Ami's love for him, so hopeful had he become that Francis I. should be worthy of the title “King of Culture,” that at first he resolved to acquiesce. Still, however, in despite throbbed the conscience within him. Ami was so made that if his intellectual powers played at all, they must be moved by a moral motive.

In that year it had grown increasingly difficult for Ami to acknowledge the spiritual dictatorship which Louise of Savoy had placed in the hands of the famous syndic Beda. Erasmus had said of Beda that such a man was no more fit to decide questions as to the future of the University of Paris, than was a wolf to sit in judgment

upon the prospects of a kid. Ami was determined to recall Erasmus to his king.

Ami made no more audacious attack upon the party in power than when on the day upon which he saw the king willing to talk of learning, instead of allowing his Majesty to praise Mademoiselle, he thrust at him these words, —

“Erasmus is the only scholar sure to rule the future. Beda does not challenge even William Budé; he would not dare to challenge Erasmus.”

“I have often wondered,” replied the king, who was at once plunged into a most thoughtful mood, “that none of our divines has dared to lay hands on Erasmus.”

Ami understood Beda, Syndic of the Sorbonne. Nouvissset had often put his self-conscious learning to shame. It was also true that no one so dreaded the sharp tongue and quick intelligence of Ami, as did that chief figure of Sorbonne orthodoxy.

“That knight Ami will make his Majesty think me a pretence or an idiot,” complained Beda to Louise of Savoy.

No one had so completely demolished the schemes of Beda, which looked toward absolute control of the mental energies of France, as had Ami.

“I want to read to your Majesty,” said Ami, one day, — “indeed, I must read to you, Sire — the letter which I have found out Erasmus wrote to Beda when the Syndic had succeeded in getting Friar Sutor’s book afloat in Paris.”

Francis I. had perused the Carthusian friar’s work, at the instance of his mother, who was determined to be queen regent of her son’s ideas of religion.

“Read!” commanded the king.

Ami read this passage from Erasmus: “What will be said by men of sober judgment, — and there are more to be counted everywhere who have no dislike for Erasmus,

—when they see such books issuing from the Sorbonne? Sound theologians are brought into contempt by the folly of a few."

"Did Beda answer that letter?" asked the king.

"Yes, and in most abominable Latin; and he called himself 'the poor Beda, who, like Saint Augustine, would seek to save the Church from error and scandal.'"

"What else did he say?"

"Oh, he told Erasmus that his writings on celibacy, the works and the feasts, especially those which concerned themselves with the translating of the Scriptures into the tongue of the people, and on praise of marriage, were looked at by the Sorbonne as vicious."

"And this controversy has gone on?"

"Yes, Sire! It has gone on until Erasmus has poured his scorn upon Beda, Friar Sutor, and the Sorbonne. He laughs at Sutor for saying that languages and literature are the Devil's devices; and he ridicules him when he says that to know Hebrew or Greek is heretical. And now, Sire, this book comes to you."

Ami placed in the king's hand "Guesses in Answer to Beda's Notes."

"What do you advise?" inquired his Majesty, looking at page after page.

"Beda must not continue to misrepresent your court, Sire. It will become the laughing-stock of Europe. Erasmus will set the whole world to sneering at France. Who can help a smile when he points out that Beda is like Cicero in the manner of beginning a sentence, and unlike him in not knowing the difference between the indicative and subjunctive moods? Who can respect Beda, after Erasmus has shown that in the little book, 'Errors of Erasmus,' there are one hundred and eighty lies, three hundred and ten calumnies, and forty-seven blasphemies?"

Francis I. smiled. "That is ludicrous, but serious,"

said he ; and added, " But Beda says that Erasmus is in collusion with Luther."

" ' I agree with Luther as a nightingale does with the cuckoo,' — that is his own saying," said Ami. " Beda says : ' The old theology must remain ; but what are we to do with Luther, who is a wild boar, devastating the Lord's vineyard ? ' "

" What does Erasmus say to that ? " inquired the king.

" ' Theology must be scriptural and rational, be it old or new. The Church needs reform, Luther or no Luther. ' "

Francis I. at that instant caught sight of his mother. Louise of Savoy was scornfully indignant, if her face was to be believed. She swept past ; but she had overheard the whole conversation.

" Oh," said the king, — " oh that I were strong enough either to abolish the Sorbonne or to crush the whole brood of heretics ! "

Ami knew prudence and silence to be identical at that time.

On the 16th of June — the biographers of Erasmus give us the exact date — a letter from the scholar had reached the King of France. Ami now read it to the king again. Erasmus, in that epistle, begged the right to have his works printed in Paris, the men of whose university, such as Sutor and Beda, were bringing great contempt upon it.

" It is most unjust," wrote Erasmus, " that they should be permitted to disseminate poison, and that we should not be permitted to apply the antidote."

Francis I. listened, arose, and walked in the direction which Louise of Savoy had taken. Ami knew now that the soul of the king was at a crisis of surpassing importance to his Majesty and to France. The king meant to be " the King of Culture " which he had been called. He had done much to limit the ignorant bigotry of

Beda. Could he — would he control with kingly might the college of the Sorbonne?

So much for the king; but where was Ami himself tending? Could he take the logical next step, pointing so distinctly toward an alliance with the Reformation?

Astrée and he sat in the evening under a splendid pavilion which had but a moment before made a rendezvous for the royal lovers Francis I. and Mme. de Chateaubriand, whose affections the guilty king had so completely won, from whom now he was about to part forever. The two moments, the two pairs of lovers, furnished a sad contrast.

This was the first scene, — that in which king and comtesse found agonies. In a moment of thoughtfulness about events very different from the one which would that night break the heart of her to whom the king was so frigid, his Majesty had slowly said, —

“I am perplexed at the coming storm.”

“There is not a cloud in the sky, or a breath of wind in the purple vineyards,” was the soft answer.

The king quivered as she touched his flushed cheek.

“No; but Erasmus and Beda annoy me more than the Pope and the Emperor Charles.”

Francis I. arose with evident impatience. They had never talked of Reformers and colleges. Why should he speak of such dry and prosaic facts now?

The Comtesse de Chateaubriand looked upon him with her sparkling eyes, her sickened heart beating violently, and said, —

“Let us talk of love, my king. I hope you are not concerned about those testy Reformers. Ami has Astrée’s head full of whimsical notions of which lovers ought to know nothing. He has almost insulted your royal mother by what he dared to say about the indulgences. Astrée mopes about like a nun within a convent of skeletons. Ami tells her all that the puny Louis de Berquin has said,

and then they pretend — Come nearer, sweet king! — Oh, these Reformers trouble us! They have made Ami and Astrée complain that things go not to the liking of some crazy monk in Germany, or some bold lover of Greek and Hebrew like Erasmus. — Not a kiss for me yet, noble sovereign! Shall I kneel for it? Ha! I could not think you so agitated as to forget love. Alas! as I was saying, Ami does not like my presence here, as I know full well. But — I know your woes, Sire — you would not forsake me? That I know, beloved one! You would not leave me, even if these notions of the Reformers prevail? The priests do grant us absolution; and they are the ministers of God. You doubt it not? Alas! I will call you, as does the queen regent, my Cæsar! What is this? Oh, Francis!”

The mind of Francis I. was a tempest. Oh, what a deliverance — half heroic, half divine — if he could break with her on a difference about the Reformers! It would please Ami, he thought.

The remembrance of Queen Claude, to whom he had been so false; the recollection of the hour when he resolved to make France the seed-ground of the needed reform; the love he had for the high-souled Ami, — all these swept upon him, as he arose again, weighted with a chain of guilt which made it impossible for his conscience to dream of reform. His magnificent form stood solemnly in the moonlight. The King of France felt that the higher sovereignties of his life and kingdom were slipping away from him. France seemed to shriek with the pale woman at his breast. The superbly attired monarch bore the fainting comtesse to her own apartments.

An hour had passed, and this was the second scene.

Ami and Astrée had found each other where the magnetic eye of Francis had given such ecstasy to the Comtesse de Chateaubriand until what she had deemed an unexpected manifestation of the king's conscience was

discovered to be a blow which broke her heart. Here, where the fires of remorse and those of a new and guilty love had kindled and mingled in such a twisted flame as by the side of a languishing and discarded affection lit up that wreck of hope which Francis I. and his career had come to be, — here sat Astrée's purity and Ami's sacred faith. Did Astrée's liquid eyes realize how deeply Ami's soul had gone into their abysses? She knew Ami. His conscience, which had spurned the proposed intrigue, was her guardian. She was safe.

Did the very leaves seem to whisper as the splendid young knight drew her slender loveliness up to his beating heart, and gave to hers, in one long, loving kiss, the lips which had uttered such a protest against a wrong which priesthood and kingcraft would forgive? She felt herself to be in the circle of divine protection, and knew that no pope or emperor could so certainly preserve her. It was love's ecstasy within the fiery environment of an awakened conscience. Oh, how safe was Astrée! Their age allowed them to talk upon matters such as perhaps equally fond lovers in a finer moral atmosphere would have contemplated in silence. Besides the personal relations of Astrée — "An adopted sister; yes, only adopted," thought Ami — to the comtesse, the history of Ami's pure affection so unfortunately allied to the king's favorite allowed Astrée and Ami to express their sensitiveness as to her fortunes. They knew that while Ami was toying with the dark ringlets which fell from the head of Astrée as her head lay upon his heart, the King of France and the woman whom he had years ago stolen from her proud husband were yonder in the palace, passing through the agonies of their last interview.

"Let us be grateful," said the Waldensian knight, "that no foul memory stains our love, Astrée."

Astrée's eyes were two stars dipped in a silver sea of

tears ; but Ami kissed every tear-drop away, one by one, as she piteously cried, —

“ But what will become of her? Oh the heartless king ! ”

The protesting fire in Ami’s blood now burned into furious pulses. He only said, —

“ Astrée, by my soul, I do hate a condition of affairs in Church and State which allows a priest to sell to a king the right to steal his friend’s bride, absolves him in advance, — for that use is made of abused indulgences, — absolves him from sins of unnamable infamy, and then stands by approvingly when he is ready to cast his victim into the dungeon or the grave, offering him pardons and indulgences at so much apiece.”

“ Love does not barter or steal or trade or grow weary,” she said, as she nestled close to the strong young knight, like a bird which has just seen a winged creature like itself torn in the storm.

“ No ; nor does true religion sell its solemn authority for the debasing of souls,” answered Ami.

Nothing could prevent the exile of Comtesse de Chateaubriand. Louise of Savoy was authoritative ; Mlle. d’Heilly was happy. While in another part of the palace the latter was playing with the jewels which Francis I. had demanded of his former favorite, laughing also at the witticisms which gleamed from the exquisite cases, and laying her delicate hand of commandment upon the soul of his Majesty, Astrée, who had worked herself up into passionate self-sacrifice, had approached the dethroned Comtesse de Chateaubriand, where she sat like a beggared queen, moaning piteously, unbefriended, waiting for the valet-de-chambre to announce the guard.

“ Oh, little one ! ” cried the dethroned woman, calling Astrée by the very name which she used when the in-



trigue was proposed to that innocent heart years before, — “oh, little one, the saints protect thee! I bless thee with hands which tremble because they have toyed with infamy. Do you move away from me too? Oh, sister! only ‘*adopted*’? O God! Child! I thank thee for wearing lilac-blossoms at thy girdle, — thank thee, little one! Astrée, thinkest thou my blessing will curse thy pure soul? No? Sister Astrée, I thank thee! Ah, I beg of thee do not avoid my foul lips: they are parched; the foulness is burned away. No? Astrée! Ami’s kisses will obliterate the stain I may leave upon thine. I am a ruin. As the airs of heaven sweep over the catastrophe, let the ruin and the winds teach thee, O little one! The priests have nothing wherewith to cleanse my soul. O Jesu! O Christ! Thou must save another stained soul! Ami — Astrée! forgive me! Oh that Louis de Berquin — only yesterday I was asking for his ashes! — oh that Louis de Berquin or — Does William Farel live, or Lefevre? Oh that each might pray for my soul! Little one! Astrée!”

There was a noise outside, — dull, continuous, terrifying. The infamous chivalry of Francis I. had accomplished its purpose. The guard had come.

Soon the speechless Astrée was conscious that Ami’s hand was gently pressing her forehead. The Comtesse de Chateaubriand was on her way to the dark vault beneath the chateau in Brittany.





## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE ZEAL OF HERESY.

Humana ante oculos fœde cum vita jaceret  
In terris oppressa gravi sub religione,  
Quæ caput a cœli regionibus ostendebat  
Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans.

LUCRETIVS.

BEFORE many days had gone, the queen regent, Chancellor Duprat, and Beda — the first a vicious and scheming bigot, the second her ignorant but able vicegerent, the third a pretentious persecutor of the Reforming scholars — had completely compassed their aims. The King of France having been offended and shamed by an interview with Ami, who steadily refused either to treat Mlle. d'Heilly, who was now Duchesse d'Étampes, as his queen, or to allow them to make his love for Astrée a shield for the royal crime, was ready to accede to a suggestion of the chancellor, inspired by Beda. This brought forth a simple scheme to send Ami upon an expedition to Florence and beyond even to Alexandria, for what Beda protested was the rescue of certain ancient manuscripts. The Italian ambassador had so described them as to leave no doubt in the minds of the scholars consulted by Francis I. as to their high value. For a share in the booty the Italian ambassador, on agreement with Admiral Andrea Doria, was willing to allow Francesco, whom Ami had loved as his companion at Chilly, to accompany him. With their

eyes full of visions of palimpsests on which the Fathers of the Church disputed the right to territory with Homer and Æschylus, and especially with joy on the part of Ami, who felt that he must, at least for the present, withdraw himself from the court, these two young men were ready to set out. They had been provided with letters which would make their journey more charming than a royal pageant. One of the syndics of the Sorbonne was busy instructing Francesco in secret, who was to search for the Syriac manuscript of which both Eusebius and Palladius had made mention. He was sure that it would be found in one of the monastic institutions of the Scetic desert, perhaps in that of Saint Macarius.

Ami was talking earnestly with Marguerite of Navarre at St. Germain.

"The chancellor hates learning, and yet seems eager to behold a bit of Oriental vellum," said he, curiously.

"Think you that he desires the death of *Sieur Berquin*?" asked the Queen of Navarre.

"Beda loathes *Berquin*, who has been my teacher and friend,—my nearest friend, since the death of *Nouvisset*. I know you honor *Berquin* as you could not honor the Greek. The Syndics of the Sorbonne will rejoice at having us where we cannot confer for his protection. I am sorry, gracious princess, that Master *Berquin* is not a little less pugnacious. He may flame with uncontrollable enthusiasm for the Reform at a moment when it will be impossible to save him from the fierceness of the Sorbonne. *Duprat* is unable to read a word of Greek; and yet he wants Greek manuscripts. He is ignorant; and yet he knows that the ancient languages cannot be studied without giving an impulse to the Reform. Why does he want *Francesco* and myself to start to-day for more manuscripts? I cannot see a reason for it; but I feel that there is an intention to make away with *Berquin*."

"You are quite right about *Sieur Berquin's* lack of practical wisdom," quietly remarked the thoughtful princess. "It seemed almost impossible to save him before."

"Only your brother's love for you kept him from the prison, possibly the stake. This I have believed," said *Ami*.

"Will you speak to the good scholar ere you depart? Tell him of our love for him. Tell him that you leave your beloved friend the scholar in the hands of a loving king, who cannot always deny the Court of Parliament their privileges."

"The privilege, for example, of burning illustrious scholars and pious worshippers of God," interjected *Ami*.

"Tell him," continued the queen, "the whole story of his release. Ask him to consult with me before he acts in serious affairs."

"He will probably tell me that he consults with nothing but duty and Almighty God," said the knight, as he walked toward the balcony, not knowing whether quite to respect the inconsistent *Marguerite*. He added: "I do not know the whole story of his release."

"No one but myself could know it. Tell it to him, and he will allow me to guide him. It is this: When first, six years ago, his books were examined, the Inquisition found works of *Carlstadt*, *Melancthon*, and *Luther*. He was thrown into the square tower, after the commission had reported upon them. I did not know him then, save as a scholar and a man of piety; but, *Ami*, I knew that you had loved him, and that, since knighthood and learning had lost the active services of *Nouvisset*, *Berquin* had taught you much that the Greek could not teach. I wrote to the king, as my brother and as your loving friend. These were my words: '*Ami's* tutor and friend is confined in the *Conciergerie*, and will be put to death according to law, if your Majesty does not

interfere. Monseigneur, spare your loving Ami and your Marguerite.' The venue was changed. Duprat and the Chamber remonstrated. To this hour, no one knows who so persistently labored with the gracious king. John du Belay, Bishop of Bayonne, held the ground which I had gained with the sovereign. Chancellor Duprat quietly rebuked Berquin, instead of burning him in front of Notre Dame."

"Does not Berquin know of this?" asked Ami.

"Not a whisper. But you must tell him, also, that he ought to avoid being over-bold; also, that he must be willing to obey my counsel. Once again, after that, for your sake, did I save him. You had a helping hand in it all."

"Let me hear the whole story," said the knight.

"Four years ago Parliament was unsatisfied as to my mother's tolerance of heretics; and they reproached the king, who was then a prisoner at Madrid, with having given your teacher, Louis de Berquin, his freedom. They advised the queen regent to ask a commission of pontifical delegates. In January, as I now remember it, Berquin was again in the Conciergerie. He had dragged the name and fortune of Erasmus into the trial. I begged of my brother Francis his life for your sake. When the order to suspend came to Parliament, one cried out, 'The king is as badly advised as he himself is good;' and they went on to condemn him. He could abjure his books, or be burned. You remember it, as I see. You told me he would not approve the sentence."

"I know the rest," interrupted Ami; "let me see if I have it not. I shall place it all before Master Berquin."

Ami proceeded to relate an occurrence the thought of which, he believed, would, in a crisis which the boldness of Berquin might precipitate, compel him to regard the advice of Marguerite so gratefully as to follow her counsel.

"I myself," said he, — "I intercepted the king, as he

approached Paris. He embraced me and said: 'Ami! I am King of France once more; and thou hast been faithful. I come back to my realm seeking to do all for one who would have kept me from the prison of Madrid.' Your letters were handed to him. I asked for the protection. Then the king wrote from Mont de Marsan his courageous letter. I say 'courageous,' because the principle that heresy must be controlled is one which an army of kings cannot oppose," added Ami, who felt that even precious heretics could tax their friends at court too heavily.

The reader may be willing to see some of the lines of that letter, the manuscript of which is now a suggestive memorial in the French archives. The king wrote: —

"We have presently been notified how that notwithstanding that, through our dear and much loved lady and mother, regent in France, during our absence, it was written unto you and ordered that you would please not to proceed in any way whatever with the matter of *Sieur Berquin*, lately detained a prisoner, until we should have been able to return to this our kingdom, you have nevertheless, at the request and pursuance of his ill-wishers, so far proceeded with his business that you have come to a definitive judgment of it. Whereat we cannot be too much astounded. . . . For this cause we do will and command upon you . . . that you are not to proceed to execute of the said judgment, which, as the report is, you have pronounced against the said *Berquin*, but shall put him himself and the depositions and the proceedings in his said trial in such safe keeping that you may be able to answer to us for them. . . . And take care that you make no default therein, for we do warn you that if default there be, we shall look to such of you as shall seem good to us to answer to us for it."

"Then," proceeded Ami, "he tried to get *Erasmus* to reply, but his prudence forbade it;" and the young knight added, "I cannot help wishing *Erasmus* were not so prudent, or *Berquin* were not so bold."

"Yes," said the beautiful Marguerite. "Then Beda —"

"Who is anxious to get me to the East."

"Then Beda," proceeded she, not without a manifestation of sadness at the thought of Ami's going, — "Beda made accusation against Berquin. The struggle between his Majesty and the court over Berquin's privileges in prison followed a letter which I wrote to my brother Francis. When I could take the scholar from the Louvre, and when he was in my service, I wrote to Montmorency these words: 'I thank you for the pleasure you have done me in the matter of poor Berquin, whom I esteem as much as if he were myself; and so you may say that you have delivered me from prison, since I consider in that light the pleasure done to me.' But I could not manage *Sieur Berquin* at all. He again attacked the monks and the infidelity of the Church. Erasmus wrote to him, begging him to cease. Again I pleaded with my noble brother the king. 'Poor Berquin,' wrote I, 'who through your goodness holds that God has twice preserved his life, throws himself upon you, having no longer any one to whom he can have recourse, for to give you to understand his innocence; and whereas, *Monseigneur*, I know the esteem in which you hold him, and the desire he hath always had to do you service, I do not fear to entreat you by letter instead of speech to be pleased to have pity on him. And if it please you to show signs of taking his matter to heart, I hope that the truth which he will make to appear, will convict the forgers of heretics of being slanderers and disobedient toward you, rather than zealots for the faith.'

"Once more," continued Marguerite of Navarre, "he was tried and set at liberty. Who could help standing near him? The grace of God was upon him. I should have gone with him through a thousand condemnations. But, Ami, bid him now hold his excited soul in peace for a while. If the enemies think him concerned in the

breaking of the images, Chancellor Duprat and even the Queen Regent of France, my mother, will urge upon the King his death."

June 1st had witnessed what the Catholics insisted, with some justice, was a revolting infamy; what the Reformers regretted to say was a too careless assertion of their protest against superstitions.

The image of Notre Dame de Pierre stood at the corner of the street, in the rear of the Church Petit St. Antoine. It was especially revered by the devout. That night, with the sounding of heavy hammers, the image was broken. The head of the Virgin and that of the child were cut off. The whole city was immediately aroused with indignation. Even Ami was heard to say, as he saw the King weeping, —

"The Reformers of France are as coarse as is Luther himself."

At every roadway a man stood with a trumpet, proclaiming, by order of his Majesty, an offer of one thousand golden crowns for the apprehension of the miscreants. Every house was searched; processions of outraged Catholics visited the spot of the profanation. In ten days the King of France, inflamed by the hot words of the queen regent and Chancellor Duprat, marched with bare head to the sacred place. The clergy and parish of St. Paul followed his reverent figure. Cardinals and nobles surrounded him. Each carried a white waxen taper. The clarions and trumpets made a din of confused melodies; and the archers showed the purpose of the realm to avenge the monstrous outrage.

With the awful memory of that scene, Ami could not but feel a secret fear gnawing at his heart, as he parted with the courageous zealot, — his teacher and friend, Louis de Berquin.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SERVANT OF THE HOLY CHURCH.

“To paradise the gloomy passage winds  
Through regions drear and dismal, and through pain  
Emerging soon in beatific blaze  
Of light.”

WE last saw Vian at the home of Sir Thomas More. As he returned to Hampton Court, he felt a premonition that his relationships with one who had been so much to him were sure to end very soon. More had frankly told him that Wolsey's aims and methods did not commend themselves to his good judgment, and that he foresaw a rupture between himself and the cardinal near at hand.

“I shall not allow my affection for you, Vian, to deprive you from being of inestimable benefit to England. Nay, I love England too well to be cold in my desires that you should assist the Lord Cardinal in the establishment of his colleges,” said More, who, even as speaker of the House of Commons, was beginning to avoid Henry's court.

Vian was soon under the spell exercised by a scheme which so thoroughly coincided with his tastes and opinions. Despite his desire for the publication of the English Bible, he had at length been persuaded that the England which he had come to worship had no place for

William Tyndale and his translation of the Scriptures. The common people could not read ; there were none to teach them. What England appeared to require was presented in the idea of Wolsey, out of which Vian saw rising the beauty and wealth of Oxford. Wolsey's plan of building the new colleges had in no way neglected the men of "the new learning ;" indeed, they were often selected as lecturers. It involved the destruction of the smaller monasteries, each of which, in Vian's opinion, nursed Romish despotism in England, and increased the difficulty in the way of that untrammelled intellectual life to the progress of which he was willing to devote his life. Vian was blind to the splendid pomp of Wolsey, which was becoming very offensive to those who could find in straying copies of Tyndale's translation a different conception of power. Vian was blind to this, because of his admiration of the cardinal's industry in turning the wealth of the monastic houses toward the new colleges. As Sir Thomas More grew more fierce in his opposition to a man who appeared to him only desirous to increase his authority by transferring power to these institutions of which he was master, Vian became enthusiastic in his praise, because it seemed that learning instead of ignorance, idleness, and iniquity should hereafter exercise rule.

"England will be less answerable to the Pope if there be more colleges," argued he.

Soon the time came when England's king was in need of an immunity from papal authority. Once again had a pope deceased ; once again had Wolsey failed of election at the hands of the conclave ; and Henry VIII. had met and loved the charming Anne Boleyn. Foxe and Gardiner had made a trip to the feet of his Holiness in behalf of Henry's scruples as to the legitimacy of his marriage with Katherine ; but the trip was in vain. Vian, close to the sovereign, in his desire to make England

powerful and independent, easily passed into sympathy with the king, believed in the necessity for a divorce, and of course, when he was not quite sure, bolstered up his belief in the righteousness of this cause for dispute by rejoicing in anything which might point toward a triumph for Henry and the cardinal.

"But for the fact that I am a Pythagorean, I had myself confessed that the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn is beautiful," said he to Wolsey, as he obtained the cardinal's instructions.

"Would that the king were a Pythagorean!" replied Wolsey, shaking his head sadly.

Vian was now quite sure that his suspicion that Wolsey was losing ground with Henry VIII. was well founded. However, he resolved to labor, in season and out of season, for the development of Oxford, which he had come to believe to be the task of his life.

Above the horizon another bright and steady star, somewhat overclouded, often baleful in its wandering rays, had risen. Thomas Cromwell had come to be Wolsey's accredited agent in the dissolution of the smaller monasteries. Vian's associations with this able man of affairs had made him stand in awe of this most astute and rigorous politician. Bent on the endowment of Oxford, Vian estimated Cromwell as a successful destroyer of monasteries with the same liberality that he used with More, years before, when Vian's mind was in need of a different kind of help. He had seen Cromwell persuade a displeased king, while he was learning to master the business of the State. He had beheld him "leaning in the great window, with a primer in his hand, saying of Our Lady's matins," as he placed in Vian's hand an order for the plate of a doomed priory or abbey. Our aims sanctify the servants which realize them. The great minister and cardinal was yet in his position of authority; now, however, more anxious to put down

heresy than aforetime. Henry VIII. was smiling still on Oxford, though intolerant of the scholars who objected to the divorce. Cromwell was pouring wealth into the colleges, though he was cruel and rapacious. Oxford filled Vian's eye; and he therefore saw nothing else clearly.

There was a time of awakening coming, as to the tremulous condition of Wolsey's fortunes; and the cardinal, to whom Vian was so admiringly attached, would soon require this monk, who was yet under his vow, for other services.

In the proceedings in behalf of the king's divorce, which had dragged through more than three years, Henry VIII. had often become displeased with the cardinal; and Anne Boleyn had grown indignant. Even the cardinal had become alarmed. Campeggio, the papal legate, had shown by his own independence of action that of the Pope Clement VII. Vian saw, behind the shadows, Katherine's nephew, Charles V. Private information had reached the ears of Wolsey's friend that Charles V. had insinuated to his Holiness that neither Francis I. nor Henry VIII. had any loyal feeling toward the papal see.

"Why," said Charles V., "even now, in the kingdom of France, are followers of Peter Waldo. The King of the French allows heresy in his realm, and is constant at beseeching favors at Rome. As for Henry of England, his cardinal Wolsey would be pope even now. He himself will yield nothing to the papal tiara."

Six months thereafter, a papal nuncio, of courtly manners and signal ability, had placed the mind of the Pope before Francis I. Francis was in the midst of new embarrassments. Marguerite — although now Marguerite, Queen of Navarre — had encouraged the Reformers. William Farel had escaped, going toward Geneva. Lutheranism was growing, in spite of Duprat. The King of

France had also allowed Admiral Andrea Doria to be insulted ; and at any moment he was likely to lose this Genoese ally. Charles V. had not won Francis I. by the gift of Eleanor to be his wife ; the treaty of Madrid was broken ; Clement VII. distrusted him.

Anxious to attach the Pope to his threatened fortunes, Louise of Savoy had persuaded Francis I. to pledge an expedition of twenty young knights to proceed against the Waldensians ; and the satisfied nuncio was soon in England, negotiating with Wolsey.

August 20, 1529, Thomas Wolsey, Lord Cardinal, trembling upon the edge of complete disaster, ready to do anything to gain power with Clement VII., embraced Vian, gave him his blessing, and said, — .

“ You shall precede the French knights, who, through the messenger from his Holiness, will need your advice as to the method and time of attacking the heretics. Vian, I can do no other than this. May God return you to us, as He will, doubtless, with honor ! ”

Vian was prepared to prove his faithfulness to Wolsey, the cardinal's faithfulness to Rome, and his own valor.





## CHAPTER XIX.

### THICKENING CLOUDS.

Why are we weighed down with heaviness,  
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
While all things else have rest from weariness?  
All things have rest: why should we toil alone?

We only toil who are the first of things,  
And make perpetual moan,  
Still from one sorrow to another thrown;  
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;  
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,  
"There is no joy but calm!"

Why should we only toil: the roof and crown of things?

TENNYSON.

NINE months had elapsed since Ami had bid farewell to Astrée at the palace of St. Germain.

"Never was the court of my Cæsar so free from petty annoyances about reformations in the Holy Church! Never was his Majesty so untroubled with heretical scholars like Louis de Berquin!"

Louise of Savoy, truly Queen Regent of France in spite of Queen Eleanor, was speaking to her daughter Marguerite concerning the long absence of Ami, whom she appreciated as Queen of Navarre, and whom Ami appreciated as the one personal influence likely to put her brother into profounder sympathy with the Renaissance and the Reformation.

"He has been absent from us too long," said the latter, with a tender note of sadness. "Nine long months, and what dreadful questions have come !"

"None that Ami could have rightly answered," was the stiff remark of the queen regent.

"Ah, I know not, I know not ; but I believe that if my brother had —"

"His Majesty, your sovereign !" haughtily interposed the queen regent, who had often been annoyed at the great influence of her daughter upon the court of her son.

"I love him, I honor him. I love him so much that I wish that Ami had remained in France. Had he remained and counselled, as his wisdom permitted, Admiral Andrea Doria would not have joined the hosts of Charles V., his Majesty's enemy."

"Andrea Doria was a base traitor, a lover of Genoa, —"

"His own dear city and home !"

"Tis true ; but his loyalty had been given to the King of France."

"And the courtiers of France were allowed to break it," said Marguerite, firmly.

"Daughter and Queen, we must not quarrel. Ami will return soon enough ;" and then the queen regent, in her most autocratic manner, added : "Astrée and your Majesty will behold the face of the young knight to-morrow."

The sister of Francis I. was full of rejoicing, and she hastened at once with queenly sympathy to inform the lovely Astrée.

Marguerite of Navarre neither overestimated the importance of the events of the last nine months, nor the probable influence which Ami would have exercised upon them. She knew how thoroughly her mother had laid her plans for his absence. She also was aware that

the young knight was glad to absent himself from a court which had nothing but opposition to his statesmanlike propositions and his religious experiences.

When Beda, dreading his influence upon the king, had proposed to the queen regent to arrange the expedition to a distant monastery for the purpose of obtaining manuscripts, Ami was sick at heart at the dissolution of all prospects for untrammelled scholarship and wise reform, and sick even of the Reformers themselves.

The priesthood still regarded him a faithful, but erratic Catholic. He himself had come back to the opinion that Lutheranism, in its current aspect, must be dealt with more stringently. He had resolved, in his absence, to find a standing-ground for his own faith, that he might more wisely influence the faith of the king. What could afford a better opportunity for his mind to settle its future course than this lengthy bibliographical tour?

Letters had come from Ami to the king, which showed that his mind was turning with more loyal reverence to the Holy Church. In the light of these, the queen regent was more willing to have him with her son. Ami, she was now sure, would be less critical of the clergy, and less friendly to the foes of the Church, on his return. The University of Paris, the library of the king, and the peace of France might profit now at his early arrival; for he was laden with manuscripts.

"Of course, it is impossible for him to keep his hands out of our statecraft," said the wise Louise; and tossing her head: "But he cannot disturb our plans at once. He is cautious. He will have to take time to comprehend the events which have transpired;" and then she greatly comforted her orthodoxy and hope for peace, by adding: "He may, if he wants to prove his knighthood and serve the Holy Church, which some of his friends



have so often reviled, — he may lead the secret expedition against the Waldensians.”

She really chuckled at the idea of a Waldensian murdering a Waldensian.

True, significant events had transpired.

Ami was sure to find that the great changes of the last few months linked themselves with all the events which had succeeded the return of the king from Madrid, and showed how completely Francis I. had failed to comprehend his significant era. Some of those earlier events had accompanied Ami like ghosts. Nothing, however, so haunted him as the sacrifice and death of Bourbon, the old lover of Marguerite.

“Slay! slay! Blood! blood! Bourbon, Bourbon!” — the shout of the soldiers of the constable, when they learned of his death in sight of Rome, — had rung through the soul of Ami, as the latter stood in the damp cellars of ancient monasteries, seeking to read the red and yellow parchments.

Benvenuto Cellini, it was said, had then fired the shot which was fatal to a man of whom Francis I. had been jealous, to whom the mother of his Majesty had been resentful because he would not return a wicked love, and who, in spite of Ami’s wise protests, had been transformed into a revengeful enemy of France.

Another matter had disquieted him. Louise of Savoy knew that Ami had left France fearing that the king would lose Andrea Doria from his service. And now Mme. de Chateaubriand’s brother Lautrec had seen the king’s old ally, Andrea Doria, blockade Naples, while his own army was stricken with famine and the plague. It would be impossible, as everybody about the court knew, for either Ami or the king to forget how often the sagacious young knight had besought his Majesty to respect the feelings of the admiral, and to honor the commerce of Genoa. The king’s mother was sure that the news of

Andrea Doria's revolt might be kept from Ami until something could be done to regain the power thus lost.

The Spanish half of Charles V.'s dominion was now connected with the German half. Ami had often begged his royal friend to leave the influences of his favorites, even to break with a plan of Louise of Savoy, and thus to prevent the advance of the fortunes of his antagonist the emperor.

The treaty of Barcelona between the Pope and Emperor Charles had been signed in June. The shrewd Louise knew that Ami could not but feel a sickening sorrow when he should read "the Ladies' Peace."

The man whom none could trust, Duprat, who had meanwhile been made a bishop, had again brought France to shame by debasing the coin wherewith Charles V. was to have been paid for the release of the French princes. Ami had long ago described the real character of this minister so frequently and so truly, that Louise of Savoy, who could use Duprat so easily, called the Waldensian "a hateful nuisance."

Francis I. had been made defiant and theatrical by his captivity. Ami, with all wisdom and affection, had often urged upon him the lesson of obedience to law; but now the Parliament of Paris was already impelled to say to the king, —

"We know well that you are above the laws; still we venture to say that you ought not to will, nor should desire to will, all that you can."

Before his departure Ami had roused the hate of Louise, when he asserted the fact that Francis, in the treaty of Madrid, was about to imprison his own children to save his own freedom; and now the world knew it. He had tried to translate for the ruler's ear the cry of the peasantry, who stared while the king purchased bronzes, furs, velvets, beasts, birds, palaces, furniture, and gorgeous jewels for his favorite, who had very soon

become offensive as Duchesse d'Étampes; and even Marguerite had grown a little weary of this amateur statesmanship. The clergy were growing more corrupt and the people more ignorant, on a theory of popular misgovernment, which the young knight had often declared the basis of a public crime. The court was welcoming the Renaissance and trying to shut out the Reformation. Louise of Savoy was still more anxious than before for the presence of Erasmus, since he had quarrelled with Luther. She remembered that Ami had already told her fearlessly that France needed a William Farel, whom he had afterward rescued from her and Duprat. The German movement, under Luther, was fiercely hated; and now nothing so roused the ire of the queen regent, or disgusted her son, as the reflection that Queen Marguerite once nearly succeeded in influencing his Majesty toward Lutheranism.

Surely much had transpired. Marguerite of Navarre was quite certain, from the letters which she had read from Ami, that his protesting spirit had sensibly cooled while he had been rummaging in the monasteries. She assured her mother that he would be more tractable. She was quite as sure that he would be more able to influence her brother the king toward a wiser statesmanship, if Ami had meanwhile become a more devout Catholic.

As for herself, she was, it was true, still favorable to the Reform, still writing verses, still rejoicing with her brother's new favorite and helping their intrigues, still anxious to translate the Psalms and to hear the latest Monkish tale, — still the inconsistent, brilliant charm of the court.

She was, one evening, wondering with the king about the policy of the proposed secret expedition to exterminate some leaders of the Waldensians, when the king repeated to her what he had often said, —

“I have been accused by his Holiness of having heresy in my own realm whenever I have sought a favor at Rome.

I cannot protect the Waldensians who are in correspondence with Luther and Farel. I shall give his Holiness twenty knights."

Francis I. had freely confessed his strong desire that Ami should lead the expedition. Grave doubts, however, arose in his mind. His Majesty thought Ami would now be so agitated by what Francis had called "the unfortunate Berquin affair," that he would be uncontrollable.

"It will be well for him to prove his faith to the Church and to you," said the queen regent. "Let him lead a company of trained soldiers, each of whom is to look out for himself, into the country of the Waldensians. There can be no danger of his killing or encountering his own friends, think you? His father must be dead long ago; and he lived in Piedmont, — leagues away from the well-known spot where the leaders now write their heretical letters to Ulric Zwingli and Martin Luther, and foment discontent in our realm. His Holiness is right; and you must exterminate the correspondents of these arch-heretics. So long as these who are our French heretics write to the German and Swiss leaders, and you know it, we are in no wise worthy of papal benedictions. Ami owes everything to yourself. Perhaps he is not ungrateful. If Ami would have us believe him honest, if he would serve the Church, let him lead the way. Wolsey's messenger, who will doubtless be a valiant duke desiring honor, will precede him; and he will send back to our French contingent, as it follows him, such information about that vile rendezvous for heretics as will enable the twenty knights to strike and annihilate the heresy at a blow."

The eyes of Louise of Savoy were bright with a lurid glow, furnishing a strange contrast with her pale, haggard face. She hoped in her deepest soul that Ami would go and never return. His statesmanship and her policies could never live in peace together.



## CHAPTER XX.

### AMI AND THE DEATH OF BERQUIN.

If you are wise, repress your encomiums; do not disturb the hornets, and spend your time in your favorite studies. At all events, do not involve me, for the consequences might be inconvenient for us both. — *Erasmus to Louis de Berquin.*

ON the morning of Sept. 6, 1529, every ray of light seemed to linger in unwonted happiness upon the expanses of green which stretched away from the ancient chateau of Chambord. The gloomy old palace had, a short time before, been decorated anew in the name of a love which was now dead; but the Duchesse d'Étampes was enjoying the newly transformed archways quite as thoroughly as she had expected to relish the ownership of the mountings for Mme. de Chateaubriand's jewels, bearing the salamander crest of Francis, and graven with the amorous wit of the king's sister.

In this latter joy she was disappointed. She had seen the mountings of the case only as they had appeared in the form of ugly ingots, into which the elegant devices had been melted by the fire of Madame's resentment; but the duchesse nevertheless enjoyed the Moorish pavilion, in which she often sat with the king as much as though Francis had never been in love before.

Everything was astir. Wine was flowing in ruby streams into goblets glistening with artistic elegance. The king had been busily engaged with a minister of the

court, who was inscribing upon the ivory tablet the names of those knights who were to comprise the secret expedition into the Alps. Precious stones emblazoned the messenger of his Holiness, who stood near and gave his invaluable counsel.

"We must be brief in our converse," said the king, who was always weary of business. "The huntsmen are ready; the animals are likely now to be best fitted for the chase;" and turning to the solemnly gazing representative of the Pope, "I would have you be seated at the banquet, after the sport, at the side of Ami, the young Bayard of France. He has just come back to us from the far East."

The messenger simply made an Italian courtesy.

In a short time the king was wildly engaged in the chase. The gay colors, the rapid motions, the splendid horsemanship made a brilliant spectacle.

At the window — on which Francis afterward engraved a distich on the inconstancy of woman — was to be observed another scene quite different. The persons visible were Ami, Astrée, and the old friend of Berquin, William Budé, the scholar and book-lover.

Erasmus himself had said of Budé: "Among many thousands of men you will not find any of higher integrity, and more versed in polite letters." Perhaps no two men in France more truly represented the spirit of reaction in the Sorbonne and the spirit of progress in sound learning, than Beda and Budé.

Until this morning Ami had not seen the king since the hour when he set out for the manuscripts of that remote monastery; and he knew nothing of what had occurred meanwhile, save that his love for Astrée was deeper and more sweet. William Budé had not been in the presence of his Majesty since the death of Ami's friend Berquin.

It was a great joy for Ami to meet with such a scholar

as Budé after so long a pilgrimage. The knight was full to overflowing of bibliographical lore. It was an unexpected feature of the day to find this broad and liberal scholar at his side, instead of Beda, in whom Erasmus had said "there are three thousand monks."

"Surely," thought Ami, "the king has grown more tolerant; I, on the other hand, have grown to be less tolerant."

He hardly knew how Budé would look upon his fresh hostility to the Reformers. However, he was bound to talk only of manuscripts. Ami had known him much as history knows him to-day, — a wealthy book-buyer at the first; then a patient and ambitious learner at the feet of scholars; then a friend of Nouvisset, of whom he had learned Greek; later, a traveller to Rome and Venice, reading manuscripts, and beginning to write his famous "Commentaries" on the Greek; and, later still, a laborer upon a book on the Roman *As*, which was to make him appear as a rival even of Erasmus. There was in his hand a letter from the great scholar, whom neither Astrée nor Ami had seen; and in his eye was a tear, as the young knight ended his monologue, which related to his journeys, the difficulties with monks and robbers, his discoveries in unfrequented cells, his struggles with ignorance, and the labor of reading with success a valuable palimpsest. Ami concluded his first enchanting tale with the query, —

"And how is *Sieur Berquin*? Would he were with us here!"

The scholar handed him a bit of manuscript. It was not ancient. They entirely forgot the bibliographical tour, as Ami read the following words, which were a copy made by Budé of the words spoken, April 16, by the President of the Court to Ami's friend Berquin.

Ami's soul was again being charged with fire from on high, while Astrée wept with Budé the scholar.

"Louis Berquin!" so ran the speech, "you are convicted of having belonged to the sect of Luther, and of having made wicked books against the majesty of God and of his glorious Mother. In consequence we do sentence you to make honorable amends, bareheaded and with waxen taper alight in your hand, in the great court of the palace, crying for mercy to God, the king, and the law, for the offence by you committed. After that you will be conducted, bareheaded and on foot, to the Place de Grève, where your books will be burned before your eyes. Then you will be taken in front of the church of Notre Dame, where you will make honorable amends to God and to the glorious Virgin, his mother. After which a hole will be pierced in your tongue, — that member wherewith you have sinned. Lastly, you will be placed in the prison of Monsieur de Paris (the bishop), and will there be confined between two stone walls for the whole of your life. And we forbid that there ever be given you book to read or pen and ink to write."

Here was an unexpected trial for Ami's new position. Could he be loyal to the hapless man whom he had loved, and to the other whom so lately he had sworn anew to revere?

"Did he appeal to the king?" asked the friend of Francis I.

"He was incarcerated at once. We might have saved him."

"And you did not?" said the knight, excitedly.

"The crowd gathered, — twenty thousand thronged the square and crossed the bridge. He would have walked surrounded with arquebusiers and archers through the street. But he appealed to the king."

Instantly the loving knight, who had been desperately working up his affections for Francis I., discovered the reflection on his sovereign.

"You are in his Majesty's chateau. Speak your con-



tempt carefully, if at all. Francis I. is my friend. I am a knight," exclaimed he.

"And a lover of truth?" asked Budé, who, though thoroughly surprised, still thought he knew Ami.

The knight found himself where he had not been for two years, — where he dared not answer that question.

Things had indeed changed. He had determined to be a faithful, even a persecuting Catholic, if necessary. Again had his unspeakably intense jealousy of that English monk Vian driven him from any sort of desire to join with the Reformers. He had been changed by this evil spirit. At Florence, an English abbot who was travelling in Italy told him that only Wolsey, who was a politician without piety, believed in the orthodoxy of Vian; that the late Abbot Richard, of Glastonbury, had distrusted him and was glad to have the abbey rid of his presence; that probably before that hour Vian himself had fled to the Reformers and joined their ranks.

That information had been sufficient to rouse the most furious of the fires in Ami's soul. His jealousy had leaped again, like a hungry tiger, upon his growing love of the Reforming movement. This beastly and murderous passion had sucked almost every drop of the life-blood from his convictions. Even his conscience had found itself a drooping energy.

He hated the idea of walking in Vian's path, even if it led Godward. His whole soul had been a battle-ground. He had despised priestcraft, ignorance, fraud, infamies, indulgences; he had loved Farel, Berquin, Lefevre, and goodness. That was one fact feeding a Waldensian conscience.

He loathed Vian, who once supplanted him as a scholar in the eyes of Francis I., who also had once touched Astrée's hand with what he would now make oath was a villanous intent. That was the other fact feeding a devilish jealousy.

They had struggled for a while as he travelled on. Jealousy had won the triumph. He was ready soon to do something so bold, so decisive, so desperate in behalf of the Holy Church, that every bridge would be burned behind him, and retreat to his old position of sympathy with the Reformers would be utterly impossible. He had come back to France determined to put himself publicly, by some blazing act, where he would be compelled to remain a foe of the Reform, — above all, a foe of the detestable Vian.

Oh, how Astrée pitied him ! She knew his heart so well. He had already told her of this purpose ; she also knew that he loved the noble Louis de Berquin, and that the story of the silence of Francis I. while his old friend and tutor was roasting in flames, would well-nigh break Ami's heart. She did not know — no human being can know — the certainty with which jealousy, while it closes the pathways to heaven, can make the tenderest heart a thing of iron.

William Budé saw it all in Ami's transparent glances. He arose and said, —

“ A knight trained by Nouvisset cares not to hear the truth.”

It stung Ami. Vian, Nouvisset, Francis, Berquin, Astrée, — the names swept through his maddened brain as he touched his jewelled dagger, and found the soft, loving hand of that darling girl upon it.

“ Never ! never ! ” she said, with a delicate omnipotence, before which Ami faltered. “ Never ! Master Budé, forgive him ! My Bayard and my adored one is still a scholar.”

The humbled young knight begged for pardon and for the truth.

As well as he might after such an experience, did Budé tell him of the death of Berquin. Every fire died out of Ami's eye, and the dew-fall of grief was on his cheeks.

until a thought of sympathy with Reformers, the conviction that it might lead to the company of Vian, and the furious jealousy of his untamed heart blazed there again, and licked up every tear-drop. Even Astrée's love trembled with fear.

"Berquin was unduly familiar with the men who committed the outrage with the images."

"Do you know their names? The chancellor does not; and even the inquisitors could not find them out," Budé calmly asserted. "Besides," continued he, "there was not a particle of evidence that your old tutor was aware of the event until the next day."

"Your old tutor!"—that phrase recalled some pathetic memories which sobbed in Ami's heart.

"You will vouchsafe me the whole story, Master," said Ami, somewhat less excitedly.

"Only four months after your departure,—Master Berquin kept you in his prayers, Ami,—he was arrested; and the speech which I gave you"—Astrée at this instant reached down, and with the hand which had released the dagger, picked up the crumpled manuscript and placed it in Ami's trembling hand,— "that speech was scarce uttered when Berquin cried out, 'I appeal to the king!'"

Budé was silent for a moment; and then he solemnly added: "I know this is the king's palace;" then standing up, he said, "But greater crimes have been done here than my telling the disciple of Berquin how this scholar died."

"You can tell me all; but I will honor my king," was Ami's remark.

"The King of kings and the Lord of lords?" inquired Budé, with sincere eloquence.

Astrée moved nearer to Ami, and put her white hand upon his shoulder.

The knight said nothing except this: "Proceed! the

ways of God are all cross-ways ; the paths to heaven are tangled."

"I have already said it, Ami ! We might have saved him. The gracious Queen Marguerite will tell you that I begged Berquin, saying to him : 'Acquiesce ; we can save you later on, before the day of punishment. A second sentence is ready and pronounces death. All that this sentence asks is a plea for pardon. Do we not all need pardon ?' I said. 'Acquiesce !' "

Ami, who had been bracing himself with reflection on Vian, and with thinking how Vian might have loved Berquin, had the English monk been in France, anxious to find a curse for a Reformer, inquiringly said, "And he was still boastful of his heresy ? "

"Not at all," answered Budé ; "he was only a knightly lover of truth. So knightly was he that at the last the good Queen of Navarre wrote words like these to the sovereign : 'I for the last time make you a very humble request : it is that you will be pleased to have pity upon poor Berquin, whom I know to be suffering for nothing but loving the word of God and obeying yours. You will be pleased, Monseigneur, so to act that it be not said that separation has made you forget your most humble and most obedient subject and sister, Marguerite.' "

"What was the answer ? " inquired the agitated knight.

"The king made no reply. I have kept this copy of a letter from Erasmus to his friend, and brought it to you."

William Budé then handed the crushed copy of the speech and letter to Ami ; and he began to read. Astrée looked over his shoulder.

The eyes of the three fell upon this passage in which the Dutch scholar repeats what an eyewitness had told him : —

"Not a symptom of agitation appeared either in his face or the attitude of his body ; he had the bearing of a man who is meditating in his cabinet on the subject of his studies or in

a temple on the affairs of Heaven. Even when the executioner in a rough voice proclaimed his crime and its penalty, the constant serenity of his features was not at all altered. When the order was given him to dismount from the tumbril, he obeyed cheerfully without hesitating ; nevertheless he had not about him any of that audacity, that arrogance, which in the case of malefactors is sometimes bred of their natural savagery ; everything about him bore evidence to the tranquillity of a good conscience. Before he died he made a speech to the people ; but none could hear him, so great was the noise which the soldiers made, according, it is said, to the orders they had received. When a cord which bound him to the post suffocated his voice, not a soul in the crowd ejaculated the name of Jesus, whom it is customary to invoke even in favor of parricides and the sacreligious, to such extent was the multitude excited against him by those folks who are to be found everywhere, and who can do anything with the feelings of the simple and ignorant."

Ami cried out with pain. Not a syllable escaped his lips as he bolted past the knot of courtiers gathered without, deaf to the cries of Astrée, who followed him with her tearful pleadings.





## CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER SERVANT OF THE HOLY CHURCH.

Which way I fly is hell ! myself am hell. — MILTON.

IN a short time even Astrée had been forsaken by the tempest-tossed Ami. He was soon alone in the lower part of the principal fortress of St. Germain-en-Laye, whither he had fled in anguish of soul.

“Solitude !” said he, in his agony ; and he thought of the crowns which had been won and lost, the kingdoms saved and doomed, the revelations vouchsafed and withheld, when souls like his had found solitude. “Here,” mused he, — “here is no mountain ; and yet Sinai with cloud and flame is here. Here is no desert ; and yet a John the Baptist may listen even here and detect the words, ‘Repent ! Repent !’ on this damp air. Here is no Florence, with Guelph and Ghibelline in the street ; but Dante’s ‘Inferno’ or ‘Paradiso’ is mine in this very cell. Here is no temple summit ; but here demons crowd to say, ‘All these kingdoms are thine ; fall down and worship me !’”

The piteous wail of Louis de Berquin came in from between the stones ; so, also, did the compliments of Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur, sans reproche* ! The struggling purity of a personal faith came in the scorched faces of countless martyrs, and looked at him from the wall ; so also did the affectionate wickedness of Francis I.

The Waldensian conscience, pure as a mountain snow-drift, bright as an Alpine dawn, hovered over his bursting temples ; so also did the hands of cardinals and popes, and the traditions of an immutable institution. He was a passive, torn battle-ground.

The grandeur of the Holy Church, his obligations to the king, the fear of eternal torments, — all were now being driven back. The face of Louis de Berquin was scattering them as the dawn routs the night. It was Saul of Tarsus again, a moment after holding the clothes of those who stoned the martyr Stephen. The bloody face on whose wounds shone a light of transfiguration, was breaking his heart. Would that power win the victory?

At the instant when the tearful eyes again looked toward the eternal daytime, the foe which had grown despotic within his soul, and which had torn him and hurled him about so often, lifted its brutal throne upon the scene of the conflict. As into Saul, the hesitating persecutor, swept the pride of a Pharisee which turned him from sympathy to hate, so out of the lair in Ami, the questioning zealot, sprang with powerful ferocity the infernal passion of jealousy, turning him from pity to cruelty. He had just thought of *Astrée*, then of *Vian*, then of the career which should slake this burning hate. Jealousy had worked its damnation upon his jealous soul. He turned his back swiftly upon the morning ; and, like Saul, he looked for the road to Damascus.

*Astrée* had found him ; and she felt a stern purpose in his cold hand as she led him up the stone stairs.

He was immovable and unlovely, yet she loved him.

“ I will hear of affairs of State when I return, — a knight blessed by the Holy Father and honored in this realm,” he remarked to one of the ministers of Francis I.

The minister was more than delighted to learn that Ami had accepted so honorable a place among the

twenty young knights, and who supposed he would like to hear of the treaties which had just been signed, and the gathering strength of the throne to deal with the Reformation.

No one cared to tell him that Andrea Doria had gone over to Charles V. Every one near Ami knew how often he had regretted the treatment which he foresaw would certainly make that chivalrous admiral an implacable enemy of Francis I.

Ami was busy with his own soul. "I go to make for myself a firm faith," cried he, as Astrée clung to him in the pitiful moonlight.

"Faith is not made by rash, passionate hate," she ventured to say, her eyes full of tears, her heart a living pain.

"I have no hold upon anything; I must grasp something in a desperate act. My soul has been mystified. I call myself a heretic, and from the deeps comes the word 'heretic.' I call myself a Catholic of Rome, and the echo from my vacant soul is 'Rome.' I never will be of the party of Reform. The accursed Vian has doubtless gone there, and is now as foul as he was false. I am his undying enemy, — you hear? Of his cause I will be an unrelenting persecutor."

"Oh, Ami, you do not look so tender and loving as is your wont, when you speak so!"

"Perhaps not; it is because I loved you that I hated him."

"What if he has not gone over to the Reformers?" she inquired, as he coldly moved aside. "Ami, my sweet knight, do not leave me. Let me kiss your lips, which seem so stiff and dry when you curse the monk."

It was an unsatisfactory kiss to both of them. Jealousy had even scorched Astrée. She knew it was burning Ami up. She must protest no more, for it seemed only to fan the flame.



“I said I would be an unrelenting persecutor, if need be, to kill that wretch who first — ”

“I can never love a persecutor, Ami! You have taught me to love Him who said, ‘Put up thy sword into the sheath,’ ” she answered, with ejaculations of grief.

“I care not for — ” He was about to blaspheme, when, the banquet having been made ready, he was commanded to present himself before the king, and there he was invited to be seated by the side of the Pope’s messenger.

On the morrow every detail of the march was explained, every plan of extermination made clear. Ami saw a great future in sight, — a future which had for him the career of a Captain of the Papal Guard. If this expedition should be successful, the position was his. Never did that ring which was given him by Leo X. at Bologna, long years ago, sparkle with such hope.

The next morning Astrée had been alone in her sorrow, save for the faithful priest, who was trying in vain to persuade her that Ami would return from that expedition against the Waldensians with a creed and with honor.

“And he will love me then,” she said.





## CHAPTER XXII.

### TO THE MOUNTAINS.

We know not how to choose. We cannot separate  
Our longing and our hate.

LEWIS MORRIS.

FROM France to England hurried the nuncio of Clement VII. Under the magnificent elms, near the palace of Henry VIII., Vian stood ready for his journey. There he had said "Farewell" to his king.

The papal nuncio had supplied him with sufficient information concerning the desires of the Pope himself. His ardent admiration for the abilities of Wolsey's chosen messenger had constantly increased, as the latter spoke of the task before him, and opened unto this new agent of his Holiness the plans which had been matured at Hampton Court and Whitehall.

"Your Eminence has loaned to the service of the Church, at this juncture, a remarkably powerful man. His evident wisdom, strategy, and comprehensive understanding of what must be done to rid those valleys of heresy appear to surpass even his scholarship," remarked the nuncio to Wolsey, from whose breast hope had not yet quite gone.

"He is both a learned and a shrewd man. I hope he may prove entirely successful," replied the cardinal, as he guardedly answered the Italian monk, careful to say nothing as to the state of Vian's faith in the Church.

“I shall accompany him to Calais ; and one of the abbots of San Michele, intelligent of the plans of the trusted courtiers of the Pope, will guide him thence by a sure and short route to Susa, perhaps to the monastery beyond. Blessings upon you, my Lord Cardinal ! With this farewell, and by your leave, I now gratefully withdraw from your presence. I shall be still more grateful to do you service at Rome.”

At Rome ! It was a skilful piece of flattery to the cardinal's ambition. The tiara of the Pope again came into the imagination of the butcher's son, — Thomas, Lord Wolsey. He seemed already within reach of the keys of Saint Peter. Desperate circumstances with Henry VIII. had made his hallucinations vivid.

The route to Dover, even to Calais, furnished no incident. Vian and the Italian were busy making maps which to-day seem only brilliant blunders. The state of the Church was spoken of, and the pardonable ambition of Wolsey was even applauded by the nuncio. Wily as the training of the Pope could make him, cautious as the crumbling condition of affairs would demand, cheerful because often Vian seemed somewhat morose and sad, the nuncio kept before the Englishman a vision of the cardinal at length to be created pope, and of Vian himself as his appointed vicegerent.

Not for a moment did the thoughtful Vian doubt that the success of this expedition might lift him into greater power in the Church. He knew not whether he desired it ; however, he did not doubt his fitness, as he thought of others in power. No difficulty of belief, no carelessness of ceremonials, no utterance of his which could be rescued from a conversation with Erasmus, More, or Giovanni would be deemed of sufficient importance to keep him from an episcopate, for example, if Wolsey were in the chair at Rome, and his own service were needed.

At Calais the nuncio, who had already once or twice imbibed too freely of English wines, refreshed himself with a bottle of such very powerful port as to become quite talkative upon subjects hitherto held in abeyance.

"Some of the bishops are not sure of their faith," said Vian.

"Aha!" laughed the nuncio, "the cardinals most disturb his Holiness. Bembo, — ha, ha! — oh, Bembo would be the sort of pope to stamp out heresy. He refuses to read Saint Paul's epistles, lest his literary style should suffer. But he is very handsome. He will be more than cardinal some day. Even his mistress and children say it."

"How many children has this coming Prince of the Holy Church?" inquired Vian, his humor giving way before a sickened heart which pondered on the path before him.

"I know not, ha, ha!" replied the intoxicated analyst, as he proceeded to paint, as best he could in his hapless condition, the life of this distinguished religionist at Padua.

Vian was conscious of the influence of the Renaissance upon himself. He had, as we have seen, contemplated its astonishing power in Erasmus, Colet, and More. He had beheld Giovanni's good-humor and Richard Beere's horror at its steady advance in Glastonbury. Never, however, at that time had he considered it possible that even the Renaissance could produce such a pagan as was Bembo, secretary of the Pope Leo X. Indeed, history has kept this name as perhaps the most illustrious representative of that class of men whose intellectual powers assume a weird and unnatural grandeur, partially because of the absence of conscience, which leaves them at once isolated and ghost-like. Bembo was the fittest type of the humanity which held the reins of the papal court, whose servant at that hour was Vian.

"I can have all the freedom I want in the Holy Church," thought he, as he turned his fine face toward Padua, pushed his long locks back from his broad forehead, and remembered that Bembo's house was said to be one elaborate welcome to artists and scholars. Shelves of rare books enclosed the spacious rooms, in which were tables covered with coins and antiquities, or littered over with manuscripts — the oldest extant — of Virgil and Terence, Petrarch's poems, and the lives of Provincial Bards.

"I heard Luigi Cornaro read to Bembo his essay 'Della Vita Lobria,' and at his villa Lamprido repeated his lines. Aha! his wine — Bembo's wine — was not equal to that of Glastonbury," languidly mused the awakening nuncio; and he added, "A great pope would Bembo make, — a great pope."

"I heard Erasmus call Bembo 'that ape of Cicero,'" remarked Vian. "But it is impossible to get on in the Church without bishops and cardinals and a papal nuncio."

"Entirely so," said the Italian. "They would all be better Churchmen if they had more of the wine which strengthens your abbot at Glastonbury. Books and scholars make heresy; wine and swords make good papists."

In due course, on that lustrous morning in 1529, two tired travellers rode a couple of jaded horses into the town of Susa. One of them was an ignorant Piedmontese monk, who had outraged the other's conscience and intelligence at his cursing and bigotry, while he had chattered concerning the Waldensians; the other was Vian, who had come thither to perfect a scheme which would scarcely stop short of annihilating the more influential of a kind of human beings whom he now believed to be the only decent people in these regions.

These two had quarrelled all the way from Calais to Susa; and when the road from Mont Genevre came visibly near to that from Mont Cenis and the marshy valley of Susa appeared, so near was the place of parting that both men were relieved.

"His Holiness never had a greater fool on his errands," said this monk Torraneio to his own soul, as they pressed on through Susa and toward Monte Pirchiriano and San Michele, to which Vian had been directed at the church in Susa.

The Englishman had for a time tried to keep up the dignity of his position. But Vian had now ceased to quote Virgil and Hesiod to the ecclesiastical barbarian, and was intent on observing San Ambrogio, when he bethought himself that something ought to be done to make this monk more friendly to him.

"Everything," the nuncio had said to Vian, "depends on your appearance and bearing at San Michele. To that sanctuary his Holiness will ask the French King to send his knights from Paris. They will follow no leader who has not been well received at the Benedictine Monastery. You, as a Benedictine in the clothes of a gentleman, are there to consolidate France, England, and Italy against the heretics."

Vian was thoughtful and uneasy; the monk was disdainful.

"You do not know much about us," said the monk, testily.

"Do you revere the noble history of yonder sanctuary?" asked Vian, preparing to astonish him into admiration of that kind of intelligence which alone he had hope would be appreciated.

"It is better than the abbeys of England,—all of them. I am sure of that."

"It is a great and inspiring story which clings to it," replied the Englishman.

The monk was all attention. They were now ascending ; and the grandeur of the building, the sublimity of its position, loosed the tongue of Vian.

“That ancient wall yonder, was the effort of the Lombard King to save his possessions from Charlemagne. Desiderius was his name,” ventured Vian, with dogmatism.

“It was a long time ago ! I did n’t know either of them. The abbot knew Charle—whatever his name could be,” was the monk’s heavy reply.

Vian felt that he was gaining ground ; but that, looked at from an historical point of view, the ground was not very valuable.

“Ah, Brother,” said Vian, thinking how Giovanni would enjoy this innocent ignorance, “then you did not know Hugh de Montboissier, who did the offence for whose expiation the monastery was founded?”

“It was a long time ago ; but I have heard the abbot tell of it, — how he came from Rome and saw one night the top of Monte Pirchiriano covered with fire — ”

“No,” said Vian ; “that was the recluse of Monte Caprasio, Giovanni Vincenzo, who saw the summit wrapped in flames. You did not know him?”

“Why, no ! The abbot told me I needed not to know even the name, if only I would return the beds to the chamberlain when the guests had gone. I have done all these things ; and,” he added meditatively, “I cannot give you an order for more than two days’ board. The ordinance says that is all.”

“Fifteen days to persons beyond suspicion,” said Vian, who remembered something of the reform of San Michele in 1478, who also now saw that the monk suspected him. “Giovanni Vincenzo returned to his lonely Caprasio,” added Vian, gazing from San Pietro, which they had just reached, — an eminence more than one thousand feet above San Ambrogio.

"No ; the prior never lets any monk wear his hair longer than two fingers broad," answered the monk. careless that Vincenzo died before the year 1000, and careful to notice the flowing beauty of Vian's hair.

When the level height of San Pietro had been reached, our travellers were so weary that they stopped upon its soft green grass to rest. The white glaciers of Mont Cenis made the eye ache with their piercing brilliancy ; and it was a joy to look upon the valley of the Dora or the plains of Turin, in which sparkled the two lakes of Avigliana.

The monk, however, was still anxious for more information with which to dovetail his own slight intelligence ; and Vian and he were soon before the ancient ruin which lay on their right, about which neither could say a truthful word. As they ascended the steps, however, the monk heard a tale which entirely convinced him that his companion was all that could be desired as an exterminator of heretics ; and by the time the old Lombard doorway was reached, Torrance's pride in things ecclesiastical burst forth freely. Seeing the lord abbot himself, he cried out, —

"I bring, my Lord —"

"Tut, tut !" said the imperious abbot. "Great is the honor which we mean to do this the accredited agent of his Holiness and Cardinal Wolsey ; but you do not bring your Lord here ! Torrance, to the lavatory !"

Vian entered a very elegant apartment, and was received with all ceremony ; while the monk who so recently had been turned into an admirer of the Englishman, worked aimlessly in the lavatory at cleansing his face and hands, while he pondered, as never before, on both the abomination of learning, and the facility with which the abbot always made him say what he did not mean to say.



Vian was an honored guest at San Michele. He had not come to study the abbey of La Chiusa, or the church of St. Lawrence, or the chapels of St. James and St. Nicholas, — not even the scenery which unfolded its magnificence before the beholder from that height. But he could not omit to notice the votive pictures and antique frescos. The pure Lombard architecture charmed him. The church, he saw, fastened itself into, and was partially builded from the living rock. From the level of the floor stretched an almost unequalled panorama. The valleys were green with verdure, through which lucent streams went singing seaward. As he was shown above to the great arch which stood at the top of the stairs on which corpses were placed in a sitting position, which the peasants crowned with flowers, he could not help saying, —

“This church built into the living rock is the coronation-place of death. Corpses sit between fragrant Nature below and the pure heavens above.”

He turned away from the corpses, because he thought they made him heretical. Vian was right: every living heresy has been caused by the crowning of some skeleton.

The head of the house felt that he must be at least pleasant to Vian.

“It was entirely proper that the Pope should ask Francis I. to rid the valley of Lucerne of that pestilence. Lucerne is subject to his crown. He is always asking favors from his Holiness. Here is heresy in his own dominion,” said the abbot.

“Cardinal Wolsey was also requested — ”

“Yes; and right well was he asked to aid us in keeping the Church supreme. He desires the papacy?”

“I never heard him assert it,” replied Vian.

“No; ’t is like him. Every abbot in Italy has knowledge of him.”

"Have you apprehended any Waldensians who bore letters to heretical persons?" inquired Vian.

"Look yonder!" answered the abbot, taking him to the window and pointing to a flying vulture which had just left the noisy companionship of a whole brood in the valley below. "That bird is flying off with the fellow's tongue, with which he refused to worship at the shrine. We caught him as he came through the valley going to Susa, brought him hither, found a letter from the wretch Martin Luther upon him,—a letter addressed to one Gaspar Perrin,—a villain who has the Waldensians meet at his house for conference. Into the vault, without food, we placed that varlet, until we deciphered the missive. He would not beg or worship, as we bade him. I commanded him to be thrown from the rock; and yonder—see the vultures there? No; near the tall pine!—yonder his cursed carcass lies."

Vian trembled, and said, "Shall I see the letter of Luther? It is important testimony."

"Ah! it proves these beasts to be foul with their correspondence with the adulterous monk of Erfurt. Here is the letter."

Vian read this passage, without betraying the fact that he was far from being calm:—

"To make the religious houses really useful, they should be converted into schools, wherein children might be brought up to manhood; instead of which, they are establishments where grown men are reduced to second childhood for the rest of their lives. . . . The hour is arrived, when we must trample under foot the power of Satan, and contend against the spirit of darkness. If our adversaries do not flee from us, Christ will know how to compel them. We who put our trust in the Lord of life and death, are lords both of life and of death."

He tried to escape the noble influence of the letter by attention to every ceremony, but in vain. It was

impossible for him to hear anything, as the cantor intoned the antiphon, "ad benedictus ad magnificat," save the ringing sentences of the monk Martin Luther, as they repeated themselves in his soul.

"I must depart by sunrise. Is the brother ready?" said he to the abbot.

"You have chosen wisely. Fra Salmani is prepared to go. I like him not. He has loved a Waldensian, and lies under the suspicion of having purloined a manuscript from the treasury at Turin."

Here was joy for Vian's tortured heart. He was to meet, as his companion, a monk who cared enough for manuscripts to have been considered guilty of stealing one. Here was a lover also! Vian concealed his satisfaction, saying, —

"The French knights must not tarry, even if they should come in three days. Let them follow my path."

"I shall bid them depart at once for the fortress of La Torre, unless a contrary command shall come from yourself. Sending letters is a perilous business. Witness the vultures!"





## CHAPTER XXIII.

VIAN AND SALMANI.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
Where all that was to be, in all that was,  
Whirled for a million æons thro' the vast  
Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light, —  
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
Through all this changing world of changeless law,  
And every phase of ever-heightening life,  
And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,  
Thou comest.

TENNYSON.

NEVER did a more lucent morning bathe San Michele with its splendors than that upon which Vian and Fra Salmani set out for La Torre. Never were two young men so sure of a delightful acquaintance. Wine and barley cakes, some salt meat and white chest-nuts, loaded upon the back of Salmani, made Vian quite contented to be so far from the toothsome repasts of Hampton Court.

The route chosen carried them far from the paths and roadways which were likely to be travelled by Waldensians.

In the glow of evening, the two were approaching Fenestrelle. Twice, as they were upon the summits, did Fra Salmani point out the little village, with its cross, which was painted purple and crimson by the retreating day. It had been a day of revelation to both. Minds

accustomed to work out problems for the most part alone found astonishing vigor as together, with an eager sympathy, they attempted to solve their difficulties. The narrow defiles and almost inaccessible heights appeared to be easy of entrance or ascent, compared with the mysteries of faith and the barriers of dogma which confronted them.

"Then you are sure that the monks of Turin do not all of them share the ardor of your prior," said Vian.

"I am certain that in the whole monastery it was impossible to find one who knew this path and at the same time believed the Waldensians ought now to be put to the sword; otherwise I should not have been chosen to conduct you. You were supposed to be favorable to burning them all in a slow fire," answered Fra Salmani.

"I was supposed to be a fiend?"

"Are there not such fiends in England?" asked the Italian monk.

"Cruelties have been practised to stifle the thought of scholars and pious souls; but *I* have not practised them," answered Vian, who did not like to be taken for a torturer.

"The Church seems determined to burn the best she has."

"Do you think these Waldensians are good people?" inquired Wolsey's messenger.

"I cannot speak calmly," said the priest. "You have probably been informed that I am under suspicion. A manuscript has disappeared from our treasury at Turin. I am thought to love manuscripts more than the relics of the saints —"

"Pray what has that to do with the character of the Waldensians, which I want to know about?"

"In my case," answered the priest, with a blush on his cheek and a picture of Alke in his soul, "it has much to do with —"

"Well, well, I cannot understand this at all!" remarked Vian, impatiently.

Fra Salmani was also at sea. "What did you ask me?" inquired the embarrassed priest.

"What is the character — I mean, what are the habits of these people?"

"Ah! as I was saying, I knew one of them —"

"Only one of them! Then you know nothing about the subject," said Vian, with added impatience.

"I know one of them —"

"Who stole the manuscript from you?"

"No; it was not a robbery at all. She was not a thief."

"She? Ah! a woman, a woman, — by the stars, a woman; and you tell me you knew her, but that she was not a thief."

The priest was sorely tried. Everything seemed entangled. "You are quicker than I am. If you will be patient with me, I will tell you about the manuscript," said he.

"No, I want to hear about the woman who was not a thief — no, about the character of these Waldensians," said Vian, laughingly.

"Well, then, let me tell it in my way."

"Proceed."

"I was about to say that my observation was not large —"

"Confined to this woman?" asked Vian, with pitiless zeal.

"My observation is not large; but I believe the most pure and pious people I ever saw are these Waldensians whom you are come to slay."

Vian's eyes were set upon the calm face of the young priest.

"Will you hear about the manuscript now?" he said seriously.

"With your leave, Brother," answered Vian.

"I am under suspicion at the monastery. If you knew for what crime, you would think, perhaps, that I am too full of charity to Waldensians in my words."

"Where is the manuscript?" asked Vian, as he offered the young priest some wine and a barley cake.

"It will appear later in my story," said the Italian, who drank the wine and began to eat the cake with avidity.

"Do not let us lose sight of — of the woman," said the Pythagorean Vian, who had already explained his philosophical position to the priest. "Woman — that is, a noble woman — is the one fact which I cannot fit into my theories."

"This woman — this maiden, I will say in truth, was no debased man's soul reborn into this world, as your philosophy would say. She never could have been more lovely as an angel of heaven," said Salmani, offended at Pythagoreanism.

"And she did not steal the manuscript?"

The priest, being now refreshed, resolved to pay no attention to Vian's humorous queries. He saw a seriousness beneath them which he would trust; and he stood up, brushing the crumbs of cake from his garments, and said, —

"I only told you that I was under suspicion of having loved —"

"Why," cried out Vian, "that is just what you did *not* tell me at all. Oh, yes, I see now; you say you were under suspicion of having loved — the manuscript?"

"Not at all; I did love the maiden," replied the priest, hesitatingly but earnestly.

"So there was no suspicion at all on your part; and the prior was right about the fact that you did love the maiden. No wonder you are under suspicion, Fra Salmani."

"Your association with legal functionaries has made you —"

"Able to convict a lover of having stolen a manuscript," remarked the playful Vian.

"Now I will tell my story; and you will say I may overestimate the excellence of the Waldensians. Near the monastery, not many leagues from the spot where he was nearly killed years ago, lives the most intelligent of the Waldensians. His name is Gaspar Perrin. He was a printer in Venice; and he helped to set up the type for that very Euripides in your pouch. He lost his boy long ago; he was captured from him by the French cavalry and killed."

"The boy was killed?" asked Vian. "Salmani, did you say the name was Perrin? It seems to take hold of some memory within me. I know a man by that name who desires my hurt. But Gaspar Perrin's boy was killed?"

"He was killed; and only a daughter was left to him. I told you that this man was a printer at Venice for years. He knew all the scholars; and when he came from Venice he brought many books with him. He was overproud of the girl, and taught her every page of his Latin and Greek books."

"Gaspar Perrin! that is the man to whom Luther wrote the letter which I saw," broke in Vian.

"The same, the same, I assure you. He is the leader of the Waldensian mind in this region. The prior has letters which William Farel and Ulric Zwingli of Geneva have sent to him. They have been intercepted, and they show that he is in their secrets. Farel and Zwingli rely on the Waldensians here to help them, if the affair should come to war."

"And the maiden and the manuscript?"

"Yes," resumed Salmani, "our law provided that the monastery should keep, if it obtained, the children of the



heretics, and educate them in the Catholic faith. I was commanded to attire myself as a Waldensian youth, to watch the girl's paths, and to engage her in conversation until my fellows could seize her. When I found her learning, and saw her beauty, my heart was gone. She was — Oh, she *is* a lovely creature."

"Oh," said Vian, with kindled eye, "only a Pythagorean is safe in this wicked world. The Devil can catch a monk at any time ; but go on, go on ! Even a Pythagorean likes such a tale."

"I tried the patience of the prior, for I saw her often. I told him the time to seize her had not come. She did not think that I belonged to the monastery, for she often spoke of the wicked priests, and sang her hymns to me. As she grew older, she became more scholarly and beautiful. Once in a long while I would see her afar, and steal near, when Gaspar had gone, and she would read from Erasmus and Plato. Oh, such a celestial maiden !"

"And — " interrupted Vian, who was more excited than Fra Salmani.

"And at last I brought her a manuscript. I took it from the treasury of the monastery. It was not missed until Christmas Day. She had kept it secretly for months. It was a manuscript of Virgil."

"From the monastery of Turin?" cried Vian. "And Erasmus?"

"Yes," said Fra Salmani; "she told me of Erasmus."

"This all seems stranger still," mused Vian. "I have heard Erasmus say that he was hoping to get a manuscript of Virgil from Turin. It seems a dream. And — "

"And I resolved to offer her my own soul and life ; but she said she loved only the Lord. I am sure she did not love me as I did her."

"For," added Vian, dryly, "you are sure you loved her more than you loved the Lord?"

"No ; I have been a true monk and faithful to all vows, except — "

"When you stole the manuscript and loved her."

"Alas, I wish she had loved me ! She was truthful, and she did not love me."

A tear was glistening in Fra Salmani's eye, as he said, "I am sure the French knights would not kill a defenceless maiden, if they should chance to attack Gaspar's cottage."

Vian was thinking sadly of this wreck of love, while Fra Salmani did all he could to make him acquainted with the mountain passes and the safe path to the convent of the Récollets in La Torre. Vian's interest was not roused, however, until the Italian priest began to describe to him the morals of this persecuted people. As the earnest man, clad in garments which disguised the monk and identified him with these suffering mountaineers, stood out in the clear light and told the enchanted Englishman of their simple ways, — the virtue, the honor, the heroism, and righteousness of their hearts and cause, — it seemed impossible for Vian to take another step toward murdering them.

"What can I do," said he, "to make these noble people safe in the hands of his Holiness?"

"Francis I. has no nobler subject than Gaspar Perin — "

Vian saw him stagger.

"O God !"

Fra Salmani, pierced with a single shot, fell at the feet of the English monk, writhed in pain for a brief moment, and, while Vian sought to bring the wine to his dying lips, in an agony which made him toss his body to the edge, Salmani fell into the chasm below.

"The heretic is dead ! An arquebusier for heretics !" shouted a man with an ugly face, who had been posted at the defile to kill the Waldensian Barbé who was ex-

pected at that moment. As he looked down the chasm, he saw the pale face of Fra Salmani. He had murdered a monk of Turin, instead ! As the Barbé by another path wended his way toward La Torre, the most cultivated and honorable of unrequited lovers breathed his last amid the rocks and pines.

In a moment Vian saw that he could not reach the bruised body of his new-found friend. Flying from before him now was that wicked emissary of the Church, who had thought to kill an heretical Waldensian, but had killed only an heretical Catholic.

“Oh, the crime of killing him for speaking words of truth and mercy !” thought the troubled agent of the Pope, as he concealed himself between two rocks and opened his soul in simple prayer.





## CHAPTER XXIV.

### OLD EXPERIENCES IN NEW FORMS.

Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized.

WORDSWORTH.

VIAN was not a man of deep religious nature. Prayer was not as easy to him as thought. The revolutions in which his life found its transformations were all approached on the intellectual side. His interest in the Reformation had been awakened by the Renaissance. He sought an unfettered mind rather than a clear conscience. But now he prayed to God, as never before.

"How reasonable is prayer like this!" said the rationalistic monk, as he rose from his knees, and sought a place in which the night might be passed. He had no thought of going to Fenestrelle, at least at present. He would rather die in that melancholy place. In the moonlit night he rose and peered over the rock into the white face of Fra Salmani far below him, and came back to wait until dawn, with bitterest curses on his lips.

"The Devil is tempting thee, Vian!" said his ambition and his regard for Wolsey.

If that were true, before two days of wandering amid the rocks and over the barriers had gone, Vian had in some measure vanquished the Devil, and regained his loyalty to the cause which he represented. Fortune

avored him, when he resolved to be true to the cardinal, and when he reflected that he could not go back to England in shame. He found food, whenever he accepted a mission which he did not love ; otherwise he was hungry and in peril.

Oh, Vian, on the night of the sixth day thou art ready even to persecute ! The flesh is weak.

Through the early hours of the next day Vian hurried at a rapid pace toward some goal, — he knew not what. At last a glimmer of hope came.

From the priest whose body we left at the foot of the wall over which he had fallen into the clump of pines below, Vian had obtained such information of the country through which he was now to wander alone, as he had unduly calculated upon. For days he had been a lost man ; but now he felt that at last he had come into the presence of what he recognized. As he approached Angrogna, he was at first puzzled at what he saw ; then he found his mind quieted by the reflection that though he had without doubt travelled in almost an entire circuit around the spot from which he was to send back information to the French cavalry, and although he was not at all sure of the points of the compass, he was surely in sight of the Torrent of Angrogna. From one of the heights which he had just left, could be observed the mountain stream watering a charming nest of valleys, and running into the Pelice. Surely, the clump of buildings just above was La Torre !

For a moment he stood half astonished and half assured by the presence of two strong but carelessly built forts, which were so located at the entrance of the passes to Angrogna as to be worth to their occupants a thousand troops.

“ This,” said he, as he nervously toiled along, — “ this is what the priest called ‘ La Barricade.’ Yonder is the broad wall of sword-like flints which, he told me, left

but one gateway for retreat. And yonder I see — yonder ! it is that break in the mountains — the opening for them. Through that they can easily escape to the fastnesses."

He listened, as he looked up where crag piled itself upon crag to create a perfect fortification for recalcitrant Waldensians. He heard nothing but some sweet human sounds and the bleating of herds, and his own soul saying, "A grand race of fearless men must feed on all this grandeur." The thought seemed so near the borders of heresy that he tried to suppress it, but in vain.

He stopped an instant beneath the mingled shadows of two trees, one of which was a twisted and ancient chestnut whose limbs ran far toward a branching walnut of equal strength and antiquity ; he paused to listen again, — not, as he himself fancied, for a band of Waldensians, but for the human tones which came out from the billowing of the noisy torrent, like stars in a stormy sky.

"It is so long since I have heard a human tone that I could even listen to a Waldensian. Who knows but that the soul of some ancient Sappho has transmigrated hither, and now pays delightful penalties in these rocky fastnesses?" said the Pythagorean. "But I must not philosophize now ; for I am the chosen ambassador and agent of his Holiness."

Vian straightened himself to his whole height, and tried to grow murderous-looking, as he thought of his task, — to plan the utter destruction of the Waldensian leaders.

He concluded to try the height above ; a safer path for him was surely there, and he could see more of the country. He toiled upward, thinking of La Barricade, its strategic importance, the utter impossibility of a hundred French knights fighting successfully any kind of heresy which might occupy it and hurl rocks from its

heights upon its invaders. He also thought of the delicious sounds which again reached his ear.

"It is no time for music. If Saint Cecilia were here, I could not stop. I am the favorite messenger of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal; and I must see to it that heresy is extirpated. Oh, how I wish these heretics did not believe so many things which those Wycliffe letters have taught me to tolerate at Glastonbury! This thought entangles me. How quickly I would forget, if I could, that really the priest himself, Salmani, and what I have seen make me think that Louis XII. of France knew them best! He must have been heretical. Did he not say to his advisers, 'By the holy Mother of God, these heretics whom you urge me to destroy are better men than you, or myself, or any of my subjects'?"

Soon the eye of the messenger was following a strong bouquetin which leaped across a chasm before him with surprising agility. He had now reached a height from which could be seen the fortress of La Torre, whose dilapidation and romance still have their charm. The priests had told him how often blood had flowed down the sides of the knoll into the stream below. The thought came upon him that perhaps the best of this blood flowed from the veins of men who were guilty of simply asserting their right to their own thoughts.

Then the monk in him said, "That is heretical." At the next breath the Pythagorean wondered whose soul had been re-incarnated in the bouquetin, which Vian immediately guessed was a cross between a goat and a deer. What a Pythagorean problem was here! Whose soul was it? He must brush these contending thoughts from his brain, even if his heart were sick at the prospect of helping to butcher Waldensians.

Green spots surrounded with trees in richest foliage lay below him. The glistening snow was a living fire on the mountain-sides above him. Everything was sublime or lovely but his own purpose.

"These Barbetti — or *dogs*, as we would call them in Hampton Court — do not appreciate the grandeur of light and gloom in this varied landscape," said he to himself; and then, like a sweet dream, there floated to him again a song. It was like a bouquet floating upon a stream, — a cluster of mellow tones.

"No *dog* is that!" added the lover of music; and looking into the distance: "Ah! that is the college of the Barbetti yonder; that is the Satanic source of the heresies of this valley of Lucerne. There, in that cottage of Angrogna, live these foul Waldensian birds who fly out on this clear air with the heretical notions which threaten trouble for the Church." He was repeating the priest Torrance's description, and he himself instantly qualified it by musing thus: "Perhaps that is the Oxford of this poor region without Oxford's tyranny. John Colet and Erasmus would be more welcome by its chancellor than yonder —" He looked toward England, and farther, even toward Lutterworth.

La Vachera, from whose inaccessible heights persecuted Waldensians had never been driven, rose sublimely as the lofty central point of the summits guarding the three valleys, and caught his eye, as he dreamed of Lutterworth, Wycliffe's letters, his childhood's vision.

That dear vision had strengthened itself in his mind as he told it to the enraptured priest Salmani. The very purity of the air, the limpid translucence of the streams, the unaffected genuineness of the awful heights, drove out the sounds of the bell which was tolling in the convent of Récollets, at which he must soon present himself; and then he welcomed instead the vision of his boyhood, and the softly penetrative tones of what now he knew was the voice of a woman.

That convent bell was to sound again, as the priest had told him, when the French knights were ready at the fortress of La Torre to sally forth to exterminate Waldensians. He had begun to hate its sounds.



"From San Giovanni to Valaro, if necessary, give no mercy to heretics!"

He read this order again. So also said the convent bell.

Vian tried to rid himself of the vision of his boyhood by repeating those bellicose words. The vision now perplexed him strangely; but it remained as firm as yonder Monte Viso. It was far more imperious than the solid-looking residence of the Count of La Torre, which he saw standing in the Place de la Torre, far in another direction. It had ruled the fresh daytime to the exclusion of Wolsey, Pope, and Pythagoras.

He would lie down to sleep. Night had been his salvation. The Devil came to other men when asleep; he attacked Vian's waking hours.

"And this *is* the Devil," he mused, as reaching the crag overlooking the valley he crawled upon the only path to a spot less rugged than all the region near; and there he tried to sleep himself into courage and safety.

The sun never looked down upon a more wisely clad sleeper. What he should wear that he might not be apprehended, and instead be successful in his task, — this had perplexed Hampton Court, Vian, and last of all, the guiding monk whose death at the foot of the precipice had left him now without any advice. He had taken up a gayly decorated hat, feathered, laced, and jewelled, and thrown it aside at Whitehall. As a monk he had never thought of making his appearance. He had not obeyed the Saint Paul's condemnation of 1487; and his hair, which had now grown so long as to entirely hide the tonsure, did not fit him to take a place at the convent of Récollets in La Torre, in the habit there used. Stole, chimere, rochette, cassock, alb, cope, and surplice, — even if he had been bishop of London, these would have been rejected. He had chosen to appear at Lyons as a legal functionary; but cap and coif, narrow

ruff and cape, long and ample sleeves, linen girdle and gown, had then been cast aside. The wide sleeves and slashed and puffed bonnet, plumed and ornamented, which for a day on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" he had worn, made only a sickening memory as he tried to catch a brief deliverance in sleep. Lutterworth — his father came upon his memory as he lay there, clad as his father would have been as a country gentleman. An easy velvet cap was now his pillow; bright and ruddy hose half covered his legs, which were constantly finding a vigorous thorn-bush too near; his laced sturtops enclosed a pair of weary feet; his doublet was close-fitting, made of silk and velvet, girdled about the waist with a bright ceinture of satin and leather, and ornamented with a few onyx stones, to which were affixed the pouch presented to him by the queen, and a dagger which had a jewelled haft, and was enclosed in a richly ornamented sheath.

Sleep brought to him only a dream which concluded in a revelation.

For a long hour in that dream did he wander over the hills of his childhood. Lollards preached to him. His father's name, hated at Glastonbury and Rome, became the synonym for honor, freedom, and the ever-living future. Priests blasphemed, raved, cursed; and the holy meeting-places of his father's companions found in him an orator struggling to the front in mobs of persecutors, eloquent in his championship of the right of untrammelled thought. Wycliffe's letters were in his hand, Wycliffe's arguments upon his tongue. The dreamer was a fetterless proclaimer of a great Reform which lighted up the whole sky. Amid it all, the one imperial centre of it all, was his little mate. Again he kissed the sweet lips, again she pushed back his flowing hair, again she spoke to him, again he saw her unrivalled loveliness.

The dream melted away.

"There!" said the dream-ruled, yet half-awakened man, as he looked over the crag upon a graceful form whose face he could not see, "I have left childhood, hers and mine, behind! This is manhood; that yonder, — that is womanhood. Yes; but what—" and then, after a solemn pause in the solution of his mental problem, he whispered, "Is it she?"

Dream, an earlier vision, a reality, were confounding him.

As the returning consciousness of Vian began to make him realize that he had a dagger upon him, and that he was only a monk and a Pythagorean who had tried to sleep, he saw it all, — he thought he saw it all.

"The Devil seeks my soul. This is a Satanic temptation. Oh for the flogging-room of Glastonbury! Oh for the frown of Cardinal Wolsey!"

He was sure only of this, — that a form of unrivalled loveliness stood before him on the pasture below; and that he had heard, perhaps only in his dream, some sounds which seemed full of delicious wine, or tones which had once been heart-beats.





## CHAPTER XXV.

### VISIONS AND REALITIES.

Yet still that life awakens, brings again  
Its airy anthems, resonant and long,  
Till earth and sky transfigured fill my brain  
With rhythmic sweeps of song.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

WHAT could this strange yet enchanting creature be doing? She was trying her voice, — playing with its possibilities, singing for the very joy of singing, — not as some court-born damsel in some tapestried room in Windsor Castle, but as a child of sky and mountain, flower and ice-floe, in the spacious opening in the mountain-chain, where the Architect of the universe had taxed omniscient energies to make a perfect audience-room in which that wonderful voice might utter itself.

Did the Devil choose this supreme test for the music-loving, vision-seeing monk? He had passed all other such tests triumphantly; but now he began to feel that in the vicinity of this matchless instrument on which this careless creature's breath seemed to play, so great was the contrast that they had not prepared him to meet this crisis successfully, — nay, they had somehow conspired to make this attraction resistless instead. Vian thought of the whining and mumbling which had been

called music in the palace of the cardinal and at the court of the king, as these notes burst forth from that deep and yet many-toned organ; and the tired head of the young monk fairly ached to lay itself upon the breast which now filled itself with the fragrant air and breathed out roses, anemones, violets of dulcet sound.

He was, nevertheless, half disgusted with the sentimental instability which he at that moment discovered in himself. Was not this a female? He had never felt in that way toward an actual living woman. He caught his mind, as he divined with conceited wisdom, in the very act of falling in love. He lay there reproving himself, chastening his mind. It was easier to catch and chastise than to hold.

Where under heaven were some of the wise saws of Pythagoras that would annihilate such feelings as made him forget the thorn-bush which his leg had again touched vigorously? He knew perfectly well that he could have remembered them if only he could have stood upon his feet; but somehow he did not want to frighten this innocent nightingale away, for her sake. He could not rally to service any of the numerous advices of Abbot Richard Beere, who once helped him to get rid of that vision.

He remembered that Giovanni said once: "The Pythagorean view of woman is safer in the mind of a man who was never born for love than in the heart of Pythagoras himself, if he is accessible to the sentimental passion."

It was only a milestone. Vian's soul was running away rapidly; and he could only observe swiftly this and all other milestones, as he passed on.

One thing above all others had haunted Vian with possible peril, — the vision of his childhood. If only he could so fill his soul with Pythagorean philosophy and the recollection of his vows as a monk that this early and

most beautiful vision might not obtrude itself, he could probably succeed in vanquishing the Devil.

"But why should I fight anything which has kept my character stainless? Only the vision of my little mate, — only this has kept me pure," thought he, truly.

Vian was glad that it must be impossible that he should meet her at this critical moment in his life, and especially was he glad to think that this strange attractive appearance should be only a poor peasant girl whom he could never really love.

This might be his soul's mate? No!

"But I have seen many women at court and on great occasions like that of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold,' " he was compelled to remember, "and I have then been sure that I should never see her in such circumstances as they were."

Uncomfortable as was Vian's position, — the thorn so close to his leg, and the sharp stones penetrating his knees and elbows, — he was now being made more uncomfortable by the vision of that never-forgotten child, who had grown with his own growth, who lived in his heart and life as sweet in her fragrant influence as the flower which blossomed under his dilating nostrils, — a vision which had been law and gospel to his spirit, and which now grew more and more definite as he tried to fight against it.

"That vision of yours has survived your reverence for monastic institutions!" Giovanni had said to him, long months since. "The only thing which will destroy it is our philosophy; and you will be a poor Pythagorean when you find your little mate."

Vian remembered that old Giovanni had made his heart burn often with the story which he told him of a black-eyed Italian girl whom he once loved, whose broken heart had long ago dissolved into dust beneath the sunny sky of Rome. In the tears which the old monk would

try to hide as he told that tale of his own love, the career of a friar and the philosophy of Pythagoras were apparently washed away in the very presence of Vian.

"It seems that the Devil wants me to recollect all such things in this, my hour of trial," whispered Vian to his faltering heart.

Then the home of Thomas More — its companionship, its serene loveliness, its intellectual atmosphere — came swinging by; and he could see himself and his little mate keeping house together. "And Thomas More was teaching his mate music?" thought he.

As that fascinating reflection came and went, Vian found himself hurled, as by a tender but omnipotent energy, back to that June day at Lutterworth, when he gathered flowers for his invisible and adored one, and heard her sing. The vision was penetrated by the memory of certain fresh, sweet tones.

Abbot Richard had always said that the Devil would tempt him in this way. The very crag seemed to sink toward her. Vian was going down. He would make one desperate effort by repeating a prayer.

"Yet no prayer, no saints have kept me pure. I must not be false to that vision which has kept me; but I will be a monk and a Pythagorean."

The struggling man knew himself to be between two energies. Was one of them love? The other was certainly weakening in its grasp upon him.

Still the sweet-voiced peasant-girl — for Vian said solemnly and reproachfully a number of times: "She is only a peasant-girl. Heart of a monk and Pythagorean, be still!" — still she sang.

Notes that those rough old crags seemed to welcome, as some ragged and old mother embraces a long-lost and now luxuriantly clad child, found their way up the mountain-side, and in clearness outrivalled that pure air and yonder glistening snow far away; tones which rambled

down to the brookside, and inserted their melodious currents within the ongoing liquidness of that urgent stream ; sounds which touched the earth in its beauty, dotted with the multitudes of flowers, and then swept upward as if the very gravitations had taken them to heaven for the song around the throne, — these conspired with her upward-looking face, into which he imagined the soft light dashed its kindest waves, to make any man feel himself in the very presence-chamber of the Eternal Loveliness, with Saint Cecilia at the altar. But she was becoming more real than any saint. Now the peculiar quality of her tone enchained him. She had come nearer, and the tones were so rich, so unique, so like those of that day in June !

“ Giovanni told me,” said Vian to his agitation, “ that Pythagorean ideas of woman would never be safe with poets and musicians, — with me.” This last he said with such careless emphasis and so clearly that the maiden heard it. The lovely face turned toward him as the sounds ceased to make love with the sunbeams and the yellow dandelions which had opened their golden breasts to be stirred.

With unaffrighted air, she looked up to the crag. Vian was safely hidden from the glance of her eyes.

She had heard but a fragment, — she was not sure that she had heard anything at all. “ ‘ With me, with me ? ’ ” thought the peasant-girl, as she walked forward to pluck another blossom of monk’s-hood which she had discovered, — “ ‘ with me ’ —

A solitary bird flew into air which was still resonant.

“ That bird has his mate. I saw them feeding and heard them talk love in bird-tones only a moment since,” thought she, certain now that the voice she had thought she heard was but the echo of her song, — perhaps the echo in her heart only of a longing for companionship. She did not dream that it was the echo of her yearning and her song borne back, not from the great bare walls



of stone, but from the warm heart of an already ruined Pythagorean.

"With me?" she said it aloud. "With me? I could not love Salmani. Ah! I am mateless; but I will sing."

Vian, as he thought, was rapidly gathering himself together again. The Pythagorean was again able to recognize himself in his own thought, — considerably battered and much distressed, but yet a Pythagorean.

"And a monk," said he, silently but strongly, — Vian was whistling an old tune in a graveyard full of dead motives, — "a monk under a vow, under a solemn vow, — a vow that only such a base fellow as Martin Luther would break, — a vow of celibacy which saint after saint has adorned."

He felt a pang of regret at having found himself under necessity to call Martin Luther a base man, even in his thought, so much did he long for the liberty which the German monk had taken, so truly did he now sympathize with some of his doctrines.

Vian was confessing the despair of his position by bringing together his ancient monkish artillery, which he had long ago forsaken, and that of his Pythagorean philosophy which he would have been glad to think yet undestroyed by the experience of the last few minutes. He found no little difficulty in obtaining any kind of alliance, offensive, even defensive, between these irreconcilable powers. Even his Grace, Cardinal Wolsey, had never had such difficulty to make a compact between Charles V. and Henry VIII. If Vian took the view of woman, and of this woman especially, that belonged to a monk, he must so unduly twist his Pythagorean notions that they would be useless. If he persisted that Pythagorean ideas of all women were true, what was left of his monkish notions was a ruin. His soul had met that problem vainly. How could he look upon the Holy Virgin?

In the midst of the veritable panic created in his soul

by these foes, the thoughtless maiden began to sing again. It seemed cruellest torture. Surely old Giovanni had never made Abbot Richard suffer so with flogging. With that wild grand freedom which a strong musical nature, surrounded, by the mountains and thrilled with the experiences of utterance, amid blazing flowers and glittering, distant banks of snow, finds so fascinating and so inspiring, did this voice pour out its treasured delight. The first tones of this new song were volleys of flame, in which hid missiles of destruction not to be resisted by a man standing between two antagonistic philosophies, neither of which would lend him help.

A happy idea came. It might be his salvation.

"It is the sense of freedom which she embodies," he meditated. "It is a new experience to me ; I care nothing for her. I can care nothing for her, but I do care for her kind of liberty. I love the untrammelled power and richness in those melodies. I have lived amid court saints. My mind has been hampered, my soul has been limited. The whole of my life has been a genuflection at Glastonbury or a ceremony at Whitehall. I want freedom, — the freedom of those tones. I want just the liberty to utter the music of my nature which this maiden has."

Vian felt firm ground beneath him again. Only one danger remained. He had promised himself the sweet peril of looking into her face.

"There can be no danger in that," said he, as he made his place of concealment a little more comfortable.

As he turned over to avoid unpleasant contact with a rough stone which was wearing its way into his Pythagorean philosophy and annoying his breast, very near to his heart which had told the stone its secret in great agitation, he thought of his mission ; and a smile played upon his face. It was a sickly smile of fancied power, and it died in early life.

Where were Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, the French cavalry, and his Holiness?

"And here I am," said he, "in this humiliated manner, lying stretched out on these stones on this crag, enslaved to a vision and what else the saints only know, — the trusted emissary of Thomas Wolsey. Well, he was a butcher's son. But he is now cardinal; and though he will not be Peter's successor at Rome, I am here to arrange the speedy killing of heretics. I am —"

He was just about to become a monstrous murderer of Waldensians before the French cavalry could arrive. He was unconscious of the significance of the act, in its revelation of his rising self-consciousness, when his ear caught the words which the maiden was singing, as she sat watching the goats. They were a translation of Luther's hymn: "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

"The saints forefend me!" prayed the Pythagorean monk, who had long ago lost his respect for their abilities in that direction, but grasped despairingly whatever he could clutch in that bewildering moment, — "the saints forefend me! This is a Waldensian. Oh the curse of life!"

Vian did not know even then how deeply the Waldensian spirit had impressed him, how surely the life and character of the Waldenses, as he had studied them in these last few days, had wrought upon his liberty-seeking soul with an indescribable and potent charm. Neither did he realize, until that moment, that no murderous intention — for such it now seemed to be — could ever overcome the feelings which he had toward that beautiful creature.

"Oh for a quiet, untroubled, long look at her face! But, listen! she is a devout Waldensian." The words came distinctly, accompanied by richest tones.

Was it the voice of his mate?

"I would instantly slay any man who would harm that

woman," said the Pythagorean, "though she be a Waldensian? What is heresy, after all, but the assertion of the right to one's own soul in the presence of outgrown traditions? Who are the Waldensians, that I should be planning for their extermination? They are pure and thoughtful people, who have been truer to reason and the Scriptures than to priests and legends. There is more truth in that voice and in that song than in all the choirs of St. Albans and Glastonbury. There! she is taking off the wrapping about her shoulders! I would rather touch that garment than the shirt of Gildas; and I would rather stroke that sunny hair than Guinevere's at Glastonbury. Oh, how may I ever be able to behold her face!"

A kid whose mother had licked its little face while this maiden had been singing and the monk had been lying in exquisite tortures upon the crag above, had done what the Alpine goat's little ones almost never do, — it had wandered playfully away from the flock, until it stood for a moment, with eyes full of desperateness and ignorance, where it comprehended its peril, when, seeing no way of return to the piteously calling dam, frightened by the abyss which ran far down amid the rocks and pines, it leaped into a thorn-bush, where it hung for an instant, until, liberating itself, the crying little beast fell to the projecting crag below, and lay there bleeding, moaning with pain.

The instant of this confusion was a golden one to Vian. He carefully arose, escaping ear and eye of the maiden, and made his way over flowers and broken stones down toward the brook which flowed near the side of the mountain opposite the goat-pasture.

He had sworn to see that face.

Hurrying over the difficult defiles and purple soldanellas, never stopping to pluck a single star which throbbed upon the emerald beneath his feet, forgetful at

last of Pythagoras and Abbot Richard, he soon found himself in the valley below, beheld by a woman's tender eye, which ruefully and sympathetically looked upward to an apparently inaccessible place on which lay the torn and agonizing kid.

Once she turned her face away. Vian grasped the long jewelled dagger which was the solitary memory of an intention which meant death to her. In an instant it flashed through the air, and as he saw it fall out of its rich sheath, he thought the word "Surrendered!" was written on its glittering edge.

As he came to her, the vision of the past and the reality of the present were one. With incredible rapidity did the scenes of childhood and youth return. He had been certain of meeting his little mate, somewhere, sometime.

Somewhere was here! sometime had come!

How fatal would be a shout of joy; yet joy was bursting his heart. As she spoke, down fell the defences of years and philosophies and fame. As everything else had gone into the grave except the vision, so now everything else was lost in her presence and tones. Her face was just like her voice. Emotions and memories stretched like tense strings over years of constantly growing fame. The past and present were united by them; blasts and zephyrs played upon them. The face filled his eyes with satisfaction; the voice had filled his ears with bells of annunciation. He was back again, with her, at Lutterworth, where the wild roses lived on the hillside, and where he had helped her to tread upon the smooth stones in the brook. He had sought for her in the castles; he now saw her in the dress of a peasant-girl, with the pasturing goats, — a Waldensian whom his plan would have murdered!

Never did loveliness beaming with sympathy for a little brute look so divine. Tears stood in Vian's eyes, as he

heard this radiant being translate and re-utter the heart-break of the dam and the anguish of the kid. Kings fled from before his gaze, cardinals and popes went down forever, as what he supposed would be a woman's senseless shriek at the presence of a man turned out to be a modest but sufficiently effective welcome to any one who would appreciate her problem.

The maiden's character was entirely manifested. Tenderness was so allied with conscious power that false fears forsook her.

"Permit me to help you to recover the wounded kid," said Vian.

"Oh, the little thing is such a wanderer, — so like our souls, which wander and fall and are bruised," answered she ; her eyes deep as the sky, her beautiful face lustrous with a light from her soul.

Vian would have found in that kid a soul re-born, and in the dam some ancient mother, or perhaps a man whose deeds in the last life had been evil, if Pythagoras had not already abdicated finally in favor of this peasant-girl. The monk could think of nothing, although he did stop to repeat to his soul the sweet words of the maiden : "So like our souls, which wander and fall and are bruised."

Had the Devil come to him in the form of this angel of light?

He had banished all thoughts of the Devil. The atmosphere was celestial, not infernal. He could hardly bear to be absent from her lucent gaze, even to save the moaning kid.

"But," said he to his heart, "I must save the kid to save myself — and her ;" and he could positively feel the smile on his face, as he tried to climb.

Anybody would have known, by his awkwardness and blundering, that he was no citizen of the Alps. He essayed a pathless ascent.

There was a strange feeling in the breast of the maiden. The emphasis of life seemed suddenly removed from the kid to the rescuer. She was annoyed, then pleased, that she feared he might stumble ; and she felt her heart stop beating, and cold drops hung on her forehead when she fancied him whirling through the air down into the abyss.

“Have a care !” she said, before she thought how it would sound in that vast gallery. To her bewilderment, the echo came tenderly back : “Have a care !”

Vian heard both the utterance and the echo. If it had produced a commotion in her breast, there was a convulsion in the spirit of Vian. They had both forgotten the kid ; and Vian nearly forgot to hold fast, as he rounded a rough projection beneath which yawned a chasm filled with primroses and jutting rocks. He saw a picture of his mental condition, in that brief glance. He looked upward from between two perpendicular granites where he had pushed himself. He saw the blue sky peeping through ; then a great fleecy snow cloud, and then the wide solitude of heaven.

“Have a care !” Oh, how lonely was he in that crevice ! He had never known what it was to be so sick for the sight of—a stranger, a female, a Waldensian peasant-girl.

Down below, with the kid’s dam whose piteous vocabulary had hitherto been transformed into human speech by the maiden, upon a tableland, itself a greater crag, walked uneasily a lovely girl, who had forgotten the problem of the mother-goat, who instead was absorbed with her own problem,—a problem which she found made her feel uncomfortable in regions which neither manuscripts nor pastoral life had reached before. Oh, what a dreadful vacancy came into her life, when this noble being, upon whose face she had looked but a moment, passed upward through the narrow defile and out of her sight !

"I am thankful that you did not fall or get harmed in the defile!" was the outburst from the woman, when, intently looking up, she saw the fine head with eager eyes and radiant face emerge from behind the little cliff, and, like a splendid statue in dignity and upon such a matchless pedestal, Vian stood forth.

She had never seen such sinewy strength in the form of such grace and beauty.

When that compact and kingly man bent downward, and with inexpressible sympathy and carefulness put those white and delicate hands beneath the bleeding kid, and the maiden saw him lift the bruised one and put it upon his shoulder, its blood coursing down the velvet, while the heroic man steadied his body, and with a single glance of his fine eye swept earth and sky, she was sure that he was the tenderest and the truest of the sons of men. Like a soul at devotion, she stood transfixed before him. He looked down upon her, as the sun kindly withdrew behind a cloud. She was still silent. Her eyes then opened their measureless deeps. Tears were lying unborn within their mysterious loveliness. Her motionless form was eloquent; her silence was music itself.

She would speak, — if every rock echoed it. Love and religion must be one in such a soul as hers; and each must be expressive to exist. It might seem blasphemy, but it was only truth, and now it must be spoken.

"I can think of nothing," she said, "but the words about the Saviour bearing his weak and helpless on his shoulders!"

She was relieved. Vian swayed in the sunshine and peril.

"I have read it in the Vulgate," said he, knowing at once that he had made a blunder which might cost him everything in that vague, brilliant future which had just



dawned. She was a Waldensian — and oh, how beautiful ! He almost wished he had fallen into the chasm. “The Vulgate,” — why did he say it ?

“Have a care, have a care, I implore you ! Trust not your steps to the gentians or lilac-colored bells beneath your feet ! You will slip upon them ! Oh, let the kid fall ! Save yourself !”

Vian had nearly fallen over the precipice. That utterance had saved him ; yet he held fast to the kid.

“ ‘Himself he could not save,’ ” said Vian, as he tried to rest.

“I have read that also,” answered the maiden, with firm loveliness, “but not in the Vulgate. I have read it with my father in English, — even in John Wycliffe’s translation of the Gospels.”

Wycliffe, — Lutterworth ! The vision — this radiant woman !

“Oh, bewildering maiden, were you ever a child at Lutterworth ?” This was the last gasp of Pythagoreanism.

The maiden made no immediate answer. She was evidently not offended.

“Ah, no !” she finally said. “You are of the great folk, as I believe ; but I am a cottager’s daughter.”

“And your name ?”

“Alke ! I am Alke, Gaspar Perrin’s child.”





## CHAPTER XXVI.

### CONFUSED CURRENTS.

I have been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell;  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet, keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before, —  
How long ago I may not know ;  
But just when at that swallow's soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall, — I knew it all of yore.

Then, now, perchance again !  
Oh, round mine eyes your tresses shake !  
Shall we not lie as we have lain  
Thus for Love's sake,  
And sleep, and wake, yet never break the chain ?  
ROSSETTI.

THAT night was full of perplexities for every one in the cottage of Gaspar Perrin. The more complete the explanation which each made, the more profound was the darkness in which these sincere persons tried to walk in friendliness. However, difficulties began soon to clear away. Vian had carried the wounded kid to the cottage door ; and Gaspar, noting his courtly air and dirty though costly costume, suspicious and a trifle worried at his presence, had, after the urgent entreaties of Alke, who always ruled him, invited the stranger to remain for the night.

The mountaineer had been expecting an attack from the Pope's legions since Christmas Day ; and every traveller had been carefully watched, oftentimes searched, as he passed to the monastery, before whose solemn steps the cohorts of their foes had so often been paraded.

Vian knew this to be the house that had been described to him as the secret meeting-place of the heretics. He had expected to enter it in a different state of mind, but he was not sad or offended. He had seen Alke.

In an hour after the arrival of Vian, the Waldensians had placed the cottage of Gaspar under the watch of ten vigilant guards ; and later in the evening, one of the peasants had produced a long dagger, on whose hilt was a jewelled cross and the arms of Leo X. He avowed to the Waldensian leaders that he found it in the valley below, where Gaspar's daughter had been tending the goats. The father was excited, and examined it with care.

" 'Tis a premonition," said the Barbé. "The papal cohorts are coming. Not since Christmas Day have I seen an hour pass that I have not beheld strange preparations up yonder." He pointed to the monastery. Gaspar sighed and went into the cottage, carrying the dagger.

"Does Gaspar distrust the stranger?" asked an old man without.

"He is just now making himself sure. That man must give an account of himself. We will guard him well," answered an armed Waldensian.

Strange and often confusing emotions were swirling in curious agitation within the cottage. With a frankness and thoroughness quite characteristic of the man and his faith, Gaspar had told Vian of their creed, their hopes, their fears. Alke had been an earnest listener, betraying in this case a certain unaccustomed tolerance toward

strangers which her father could not but dislike. Vian had asked her numerous questions about the curious manuscript which she had been reading on the day before on the mountain-side ; and before long he had entirely captivated the stern father with his brilliant sayings, his seemingly inexhaustible scholarship, and his fine spirit. The honest, outspoken heretic had also charmed him.

Vian had felt that frankness ought to be met with frankness, and now that he had desperately fallen in love with this girl, he could and would lose everything else before he would lose her. When he touched her arm in helping her over the brook, he thought he detected a motionless response not altogether unfavorable to his hopes. He knew he loved her, at all events. Pythagoras, monasteries, Cardinal Wolsey, the French cavalry, his Holiness the Pope, — they had done nothing for his soul. They had nearly ruined his mind and conscience. He had long been a lonely sufferer, and they had granted him no relief. Here was the intellectual freedom which his father had at Lutterworth ; here was the reality, — Alke, — the vision of whom had been his salvation.

What if he had been apprehended ? He was willing to give up everything, and be a prisoner there with her forever. He would tell Gaspar Perrin his whole story, and he hoped to be detained at any cost. He would trust his life to the father of that maiden.

With breathless attention did Gaspar and Alke listen. Lutterworth, with the heretical Lollards ; Glastonbury, with the struggle for liberty ; the lights and shadows of Whitehall and Hampton Court, with the luxurious Wolsey ; the constant tendency to go with the Reformers, and his love of "the new learning ;" the recent expedition into those mountain fastnesses to prepare for the extermination of the Waldensians, and his constantly declining desires to persecute, — all these chapters in his

autobiography came with a just and reserved eloquence; a candid vigor of expression, and an unquestioning trustfulness in the honor of those who, he was now told, were his captors, all of which entirely captivated Gaspar.

Alke wept and prayed, while Vian spoke.

So interested was the father in the story, so sure of its importance to the cause of the Protestants, that he noted not the big tears and the upward-looking eyes of love. He had so completely in his power the brains of the coming foe, that he could be gentle and even just in admiration.

"Lutterworth was the home of Master Wycliffe," said he.

Then Vian told him of the story of the Wycliffe letters which his father left to him, and how they increased the volume of heresy at Glastonbury, and the sorrows of Abbot Richard, whereupon the Waldensian went to the window; but Alke was more swift, and she placed the translation in Vian's hands. The atmosphere of the Reformation touched his forehead.

"We will protect you as never a Waldensian was protected by him whom you serve," promised Gaspar.

Soon Gaspar was talking without, with the members of the fraternity, who that night were to have held a conference at this cottage. Vian and Alke within were talking of manuscripts and looking love, instead of literature, into each other's eyes.

"Oh, divine companionship!" thought she, as Vian entranced her with quotations from the Greeks whose names were household words. "I have been so lonely in the world, except for my father. I am glad I could not love Salmani." And then she wondered what sort of feeling it was which gave her such exquisite uncomfortableness. She had never seen such a noble being as this. He appeared to be as scholarly as Erasmus and as human as Luther himself. She had never heard

such noble words as dropped from his tongue ; yet she fancied he could speak even sweeter words than those, if he only would.

"I am anxious to know more about the treasures hid in these monasteries," said Vian to Gaspar, as the Waldensian entered and seated himself on a rough stool. "How far is your prisoner from the monastery of Turin?"

"A very wearisome journey it is to Turin," was the answer. "Why do you ask about Turin?"

"Erasmus, whom I had the distinction to know when a boy at Glastonbury, and later as a student, — Master Erasmus told me of a manuscript of Virgil, which one of your Waldensian maidens would have obtained for him. A monk of Turin did love her. I could say more of him, as I now believe. She refused his love, and —"

Alke was crimson with blushes, and for the moment Gaspar was tongue-tied.

"Oh, it is very strange ! And you have told us truth about yourself?" cried he, grasping the hand of Vian. "Erasmus of Rotterdam —"

"Do you know him?" interrupted Vian, excitedly. "Did you ever see the great Erasmus?"

"Get the Greek coins," shouted Gaspar to Alke ; and he added, as she brought the dull pieces, "Here they are. Erasmus gave them to the child when she was too young to know about them. He stopped with us, not far from Turin, having lost his way in the snows. It was a long time ago. We did talk together about the Virgil manuscript at Turin. Lately, Alke promised Animo, the master's friend, that she would get the manuscript from Salmani —"

"Salmani? Is this Gaspar Perrin the printer?"

"The same," was the reply.

"The printer, with Aldus, of the Demosthenes?"

"Yes, I am he; and now I know you. For we have heard of you through letters from Erasmus himself. You are Vian, — Vian of Glastonbury! Alke, we have heard of the young Vian, the scholar!"

"The same," said Vian, with a good deal of joy at feeling so welcome. "And this, then, is the daughter of the printer, as Erasmus has called her, — the one who is to copy the Virgil manuscript. Oh, how strange!"

Gaspar had forgotten the guards without, until he overheard them talking at the door. They had been roused by the excited speech within, had heard the word "Erasmus" spoken clearly, and thinking a discussion had arisen about the Reformers, supposed they were needed by the cottager.

"Everything is right, good friends!" said Gaspar to them, as he opened and quickly shut the door.

On second thought, he deemed it best to give his friends without a little more information as to his guest.

Soon, therefore, Vian and Alke were alone again by a dim light, in which their glances could find each other's eyes, gazing meanwhile upon the freshly made and beautiful copy of the Virgil manuscript, which the Waldensian maiden had finished. Nothing could have added to the enthusiasm of Vian's love now, save this discovery that Alke was a scholar of no mean acquirements. The song of the Roman poet was as familiar to her as one of the mountain paths, and the quotations, which multiplied as the moments flew, were pronounced with charming accuracy by Alke's sweet lips. Hybla's honey lingered there, and the blue Ægean rippled in her smile. He thought how truly Erasmus had spoken of the beauty of an intelligent woman, one day when the scholar sought to destroy his Pythagoreanism.

"And you painted the commandment up there?" asked Vian, as he read above the homely door which led into an apartment that Alke called her study, the

words which Aldus himself had placed above the door of his own study in Venice, —

“Quisquis Es Rogat Te Aldus Etiam Atque Etiam,  
Ut Siquid Est Quod A Se Velis, Perpancis Agas,  
Deinde Actutum Abeas : Nisi, Tamquam Hercules,  
Defesso Atlante, Veneris Suppositurus Humeros.  
Semper Enim Erit Quod Et Tu Agas,  
Et Quotquot  
Huc Attulerint Pedes.”

“I painted them,” replied she. “You are the first who could read them, save my father and our Barbé. Those who can read are not expected to obey.”

“Ah,” said the proud Gaspar, who had just re-entered in a happy mood, “now that you have seen the copy of the Virgil manuscript, which Erasmus will have if he does not abuse Martin Luther, you must see the illuminations.”

Vian thought Alke’s face was sufficiently radiant ; and often the color was very rich, especially if, in looking at the manuscript, he unwittingly touched her hand. Vian would have preferred to look only upon that face, but he was willing to inspect the illuminations.

“By daylight,” said Alke ; and then she felt a pang, because she had said something which for hours would part them. She tried to save herself from the pain of his absence, even for rest ; but it was too late.

The cots were prepared. Gaspar’s guards were assured that there could be no danger. Within a brief time the Waldensian was apparently in deep sleep. Vian’s cot was near the window ; he was not trying to sleep. Alke was wide awake thinking, until she fell into a dream of love.







## CHAPTER XXVII.

AMI AND VIAN.

"The pathway of my duty lies in sunlight ;  
And I would tread it with as firm a step,  
Though it should terminate in cold oblivion,  
As if Elysian pleasures at its close  
Gleamed palpable to sight as things of earth."

SLEEP avoided Vian's eyes. He was soon outside, peering into the gloom which was now touched with promises of morning light. The night would have been a balm to any soul seeking only repose ; it was a vast horrible silence to one who looked outside of himself for a solution for problems so new, so unexpected. The love-lament of the ring-dove had died away ; the brown owl was voiceless, as he solemnly sat blinking at the moon-lit valley which he surveyed from his hole in the overhanging crag. Nothing was so noisy as Vian's heart, and it was far from being musical.

Was it a nightingale which disturbed yonder luxuriant mass of green, which looked so like fairy frostwork under the magic of the moonbeams ?

"Nothing !" said Vian ; "it was nothing !" But his heart almost stopped.

Emerging now from behind a shadowy mist which made the sky away there over the cliffs look like a be-spangled bridal veil, the moon lit up the frowning bastions of rock with startling clearness. In his terror, Vian

could but stand astonished in the witchery of its brilliance. The brown owl flew past him.

Crash ! Bounding down from the height immediately above him, tumbling on with impetuous rapidity, borne on from spot to spot by a momentum gained from such a long, swift, unimpeded descent, came a huge rock, — a fragment from the cliff above. With it came a shriek, then a moan ; and then the silence of death. Before the report of the rupture which had released that jagged edge from the height of the precipice, Vian thought he saw a human figure there. Then as it broke off and fell, the armor of a French knight glittered into the valley below. An awakened eagle flew upward on wings which seemed the pinions of death.

The French invaders had surely come. There now stood or ran from spot to spot on the summit distinctly visible, at least a score of full-clad men. With them soon were priests from the monastery, each of whom was making much gesticulation ; one of whom crawled to the perilous edge from which the rock had been broken away, and gazed after the unfortunate.

“ I must call them at once, — Gaspar Perrin and Alke. We are doomed to die by those swords. I shall die with the Waldensians, — gladly let me die. I shall perish as a Waldensian ! ”

Vian did not need to waken those who had slept uneasily that night. Behind the trembling servant of Wolsey stood the hardy mountaineer, steadily gazing into the pale purple mist which, like a passionless dream of death, had floated up the valley as morning smote the crags. The mist was disappearing like a mysterious memory. In the eye of the intrepid man were a challenge and the fiery prophecy of triumph, which made Vian pity him.

Instantly another pair of eyes looked into Vian's. In them were burning affectionateness which had not slept,

could not sleep, and an appealing wistfulness which made Vian wish he were clad with omnipotence, that he might protect the quivering Alke. In the tangled wilderness of his thoughts his purpose was making its laborious way. He was sure of only one thing.

"The glorious creature does love me!"

How did he reach that conclusion?

He felt Alke's touch of pitiful trustfulness upon the sleeve of his doubtlet, still soiled as it was with the blood of the dying kid. And in a moment he held her hand, which clung to his with such a desperate tenderness that he was transformed from feeling himself a quailing intruder in that home into being its hero. His heart beat with courageous regularity, and the pallor became a flush in his face as he said, —

"My little mate! many times before you had seen me, or I had beheld your face as I do now, had you made me heroic. In the vision —"

"The vision? What vision?" She released her grasp. "I have never seen you before. I do not believe in visions."

"Alas! hold me fast, Alke! It was a poor sinner's vision, — yes, a dream. I will tell you all here or in heaven!"

Vian and Alke looked upward, and saw the same sky, — a revelation of the infinite time and space which every true human love seeks, and never in vain. The dashing waterfall seemed but a murmur of love; the mellow light without a glare was its radiance; the echoes upon the sweet still air were its music; the dawn which was then making the peaks translucent was love's evangel.

"We are near unto God," whispered the Waldensian maiden.

"And unto each other," added Vian, who felt at once that the remark he had made lacked a little in piety.

Alke ran to the spot where her father stood filling his

great lungs with the morning, and then making the morning and the mountains echo with his long, searching clarion-call. Every nook and torrent answered with a sympathetic cry. The scream of the eagle, bathing his wings in the liquid dawn; the bleating of the wounded goats which had just escaped death in the path of the dislodged rock as it tumbled into the valley; and now the shouts of the mountaineers, who had waited in armed silence for the summons, added a weird significance to each prolonged tone.

"Give the Virgil manuscript to the young man, — to Vian!" cried out Gaspar to Alke, unforgetful of the Renaissance amid the birth-throes of the Reformation.

Alke saw Vian hide the parchment within his breast; and handing him the four coins which Erasmus had left with her babyhood, years before in their old home, she said with eager hope in every syllable, —

"It may be that they will spare you. Here are Greece and Rome, — the coins and the manuscript!"

"I care not to escape, except with something dearer to me than all these. Oh, were *you* not in my vision at Lutterworth? I know you were."

Action, not vision now, youth! But all greatest action is the doing of a vision. "The French are here!"

"Courage, my children! The French are come. Every one is a knight!"

Gaspar had said nearly all that was in his heart, as the mountaineers gathered about the cottage, and every one spoke his name.

"Here are the letters," said Gaston Fuerdent; and he gave into the hand of Gaspar a packet of letters from Martin Luther, Ulric Zwingli, and Philip Melancthon. "I have burned the letters of Farel."

"The Barbé commanded it; it is wicked to disclose his plans," added Gerard Pastre.

All were agreed that Farel at Geneva had been over-

zealous, and had made too full a description of the plans of the Swiss Reformers.

"All are consumed," said a youth, — the son of Fuerdent, — who gazed with modest interest into Vian's eyes.

"An intruder I am aware I am," said Vian. "Perhaps I am suspected —"

"Be silent!" said Gaspar, before Vian could complete his remark.

"Be silent!" they all said; and Louis Savan relieved his mind by interjecting, —

"We would have been unprepared for the wretches for a week if you had not come. Now the victory is ours!"

He called the mountaineers to witness.

"We bless you!" they all cried out, as Alke stole up into quite significant nearness, and looked as if she would have said, —

"Vian, you are in the best place in the world for you — for me."

Every man inspected his arms. Old Henry Arnon grasped the jewelled hilt of a dagger, — the dagger which Vian had once thrown away. The Englishman looked at it with interest, and thought of the circumstances in which he parted with it. Wolsey would never see it again.

"Where is Wolsey, Lord Cardinal? Where is his Holiness? Where am I?" thought the young man.

There was a stiff old manuscript near his heart; but something else was much more near. Alke, pale with fear, stood alone by his side; while the rough men of the mountains looked upon Vian half as their deliverer, half as their prisoner. The powerful soul of the maiden was summoning every energy to say a word which lay upon her heart.

"Would you willingly die believing in the grace of God?" She had thus spoken it at last; and every sense

of danger fled from her soul. She had been so true to God and her own conscience, that she easily ascended heights impossible before.

Vian confessed the omnipotence of the inquiry. Love and religion stood behind Alke's appeal.

"We are standing only for a moment together here, and the next may see one or both of us before the great white throne."

The words roused the drops of blood which a Wycliffite father had put into Vian's veins, — so much did these words remind him of Lutterworth, so much did they seem to be a fragrant distillation from the spirituality which blossomed in the Wycliffe letters. Oh, so much more clearly was Alke the real mate of those childhood dreams, the soul of his life, that he half sobbed, and said hurriedly as he saw the stir outside, —

"I trust myself to your Saviour's grace, but I never was so anxious to live as I am now. The vision! —"

"Ah, Vian! He must be *your* Saviour. I cannot be your priest."

"I am done with priests," said Vian, in a broken voice.

"But you are not done with your Saviour?" The eyes of wistful fearlessness were full of tears.

"No, — oh, my mate, soul of mine! — no; I am just beginning with Christ. But I never wanted to live as I do now."

"Because you are now prepared to die?"

"I am prepared to live or to die — for you."

A gleam of polished steel flashed from the moss-covered ledge not far from the cottage.

"Arm! arm! arm!" cried Gaston Fuerdent.

"Conceal yourselves within!" whispered Gerard Pastre, whose eyes lingered with Alke and Vian, as he turned away.

"No," said Vian, — "no; I must fight. I *must*, — I

have imperilled you. I ought — but I could not have saved you.”

Thè man’s soul, conscious of having done all it could, was full of contrary emotions and opposing thoughts. But he could not be mistaken. The shout of the French knights pierced the silence of the cottage, coming over the clamor of the mountaineers.

Alke looked upon him with fond, yearning eyes. Vian dared to feel his heart crying for utterance. “I will tell her that I love her; I will claim her now as my own,” thought he. “I may never again have the privilege.”

“Hide the young man, Alke, child of my soul! Hide him!” commanded Gaspar, through the half-opened door.

“I shall not be protected at such cost, — the life of my little mate, so precious! I will die concealing you, Alke!” and he seized a sword provided for a critical moment.

“Oh, I must make you safe! Yonder is safety. Hide at once! I will cover you, — with my own body if need be,” was the swift, eager response.

A thrill of pain, then a thrill of joy shot through the heart of what was once a monk and a Pythagorean, now so transformed. Silently Alke looked upon him with commanding love. Suddenly the stern manhood yielded a little.

“Cover me with your dead body? Oh, God! Oh, Alke!” said he.

“Yes, willingly, gladly!” answered she.

The fiery air was a thin but all-encompassing flame. At once a burning, half-frenzied kiss bound them together for an instant, distilling into each heart the joy of a whole eternity.

“I shall fight without concealment,” shouted the intoxicated lover.

“You shall be covered by my love,” protested the

Waldensian maiden, as she wrapped the velveteed man in a coarse garment, dearer to him than the robe of a queen.

Outside, the excitement was now intense. The invaders had gained the path and were hurrying near.

"I'll warm it in the heart of a heretic," said a French knight, as he touched the hilt of his sword.

"Did you ever smell the fumes of a roasted Waldensian?" asked an ugly-faced priest, lumbering along after the knightly leader, who appeared moody and was silent.

Vague memories were crowding into this French knight's brain; and he said to his heart: "Oh, faithless coward! Peter was the 'rock-man.' I am here for Peter's holy successor. Harden, soft spirit within me! Spare not a heretic! Kill all, and then burn! Long live his Holiness Pope Clement VII.!" shouted the chosen friend of Francis I.

Around the edge of the mountain, where it met the noisy stream, and where the shadow fell upon the Waldensians, — every man upon his knees, — Gaspar Perrin was bearing their cause to the throne of a just God.

The French soldiery advanced in a solid company, a priest at the side of the leader mumbling snatches of Latin, as he held before them a gilt cross. The bells of the convent were ringing. Gerard Pastre gave a signal to a Waldensian. Down from the height above, like a bolt from Israel's Jehovah, came a large rock, tumbling, leaping, jagged with desolating energy. It tore its way through the French soldiery with merciless force.

"Heaven is against us!" shouted one of the dismayed knights. The priest forgot his scraps of Latin, and with white face aimlessly waved the gilt cross. It was all in vain; a nameless horror had broken upon them.

"Mother of God!" groaned a dying knight.

"Holy saints and martyrs, pray for us!" shrieked another, over whose brilliant armor the mountaineers



triumphantly came, every eye blazing with a fierce joy.

Still the convent bell was ringing. The French were disorganized, panic-stricken ; all in retreat, save the fragment of their band, which had now entered the cottage and were laying it waste.

In the wainscoted room two men were in mortal combat. A pale but heroic woman lay on the floor. She was stunned, prostrate by a blow from the hand of the knight. Before that knight stood a hated man, skilfully handling a sword, as he had learned to do from Fra Giovanni at Glastonbury, and later on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." But it was now for life or death.

"Villain !" cried out the knight, as his sword seemed sure of Vian's heart.

"Wretch !" shouted Vian, as he twisted the gleaming steel.

"Apostate monk ! I'll kill you with your shameless love in sight !" exclaimed the French knight, as he leaped at Vian, gasping, "Astrée ! Astrée !" while his eye was aflame.

Backward and farther backward was Vian forced, into the very corner where Alke lay. Nearer and yet nearer to his heart came the touches of the fine sword which once Bayard had wielded. The knight, however, was growing weak, and the other knew it.

"I must not kill you, rather let me die," cried out the monk, as at length the sword of the knight fell from the hand of the wounded man, who muttered his overmastering rage.

There was a movement under the shadow. Alke had regained consciousness ; and rising, she flung herself upon the issue of the conflict with an aimless courage which looked piteously unto Vian. The bleeding knight was roused at the thought of the apostate monk and the woman — together here !

Overmastered by Vian, and yet spared !

“ Spare not a heretic ! ” rang again in his ears.

He could kill the woman, and that would kill the man, — the man who had been a hateful demon to him for all these years ! Even knighthood had lost its honor in the passion of whose tormenting fury this knight was but a charred ruin.

In an instant the French knight compressed all his hate in a dagger-point which glared toward Alke's bosom. In the same instant Vian's bosom felt its safety, as the desperate energy of the knight broke the dagger's point in the tough parchment of the Virgil manuscript lying next Vian's heart, unimpenetrable.

What was it that came like a death-damp to the knight's heart and hung like a horrible charm above her, as he struck at that woman ?

As, in another dreadful instant, the knight thought of it, a blow, — Vian could not master himself now, — a swift, awful blow fell upon him, and he lay breathless on the floor of Gaspar Perrin's cottage, entirely unconscious, even when his dismayed followers seized his antagonist Vian, tore him from Alke's breaking heart, and placing him in chains, hurried away with their prisoner from the scene of such a disastrous defeat.





## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### GASPAR'S WOUNDED GUEST.

There are flashes struck from midnights,  
There are fire-flames noondays kindle,  
Whereby piled-up honors perish,  
Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,  
Which just this or that poor impulse,  
Which for once had play unstified,  
Seems the sole work of a lifetime  
That away the rest have trifled.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A SOFT film of lazy sunshine hung over the sides of Monte Vandalin. Even the little spurs toward Lucerne assumed an easy indifference in the delicious dreaminess of the air. Autumn was holding her last beautiful festival; and the winds of October paused at the threshold, that they might not disturb the fragrant calm. The hue of burnished gold was losing itself here and there in the red leaves which lingered with the sobbing breezes over sacred ground.

"Those red leaves are blood-drops. Heaven itself will not permit us to lose the memory!" said Alke, as she lifted the wounded and swollen foot of her father, and placed it upon a soft bit of lambskin, which she had fastened to the oaken stool upon which he was now resting it.

"No," answered Gaspar. "But we must remember something beside the sorrow, the blood, the dead. We are Christians; and, Alke — That noise?"

"It is only the soldier. He has not groaned as he did yesterday. Poor fellow! he looked into my face this morning when I gave him the cordial. He sighed and smiled so piteously, — I wondered if he knew how nearly he came to striking that dagger into me; but Vian — Yes; the soldier, — he seems grateful. He must be some great personage at the court of Francis. Such armor — "

"As I was saying," Gaspar pursued, "we are Christians. I do not mean by saying that, that we ought to be thinking of our cause and its righteous victory. But, Alke — That muttering sound!"

"The poor man is saying something; I will go to him," she said; and she dropped the task she was trying to accomplish without, under the little festooned arbor, and hurried within to the French knight, who was restless with suffering.

"I do not mean that we ought to be quoting to ourselves warlike words from the Psalms to make us feel like Christians now." Gaspar was talking to his own conscience, as he looked out into the scarlet vines, beneath which his eye discovered a shining helmet, another relic of that victory. "But I do think Alke and I will feel more like Christians if we think of the Gospels and try — oh, how hard that poor girl is trying! — try to love our enemies."

Another long, plaintive groan came from the room in which the wounded soldier lay. In a few moments, however, Alke came under the arbor and resumed her task.

"He is sleeping now," she said softly, "but he mutters such strange words."

Alke burst into tears. Gaspar, with twinges of pain, moved his foot in his effort to get hold of her hand; reaching which, he pulled her close to him. The start of agony communicated itself to the sympathetic Alke. At once she was stroking the wounded foot with gentleness

and love, while the tears fell upon the lambskin and moistened the dry blood-stains.

"Oh, it is hard to be a Christian!" she sobbed.

"Harder to be a burden-bearing or a forgiving Christian than to be a fighting one, my child!" added Gaspar, as he sought relief for himself and for her in moralizing just a little.

"Vian!"

They both heard the word "Vian."

Each looked anxiously into the face of the other, and saw only wonder struggling with forgiveness. Alke threw her womanly head upon Gaspar's breast, and cried, —

"I cannot go into that room, — I cannot! I have gone as far in being a Christian —"

"Be a Christian!" commanded the Waldensian, without a tone of cant in his words.

Alke looked up, submissive and sublime in her spiritual loveliness. "I will," said she. "It was only the slipping of my feet on the rocks. I did not fall quite?"

"No; you did not fall, my child. But this is a slippery and hard road for you."

"My father!" she whispered; and then she said in a womanly tone: "My father, it is hard here and now to be a Christian. That soldier yonder came leading a murderous band of cruel knights and priests upon our home. He loaned his beauty and his strength to the vicious monks, who harass our lives and spit upon the Gospel. His dagger — I will keep it for a memory — glittered at my heart. I cannot forget that cry, 'Spare not a heretic!' when he threw me to the floor, and —"

Alke stopped.

"Vian!"

Gaspar and Alke both heard it. The soldier, delirious with agony, groaned as he spoke that word, "Vian."

"How did a French knight know Vian, an Englishman? Wherever did he learn that name?" Gaspar's inter-

est was quickening. "Alke, did they fight as do old foes?"

Alke had never thought of this remarkable circumstance, so much more remarkable had been her experiences. A dreadful uncertainty plied with the fearless wonder within her heart. Life had come to be an awful mystery, which in one golden day had dropped into another mystery more awful still.

"I know not. Ah! I remember too," she said, her eyes speaking with more of bewilderment than of discovery, — "I remember now, that when the conflict outside was at its height, and this young knight alone rushed upon Vian —" Alke could say no more. That frightful memory of her loved Vian, the horribly fierce eyes of the maddened knight, the desperate encounter, the heroism of Vian in saving her, the last look of Vian, as they led him away chained, — all came over her again like a ghastly reality. Gaspar pitied her; and while his breast was a turmoil of hate and love, he was half indignant when from the cottage the sound came again: "Vian!"

"That name again upon those cruel lips! Oh, it is too much!" exclaimed Alke.

She remembered that at the beginning of their contest in the cottage, indeed on the instant when the knight fixed his eyes upon Vian, he had hissed upon him as if her lover were another venomous reptile. As they confronted each other, the words "Apostate monk!" burned in the air. Some slumbering volcano of rage and hate seemed ready to burst out from the soul of the knight and belch its fury upon Vian.

To know this alone, however, was to know insufficiently; for not even the combatants knew the depth of those experiences of their own characters in that hour when swirling passions leaped and tossed themselves, obedient to the gathered impulse of years. Into the glare of those eyes which had looked upon Alke's lover in the home of

his beloved, were come the passions which had been growing more furious since the days of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold;" the fiery jealousy which surrounded Astrée, the agonizing desperation which had risen out of a stormy soul in its search for a faith; the contempt which a knight of such temper and history felt for a recreant servant of a philosophy, a king, and a pope; and above all, the uncontrollable hate which was born at once when that trusted emissary was seen to have sunk the banners of France, England, and Rome within his love. All these were behind that last cry: "Spare not a heretic!" But now Alke knew it not, as again she heard him groan, "Vian! Vian! I say!"

Gaspar and she held their souls in patient silence. They had made the precept "Love your enemies" a fact of truest significance to the knight. It had not come without a struggle. An hour after that conflict Alke had thought herself a widowed soul. The rage and anguish which the faces of his marauding band exhibited when they thought their leader dead on the cottage floor, Alke was sure had been meted out to Vian, their prisoner. Great as was her affection for such a man, which years had grown and a single day had discovered, it was omnipotent after that scene. It wove ten thousand fancies, and bedewed with generous tears the memory of an idol which was now an ideal. So terrible was the grief, so benumbing the agony of that sudden separation, that at first Alke was ready to fly into the extremest passion of altruistic devotion. She had resolved to nurse the foe. The neighbors had their dead and dying to look out for. Alke had her hospital too, with its two patients, — her father, and the young knight whom Vian had perhaps fatally struck. For two days he had made no manifestation of returning consciousness. Her own suffering of heart was so keen that the presence of the merciless but silent foe of her own lover proved a means of restoring a sort of

equilibrium. Gaspar had not yet looked into his face, for he was trying to be a Christian at Alke's expense. Cordials, gruels, and bandages had been applied to the soldier. The only gratitude expressed came as a muttered word which Alke could not understand, and that single smile which was so piteous as to afflict her heart. She resolved to be worthy of him whom she now believed to be dead; and how could she more genuinely exemplify her faith in Christ than by being a Christian? She went on repeating the words, "Love your enemies," until this change came.

As a change had now come to the knight, a change had also been attested in Alke. As we have found her on this October day, the soldier is able to pronounce at least one word which she may understand, — *Vian*, — and Alke knows how hard it is to be a Christian.

Other words were muttered at nightfall, — "*Astrée*," "*His Holiness*," "*Wretch!*"

That night Gaspar lay awake and listened for hours to such words as these. Indeed, he could not sleep, having heard the stricken man pronounce the first words. The exhausted Alke lay upon the couch next the window.

Soon the Waldensian found strangely tender feelings dominating his mind as he listened to the soldier's woful exclamations. They carried the mind of Gaspar away from these scenes. He was back again in Venice courting with the daughter of Count Aldani Neforzo as together they worked in their poverty. What a strange thing that that knight who would have murdered Gaspar's daughter should bring to him at this hour these dear recollections!

Still the words continued to pour forth from the suffering man; still did Gaspar Perrin feel the old memories about his heart.

"No one," said the husband Gaspar Perrin, widowed so long ago, — "no one but she ever pronounced the



words 'His Holiness,' with that lisping tone, — no one but Alke's mother." He felt again the grief of that far-away day, when he refused to pay for prayers for the dead.

"Vian!" sharply rang again the voice.

"It is the voice of Count Aldani Neforzo come to earth again," thought Gaspar, as he sat up and looked over to the cot by the door.

All became silent again. The pale reflections of the moonlight were travelling across the wainscoting; and as the disquieted Gaspar sat upright in bed, forgetful of his aching foot, he calculated that very soon the light of the moon would be falling into the face of the wounded knight, — the face which Alke had said was very beautiful.

Why cared Gaspar to steal a single look? He could not tell; he only knew that since he had heard that voice, it was impossible for him to sleep or content his wakefulness without the promise of a look upon that face. He had always studied faces, since Ami had been taken from him, and had unaccountable feelings with regard to this one.

At length the moment came when the light silvery glow rested upon the face. There was a careful movement in the bed by the cupboard; and soon Gaspar was moving slowly, dragging his enswathed and bandaged foot after him, as he felt his way between chairs and stools toward the slumberer. Quite a picture it would have been for the crickets which chirped without the door, as the time-worn face of Gaspar came within the glow, and the tireless eyes looked upon the moonlit face of the knight. Gaspar shook from head to heel as he gazed; but the night air was cold, as he thought.

Was it in the nostril, which, as the knight breathed heavily, made Gaspar feel that Count Aldani Neforzo, the grandfather of Alke, was again before him? That forehead from which fell a wealth of light hair, a cloud of gold in

the moonlight, — Alke's hair was so like it ; and the lips, — they were such lips as Gaspar the lover had kissed in Venice, when he embraced the daughter of Neforzo. The soldier's hand was lying outside the coarse coverlet, — a long, slender hand, and the nails of the fingers, oh, he must not fancy it, — but they were like the mother's, the wife's, — so like them ! A ring upon one finger, — a costly ring, with the papal arms engraved upon the emerald, caught the weird splendor ; and the hand, which now moved with a twitch of pain, was so like his own, except the nails, — “so like mine,” he said ; “only mine are old and tired.”

Gaspar was enthralled. “Oh, if this soldier would only open his eyes ! Delirious as he is, he would not know me, even if — But I might — I might see their color,” mused the serious man. “If Ami is living — yes, he would be about the age of this poor wounded fellow ! I hunted in vain for his burial-place. This suspense, — it is intolerable. But I cannot sleep now, I have seen the soldier's face !”

Gaspar did not sleep. But when morning came and Alke saw that there were blood-drops on the floor, the Waldensian bade silence, for he had a plan.

“I will explain the presence of those drops of blood,” he said. “Bring me word, Alke, at the moment when you find out the color of those eyes.”





## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A GOLDEN DAY.

Facesti come quei che di notte,  
Che porta il lume dietro, e se non giova  
Ma dopo se fa le persone dotte.

DANTE.

"HE is awake now," said the careworn Alke, as next day she came close to Gaspar, who sat again under the arbor writing a letter to his friend the Reformer Philip Melancthon, in which he was relating the providences of Heaven, and telling him all about Vian, "the apostate monk," and this suffering victim of Vian's daring.

"Did you mark the color of those eyes?" inquired Gaspar, anxiously.

"I cannot tell it," was the reply.

"What! you? Alke, a painter ought to know blue from green, and black from brown," said Gaspar, a smile dying in anxious wonder on his face.

Alke had never seen the sea. She had read Homer and Virgil, and had listened to her father's descriptions of Venice; and she asked him, "Of what color is the sea?"

"Why," he began assuredly, — "why, yes; the sea — why, the sea is —" That was the color of the soldier's eyes. He could see that indescribable color

in the eyes of Alke, as she looked archly upon her father's perplexity.

They had within them the oceanic green which is so soon blue, and the abysmal blue which grows restless with suggestions of profoundest darkness, — darkness which is altogether warm and beautiful. She did not try to describe them, for she saw her father understood her meaning. The sea, — he seemed at once to be looking out upon its tireless change and fathoming its liquid depths. Besides, there were Alke's eyes fixed upon him, — like the sea in myriad-minded revelation ; and all that he desired to know he had found out. The knight's eyes were like Alke's.

"I suspected it —" Gaspar's manner betokened the formation of a still more complex plan. And then the hands which years ago held the lost child and had since worked so untiringly for Alke began to count each other's fingers, betraying to Alke the fact that her father, whose face was aglow with something more radiant than the autumnal sunshine, was enumerating years and probing another sensitive mystery.

In a few days the French soldier had become sufficiently strong to move about the room. He had not, however, taken a single step without the consciousness that the eye of this cottager was upon him. It annoyed his proud spirit.

"Of course," said he to his offended pride, "this espionage is most natural ; for while I am a beneficiary I am also a prisoner. I — I have never been a prisoner before. My king has ; but not I."

The kindness with which that womanly hand had dressed his wound scarcely permitted the knight to use such a word as "prisoner." He could hardly believe that she and the man, who was evidently her father, could desire to make him feel his imprisonment in this cottage which had been a hospital to him.

"Oh," whispered he at night, when Alke had almost broken his heart by her tenderness and care, "I wish I knew the name of these people! Why do they call each other 'father' and 'daughter' in my hearing? What is it about that creature which makes my heart love her? Yet I do not love her as I love Astrée! Would to the Mother of God, I had never thought of killing her!" and then, with tears which Alke thought were tears of homesickness, he would sob himself to sleep.

When morning came there stood the fair child of these mountains close by his cot; and once it seized him, — the thought that if his own little sister had lived, she might have been as sweet and beautiful! Some day he meant to ask the father of this girl how far it was to Turin. He had a vague memory that once his own home was near Turin.

"But things with me are all so different now," mused he; "and here am I, a friend of Francis I., in the home of a Waldensian whose daughter I tried to pierce with my dagger!"

These thoughts made the hours horrible, — more horrible as they suggested the recollection of Vian. Oh, how the knight now began to despise his own jealous hate!

"I cannot fathom the silent, searching looks of her father," whispered the soldier, as the cottager once turned his gaze from the knight with a suddenness which bespoke a startled interest. "He has eyed me with the care of an officer or a student of curios;" and then the knight smiled, as he saw the lovely woman piling together the pieces of his armor, illustrating at every movement her ignorance and her kindliness of heart. "Poor thing!" thought he, "she has never girded a knight as Astrée has done."

Gaspar Perrin had now endured this silence as long as was possible. His calculations were surely correct.

Alke had not been let into his secret, and now there was no time. A single movement of the knight's head so matched a certain habitual movement of Alke's head, as she stood by the graceful soldier, that old Count Aldani Neforzo seemed to rise up between them to assure Gaspar.

"Sir," said Gaspar, "you are used to better fare than ours, I suppose."

"There is no fitter fare than starvation for a foe such as I have been," replied the other, with gallantry.

"Are you our foe?" inquired the cottager, who searched the face with tireless eyes.

The knight hung his head. "I could make a gift of my life, if it were mine, to take from you the memory of a knight striking at your child, — a woman. But I was consumed —" He was about to say something of Vian; but he was knightlier since his jealousy had fallen into the pit which it had digged and found its own abasement there.

"You are a knight, sir."

"Truly spoken, as I hope. I have longed for the true knighthood;" and the soldier thought of Nouvisset.

"Have you seen it in this cottage?"

"Ah, good friend! you perplex me. If yonder woman were but a man —"

"She would be of the chosen chivalry," flashed Gaspar, instantly.

The knight was silent, until the cottager asked, "Is there any chivalry save that which belongs to true Christianity?"

"None, none!" answered the soldier. The eyes, so like Alke's, were as tearful as hers.

Alke came nearer; and there swiftly passed over the soul of the knight a feeling which melted down all the iron barriers, and he dared to say, "If I were a Pythagorean, as was once the man who smote me here," —

he touched his wound, — “I should aver that I had been blessed in having known your child in some other life.”

The supreme moment had come, — Gaspar knew it. Nothing was needed to confirm his suspicion that these two were brother and sister.

“I think, Knight, that the other life was the morning of this.”

“Perhaps,” said the mystified soldier, who then imagined that Vian had actually taught these folk Pythagoreanism.

“Sir,” said Gaspar, drawing his stool nearer, as he unloosed his wrist-bands, and Alke placed his aching foot upon the lamb’s skin, — “sir, you know not who looks into your eyes ; but I will make sure of you before I tell you. Oh, God of memory, hear my prayer !”

The voice of the cottager trembled ; his eyes were fountains. Even Alke was unnerved. The knight’s white face was twitching with excitement. Silence was hushing their breath, until the eyes of the soldier saw before him two brawny wrists, bare and brown. They were stretched under his gaze. The arms of Gaspar trembled not.

What fastened the eyes of the young knight upon those white marks in that brown skin, — the livid scars, — sword-wounds of long years ago, but so plain, so white, so memorable !

“Do you remember your childhood ?” cried Gaspar.

“My father ! My own father ! Oh, God, is it true ?”

“My poor child, Ami ! Oh, Ami !” The father’s arms held him tenderly. “And little Alke ! Oh, my dear children, my children !” Gaspar said it again and again, as they clasped each other in happy embrace.

The golden-stringed lyre was too delicate for such madly inspiring strokes. In a few days the young Barbé Gerard Pastre was praying at the bedside of Alke. The momentous transformations of the preceding days had

issued to Ami in a fevered brain. He had become uncontrollable.

Now Gaspar sat wondering and weeping by the side of the cot on which the armor of the French knight — his own Ami — lay glittering. The bed by the doorway was empty. Ami had escaped them in his delirium.

The last words of characteristic sanity which he spoke to them were these : "I am a saved sinner ! The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, even from jealousy."

He had then rambled on in his talk about the Pope and Luther, and now for two nights and days the lame father and the faithful but exhausted Alke had prayed in vain for Ami's return.







## CHAPTER XXX.

“UBI PAPA, UBI ROMA.”

IMP · CÆSAR · KAROLVS · V · AVG ·  
BONONIAM · DIVERTENS  
IMPERII · INSIGNIA  
A · CLEMENTE · PAPA · VII · RECEPTVRVS  
HIC · QUOQUE · SANCTITATIS · ET · BONARUM · ARTIUM ·  
DOMICILIUM · SUCCESSIT  
SINGVLA · PERLVSTRANS · VNA · ET · SVSPICIENS.

SUCH is the record deeply graven on a single fine stone which is inserted within the strong wall of the large dormitory of the monastery of San Michele in Bosco. Three and a half centuries have gone ; but nothing of interest in the conduct, or of significance in the purposes of Emperor Charles V. has detached itself from that 25th of February, 1530, on which this powerful ruler received imperial coronation at the hands of the Pope. Significant as was his election on June 18, 1519, as the successor of Charlemagne, or the coronation at Aachen, by the Archbishop of Cologne, Oct. 23, 1520, each was naturally surpassed by the event at Bologna, when the King of the Romans and of Germany saw Clement VII. about to invest him with the world's richest diadem.

Charles V. had had an uneasy mastery. Francis I. was known to him as a courtly gentleman and a royal liar.

He had missed the discovery of the meaning of those energies which had been operating in the Renaissance, while he played with the eddies in the stream. He had failed to comprehend the strength of the religious upheaval which at his own city and in his own court had already made his affairs jostle uneasily. He had proven himself a good foil for the intellect of Charles until he was made his prisoner and slave ; and the Peace of Cambray now admitted the French Sovereign into only an hour's nervous friendship.

Henry VIII. was the only monarch whom Charles had learned to respect, because he feared him. Directed, as he seemed to be, by the genius of Wolsey, even he was often manageable. The power of any alliance between the English King and the Sovereign of France in the Low Countries lay in their apparently pious and publicly applauded purpose of serving the Holy Father, and rescuing him out of the grip of him who had made Italy bleed beneath the Imperial arms. That purpose seemed forgotten. Henry's scheme for a divorce from Katherine of Arragon, it appeared, could not but complicate his policies and embarrass his ambitions as a sovereign. Yet Katherine's nephew, Charles V., was not blind to the fact that it might lead to an alliance against the Imperial standard.

Charles could not forget the negotiations at Amiens between Cardinal Wolsey and Francis I. That confederacy, whatever had happened to the proposed marriage of Orleans and the princess, or to Henry's considerate but formal renunciation of the French crown, had a strange vitality. True, by relaxing somewhat of the severity of the treaty of Madrid, he had not won either Francis or Henry. This had simply irritated the emperor, and war instead of a royal duel had come. Rome had been vacated ; Naples besieged ; and the Pope had acknowledged Francis I. as his emancipator. While Henry VIII.

had been unable to marshal England against him in the Low Countries, and Lautrec could not hold the French army because he failed to receive the support of his monarch, and Admiral Andrea Doria had revolted from a king who gave him compliments and an insulting court, attaching himself to the emperor who sent him to the relief of Naples, — all ending in disaster to France, the capture of Genoa, and the rout of the French army under Saint-Pol, — it was still evident to the wary Charles that jealousy of the Imperial standards was not humiliated either in France or England.

The Peace of Cambray had beneath it the empty treasury of the emperor and the weariness of the Spaniards. The emperor knew the Pope to be negotiating with both himself and the French King. Two women, even though one was the royal aunt of Charles, and the other was the mother of Francis, could not make such a protesting friendship inviolable. Even his treaty of June 20, 1529, with the Pope, was unsatisfactory. The white steed which his Holiness rode, and then sent to the Imperial commander, was not so burdened with testimonials of absolution for all who had plundered Rome, or with offers of ecclesiastical revenues, that he might not run away and find a road to the stables of the Supreme Pontiff.

Francis I. had sacrificed everything but his restless ambition and his facility at lying. Henry VIII. was in uninterrupted communication with him. The Pope had chatted with Henry's ambassador when the former was a prisoner of Charles V. at Castle St. Angelo, and had listened to the king's desire for a divorce from the emperor's aunt. Only the threats and promises of Charles V. had made his Holiness forget his obligation to serve the English monarch. Above all these in peril born of the fears of the army, were the Turk whose four weeks' siege of Vienna Charles had not forgotten, and the growing movement of the Reformers, whose progress Pope and

ruler had affected to despise, but which they now saw must be met with a vigorous hand.

Nothing was, therefore, so natural as a desire for an alliance with the Pope, whom he had incarcerated and whose city he had sacked. Charles remembered that his grandsire Maximilian, at critical moments which he had not anticipated, repented that he had not obtained papal coronation. Enraged at Henry VIII., distrustful of Francis I., fearful of a coalition of his foes, and bent on the suppression of the Reformation, he would meet Clement VII. at Bologna as the King of France met Leo X. at the same place after the battle of Marignano.

Charles V. was ready to depart. Andrea Doria, the rebel against the French Sovereign, should command the flag-ship.

While the emperor *en route* was entertaining the husband of Lucretia Borgia, the Duke of Ferrara, at Reggio, Clement VII. was approaching Bologna. Charles had made a tour of magnificence. Attended by day by splendidly clothed men of State and the army, sleeping in palaces at night, received by cavalcades of cardinals, visited by ambassadors from the French King, his journey was interrupted only that he might be informed that his chancellor had been honored by the Pope, or that the gracious Pontiff had come near to Bologna; and on the 4th of November, he halted at the convent of the Italian brothers of the rule of Saint Bruno, close to the Certosa, outside the walls of the city. On one of its heavy stones to-day this record abides:—

A PERPETVA MEMORIA  
CARLO V IMPERATORE  
PER ESSERE CORONATO IN BOLOGNA  
SI TRATTENNE  
IN QUESTA ABITAZIONE  
IL DI IV NOVEMBRE  
AN. MDXXVIII.

As the emperor neared the convent, swiftly as a flash from the sun sped an arrow in dangerous proximity to his head.

The Imperial conqueror cried out : " Have I no safety here? "

" The safety of the Holy Church, the safety of all Italy ! " replied one of the astonished cardinals who had attended his Majesty from Modena. He had not seen the arrow ; indeed, it had escaped the discovery of all but the emperor. For him it was intended ; for his heart its poisonous point had been prepared. The nervousness of the sovereign did not abate as the entire body of white-robed priests protested that such an occurrence was almost impossible. The illustrious companions of Charles V. made every search ; attendants hastened to discover the guilty wretch ; and the monarch was assured of his safety.

One of his company, however, ventured to utter his distrust of the monks.

" It could not have been a brother who had heard that mellifluous voice," remarked one of the monks, who, with many others, had spoken concerning the pleasing and quiet tones of a man whom all Italy had hitherto regarded with terror.

" It may have been a shot from one who saw that villainous underjaw and those protruding lips," whispered another, who was one of a larger number who had determined that no suavity of manner or gentleness of tone should lead them to forget that Charles had plundered Rome and made the Pontiff a captive.

Later in the day, when the emperor walked with Louis d'Avila, the historian, admiring the pictures and marbles with which popes and kings had enriched the sacred house, it was all explained.

A young man, suffering with a vicious sort of madness, evidently the result of disease, had been found near the

convent. A bow, and a quiver lacking a single arrow, were discovered with him ; and he chattered incoherently in French about that startling shot. The pious and sympathetic monks, touched at first by the wretchedness of his condition, then becoming wildly superstitious concerning his insanity, had sought to feed him ; then they had fled from him. He had been last seen running toward the banks of the Savena, which was nearly a mile away.

One of the imaginative brothers who longed to be rid of unpleasant responsibilities, invented the story that the madman leaped into the stream and was drowned. Another, in sober truth, declared that his face was beautiful ; and he was supported by one of the attendants of the emperor when he averred that he possessed a valuable ring bearing the arms of Pope Leo X. and holding an emerald. Both grew excited when they asserted they had seen him before, — one in Bologna, the other in Florence.

At length the discharged arrow was found. Its point was poisoned. The emperor himself trembled when he read the inscription written plainly on a bit of parchment and attached to it, —

*“Remember the Diet of Worms ! Forget not Katherine of Arragon ! Be mindful of the Turk !”*

He read it again, and examined the missile. It seemed to his Majesty that all the problems of his life met in that arrow. They were loaded with disaster ; yet it had missed him. What would have unmanned either of his royal antagonists served to solidify the thought of Charles V. Death had been escaped ; he must be in Bologna on the morrow.

Whence came the unexpected stranger ?

For more than a week the maniac had entertained and eluded the officers of Bologna. No one knew his name,

the hour of his arrival, the meaning of his movements, or the reason of his sudden disappearance. He had been looked upon only as a pitiful beggar who bewildered all who beheld him by the remarkable combination of scholarly sanity and vicious insanity which he furnished. He had been in prison and out of prison; but the city was so interested in the pageant about to occur, so crowded had become every street, and so busy was every official, that his career in Bologna had at length come to be unnoticed. Thieves and cut-throats, however, had hunted in vain for the wearer of the emerald ring; an agent of a ducal family had sought to purchase it of the impecunious stranger; but he had escaped them all. Every street in Bologna seemed familiar to him; and he had related to a companion in penury the occurrences of the visit of Francis I. to Pope Leo X. at Bologna, with astonishing accuracy of detail. Flashes of reason illumined the midnight of his mind, as the lightning plays upon the blackness of the storm. The crowded city, with its loquacious and excited visitors intent on beholding such another spectacle as had fascinated Bolognese conversation since the appearance of Francis I., let him pursue his way, although his fits of madness would have indicated that his vicious schemes might be carried into effect at any moment. His ragged associates laughed when he declared that he would kill Pope Clement VII.; and the desperate bloodthirstiness of his plans only proved to them that he was harmless.

On the morning of October 23 he appeared clad in elegant garments. His bedfellow had been a successful robber, and was a Spanish fugitive. With him a bargain had been made for the use of some coveted garments for an indefinite period. The ring was accepted as a pawn, and the thief was delighted.

Adding his perfect mastery of the language to the impression made by the bright, rich clothing, the mad-

man conceived himself able to find a way into the palaces and associations which were so soon to welcome the Supreme Pontiff.

As with such subtlety and intelligence he pursued his aims, the experience of a madman yielded to the sober tactics of wit. His physical condition was improving, and his madness was under control. When he felt the fit returning, he enforced silence upon his tongue and kept himself at a distance from his dagger. With superb self-mastery, his plan was consummated.

The hour at length came when the Holy Father was to enter the city. The insane man stood before the guard.

"He is a Spaniard, — an emissary of Charles V., King of the Romans and of Germany," cried one of the guard to another who was seeking to detain the stranger.

The madman thanked him in excellent phrase.

"That may be a Spaniard," quoth the irritated guard, "but he looks every inch a Frenchman."

"Nay, a child of our own Italy!" interrupted a third, who detected the Italian blood mount to the stranger's cheeks as he went away.

"That man I have seen in Bologna, ere this," said the first. "And he is enough like the beautiful youth who came and went with the French Sovereign when he met Leo X. in our city, — like enough to him," — and he gazed upon the knightly form and abundant sunny hair, totally forgetful to regard the changes which intervening years must have made, — "like enough to that boy to be his father!"

The old guard shook his wise head, and congratulated himself upon an existence on earth so long that he would be able to say, "I have seen two Popes receive two kings in Bologna."

"His language and his dress are of Spain. Let us not annoy the forerunner of the emperor!" added an aged



Bolognese soldier, who had felt the weight of Charles V.'s sword at Rome, and with a wise terror thought of any interference with an Imperial representative.

The stranger hurried through the street, stopping not to behold the gleaming marble arcades or the noble terraces, anxious only to join in the magnificence of the entry itself. He had already slept in rags under the shadow of the ancient university buildings, and starved under the front of famous palaces, while masters of jurisprudence and eminent poets and illustrious scholars had passed by. Why should he now pause before a leaning tower or an exquisitely chiselled marble? He waited but for an instant in the shadow of the elegant Carisenda; and there he repeated the words of Dante, in which it has passed into imperishable literature, —

"As seems the Carisenda to behold  
Beneath the leaning side, when goes a cloud  
Above it so that opposite it hangs;  
Such did Antæus seem to me, who stood  
Watching to see him stoop, and then it was  
I could have wished to go some other way."

And then he said, as he cast a furtive glance about him, "Oh, Dante, if thy prophecy concerning the Holy Church is realized, how like a toy will appear yonder graceful Asinelli! But," he added, on suddenly seeing a man nearing the spot, "I am a Spanish gentleman, a friend of Charles V., — his emissary, if necessity shall require. Ha, ha! I must not think of Dante and the Church. I shall be mad again, — yes, mad! Oh God, this gloom! it thickens. I cannot kill the Pope, — no, not the Pope. I will kill the Emperor! Ha, ha! He would kill Luther if he had him again at the Diet of Worms. Yes, I will kill Charles. Ha! Oh, my bow! my dagger! The saints — ha, ha! — the saints defend the King of the Romans and of Germany!"

In his returning madness he fled to the place of con-

cealment where the sleeping outlaw held the ring and the rags which he had forsaken. In an hour he had changed his garments, forgotten all about the entry of the Pontiff Clement VII., and lay panting with feverish excitement near the wall of the convent outside the defences of Bologna. He had found the bow and a quiver full of arrows, which, days ago, he had poisoned; and living on a morsel of food, he had awaited for ten days the arrival of the emperor.

The moment came. As he gazed upon his Majesty, the bow-string twanged; that arrow gleamed through the air.

On the 5th of November the king entered Bologna. He had given orders that the arrow should be brought with his armor; and as a significant memorial of the journey, he confided it to the guardianship of no less a person than Henry, Count of Nassau, High Chamberlain. Little did Charles V. dream that some of the ideas which attached to that arrow would make the name Nassau impregnable against oppression, when the nephew of that chamberlain should be known as William the Silent.

As little did the emperor dream that the interesting personage whom he now noticed as he entered the city, and took to be an elegantly attired Spaniard, was the madman who had sought his life near the convent on the day before.

There stood the excellently formed figure, as the emperor halted at the gateway. With unfrenzied eye, he looked upon Charles V. as he alighted from his white charger and mounted a dark bay genet. If any had questioned his presence, the stranger had replied like a knight and in faultless language.

The lucid hours of sanity had come again. He was master of himself; and he proposed to participate in these ceremonies. He had again donned the showy

garments of a Spaniard, and was more at ease with kings than with ordinary thieves and beggars. His every movement or attitude was knightly.

The gate of San Felice had hardly opened, when an eye into which he had first looked years before, burned upon him with glowing recognition. Ten minutes later, as the cavalcade halted, and the rich gold brocade with which the emperor's genet was almost covered was arranged to hold more securely the damascened breastplates, a hand was affectionately laid upon the madman's shoulder. He trembled.

The voice shook: "Ami, Ami! what do you here? By all the saints — or is it his ghost? Ami!"

At last he had been discovered, recognized, called by name. He was stupefied by the sounds. "Ami!" He had not heard his name since the awful moment when in the desolated home of his father, Gaspar Perrin, his fever raged like a hell and the delirium came upon him. Life and biography were but a blank page until he discovered himself a wretched beggar in the streets of Bologna, — a city which he had remembered with dizzying reflections when he looked at the arms of Leo X. on his ring.

Ami's brain reeled with the shock attending the pronouncement of his name.

"Ami, Ami!" again said the voice, — a cry suppressed in a whisper. The poor man staggered. Without lifting his eyes from the helmet which the emperor had taken off as he kissed the crucifix which Cardinal Campeggio held to the royal lips, the discovered Ami turned to walk away with his ardent companion.





## CHAPTER XXXI.

### STEPS ORDERED AMID CONFUSION.

“ The soothing thoughts which spring  
Out of human suffering.”

THE soul of the young man in the Spanish garb was a whirlpool. Memories, hopes, emotions of fear and of hate, feelings of chagrin and of despair, swirled in noisy tumult in his half-crazed brain. A hundred pictures of the mind suffused with a weird and melancholy light were torn to pieces and thrown about in confusion. He had seen faces that day which recalled his whole past as the friend of Francis I. and a person of distinction at the court. Here was a face, — the face sure to make everything incomprehensible.

There, an hour before these eyes had looked upon him, Ami had fancied Admiral Andrea Doria in that long retinue of gallant nobles and accoutred knights from Spain, Sicily, and the Netherlands.

What strange phantasy could it be? Ah! now it could not be a phantasy.

“Andrea Doria,” persisted Ami, “was the chief ally of my royal friend Francis I. Andrea Doria in this procession? Andrea Doria with the light horsemen, — three hundred in blazing red uniform, — what can it mean? Andrea Doria close to Antonio de Leyva? What! the Admiral was the ally of France when Antonio tore from

Francis I. a whole division with its leader, on the field of Pavia !”

Surely the dreadful mania was coming again in a new form. “Andrea Doria followed by Bolognese youths, clad in velvet, riding on Turkish horses, or running at the side of Charles V., as he rode beneath a canopy of gold, his armor of steel and gold glittering like a flame, and the eagle-crest shining upon his helmet !” — it was the dream of the maniac Ami knew himself to be.

He raised his eyes, and looked, as he departed. He saw only the fragments of the crowd, — three thousand German foot, ten pieces of artillery, three thousand Spanish soldiers, and — Andrea Doria in the midst near the emperor ! Old gout-stricken Antonio de Leyva borne in a chair, commander-in-chief ; and Admiral Andrea Doria —

“Oh, cursed malady !” cried Ami, as the newly found companion dragged him away.

There was no reply ; the sick man stumbled along as far as possible, until at length he lay exhausted upon the ground.

Every remedy which love could suggest or pity imagine was applied. The crowd heeded not, but like a flood swept on. Here and there a streamlet separated itself from the main currents and worked its way to this place of interest.

“A Spaniard of the emperor’s train !” said a wiseacre, as he walked on. “He has found purgatory in Bologna.”

The eyes of Ami slowly opened. He riveted their gaze upon his solitary companion ; for the shouts of the crowd had attracted every one away from the spot except this loved friend of other days. Up into his face Ami looked with piteous emotion. Tears fell upon Ami’s sunny hair from eyes which had waited unweariedly for a smile of recognition. What cared this

man that yonder splendid pageant had occurred without his presence? A kinglier power than Charles V. ruled his heart.

Love, which does not wait to comprehend the crisis, — love knew that the moment for complete devotion had come; and in a human form love stood heroic, and of all else save its masterful duty forgetful.

The ashy lips of Ami moved. The eager ears which had just heard the huzzas of the multitude were close to the trembling tongue; and kneeling upon the very soil where years before stood Ami, as the proudest young knight of France, his friend heard the longed-for whisper, —

“Francesco! It is Francesco! In the name of Jesus Christ, I thank — Francesco, do not betray me!”

The storm-tossed Ami had found succor in a fellow-sailor on life's unquiet sea, — a sailor whose stronger craft might seize his and condemn him as a pirate. But Ami was safe. Francesco de Robo loved the Church, but not the Sovereign of France. He could not betray Ami, even for love of the Church.

Since these two men had met as fellow-servants to his Majesty Francis I., great changes had come to both. At Chilly the youths had handled the swords and books of old Nouvisset; and the young Italian had grown into such favor with the king that he had been granted, at his own desire, a position of peculiar responsibility with Admiral Andrea Doria. In all the tempests into which Ami's conscience had gone, Francesco had been sympathetic and true. Oh, how those days of storm and shine, of brilliant wickedness and struggling hope, came back upon them, as with fast-flowing tears they embraced as restored lovers!

“Francesco,” whispered Ami again, with a choking sob in his throat, — “Francesco, tell me, oh, tell me at once! Where is my — ”

He faltered ; but the tongue of eloquent friendship spoke the dear word for Ami, — “ Astrée.”

Tears fell upon Ami's cheek from the eyes of Francesco, as he tried to kiss the forehead behind whose full beauty was a living agony. “ I will tell you all, Ami, when you are in a condition to hear sweet news. The saints prosper your returning strength ! ”

“ In the name of Jesus Christ ! ” slowly responded Ami.

Francesco was not oblivious that this phrase had been uttered by Ami but a moment before, and that it might denote an unimagined transformation. He knew it was not the hour for theological conversation. Louise of Savoy and Louis de Berquin seemed to be near, each looking scorn at the other ; but Francesco was silent.

As Ami and Francesco waited alone for weakness to become strength, the huge pageant about Charles V. moved on. It had gone forward, leaving Francesco in a new life. Of all else he had made sacrifice to his love for Ami, whose condition perplexed him. A little wine and a short hour of sleep had so refreshed Ami, however, that soon Francesco had little difficulty in leading him to comfortable lodgings, where he left him, promising to return as soon as he could beg leave of absence from the Admiral Andrea Doria.

With a patience supported by affection and transfigured by hope, Ami awaited Francesco's return. The latter had found his way back into the centre of the moving spectacle, had paid due homage to the powerful admiral, and found it possible to pass the night with Ami.

“ Oh,” said Francesco, “ this ostentatious glitter cannot miss me. I shall go where my life has some significance, where the crisis is genuine.”

Fleet indeed were his feet, but fleetier still were the two tongues which that night related almost a complete biography of two souls. Ami had listened for so long a time for the sound of Francesco's footsteps, he was so

weak and fearful of a return of his malady, that when Francesco entered he could hear the feeble voice of Ami uttering but two words : " Francesco — Astrée."

The staggering intellect had fastened its eye upon these two shining lights in its dark wanderings, and knew that each point of glory was within sight of the other : " Francesco — Astrée."

Not long did the conversation tarry with Andrea Doria's political position. Ami knew the steps which had led to the rupture. At length the schemes of Louise of Savoy and Duprat had united with repeated insults and the duplicity of the king ; Savona had been fortified ; Andrea Doria's beloved Genoa was robbed of her trade, and having revolted, he was about to be arrested by the minions of a king to whom he had given such important service, when he fled, sent back the collar of St. Michael to France, and joined the Imperial standard.

" Of course," said Francesco, who knew how earnestly the court strove to keep the intelligence from Ami while he was arming himself to kill Waldensians, — " of course I was glad to follow him as soon as I could." Francesco's lofty manner reminded Ami of Andrea Doria, as he had seen him commanding the galleys from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, nearly four years before. " I was still more proud when he drove the French from Genoa and declined to become its doge. Andrea Doria is too great to be the servant even of Charles V."

" But he is at present in the procession of Charles V.?" mused Ami, not quite sure of the facts. " It is all so mysterious. You are still his companion, Francesco? Yes ; it is confusing to me. But you love him ; you did not love the king. — Love? yes, I loved Francis I. ; but oh, Francesco, I loved Astrée ! Let Andrea Doria follow Satan or Saint Paul, I am strong enough now. Astrée ! — Oh, that awful pain is with me again ! — "

Ami's head was in one of the loving palms of Fran-



cesco ; while the young Italian stroked the burning brow with the other. It soothed his soul : and Ami slept again, the lips moving now and then : “ Francesco — Astrée ! Francesco — Astrée ! ”

If Francesco had been a student of mental physiology, and had been familiar with all the labyrinthine roadways in Ami's disordered brain, knowing each byway and the delicate strength of each bridge beneath which eddied such tangled currents, he could not have more successfully pursued his task of leading into the soul of his sick friend the long trains of information concerning events which had happened since they parted in Paris, on the day when Ami went forth to cement the friendship of pope and king in Waldensian blood. Love tested every nerve, and love weighed every sentence before a word was spoken. The result was that Francesco had soon told him of the feelings of Francis I. and his court at the turn things had taken with the cohort which Ami had led to La Torre ; the certainty with which the king believed that Ami had been killed ; the endless prayers which had been bargained for that his soul might have repose ; the haughty exhibitions of sorrow on the part of Louise of Savoy ; the grief of the Queen of Navarre ; and the theory of many of Ami's friends that the knights had been careless in abandoning him, though they thought he had been mortally wounded, in a Waldensian's cottage.

“ I could sleep now,” he said, “ if I knew that the anguish of another did not break her heart. Tell me, does my Astrée live ? ”

“ Astrée,” responded Francesco, with a sympathy in his tone which seemed to feel the awful strain within the sick man's spirit, with a firmness of knowledge which instinctively realized that a quiver in his voice would start a panic in Ami's soul, — “ Astrée lives, and Astrée loves you.”

The dazed and happy man appeared to be looking into eternity, as he slowly said, “ Astrée — Francesco.”

"You are looking far away." Francesco was confident of Ami's strength.

"I saw her while you were saying she loved me ; the Holy Virgin by her side, lilies in her right hand, and the gate opening and closing. Francesco, is it true?"

"Even so, Ami, even so. Oh, beloved of Astrée, noblest of knights" — Francesco kissed the flame in Ami's cheek, — "Ami, your Astrée is indeed a star, as you used to say. Her life at the court was as unsuited to her soul as an immeasurable earth would be to the presence of a glorious star from heaven. Her quickening beams never so illumined the world as since she has left it. When the news of your death in the mountains came, she said : 'He never so lived for God, for me, as now.' Her soul seemed at once transported to the eternity which she believed you had entered. An infinite sky adopted Astrée."

"The star !" whispered Ami.

"And to complete her detachment from things of earth, she fled the court, the king, the eyes of her loving ones. The Admiral Andrea Doria alone knew her paths. Even he knows not where she may be now. Ami, be calm !"

"My star is covered with thunderclouds," sobbed Ami.

"But she was landed in England, and was, a little time ago, safe in a nunnery in Somerset. Ami, I know you are glad Astrée is so far from the court of France —"

"In the name of Jesus Christ, let us give thanks and rejoice," was the only response.





## CHAPTER XXXII.

FAINT YET PURSUING.

“Evviva il Pontefice e l' Imperatore ! Viva Clemente e Carlo !”

“**I** HAVE come where I have long desired to be, to the feet of your Holiness, that we may take measures together to relieve the needs of afflicted Christendom. May God grant my coming may prove to be for the good of his service and that of your Holiness, and useful to the Christian world !”

These words of the mightiest of civil monarchs fell upon the ears of the Supreme Pontiff, while Charles V. was on his knees before Clement VII. The Pope had at last yielded to the emperor's desire to kneel in adoration ; kisses and tears had been freely interchanged ; the attendant still held the tiara of his Holiness ; the high chamberlain had placed in the royal hand the crowded crimson purse intended for the Pope. Both sovereigns had forgotten to remain pale, as at first, amid countless genuflexions ; and after a fresh outburst of tears, Hildebrand's successor replied, —

“I thank God that I see you here safe, after your long journey by sea and land, and that affairs are in such a state that I need not despair of seeing, by means of your authority, peace and order re-established.”

Never before had so many feet crowded into the street leading to the Basilica of St. Petronius ; never had the eager gaze of the bell-ringer, who now had climbed into the high belfry, overlooked such a dense and motley throng. Workmen had carried to the temporary structure, within which these magnates were to meet for the first time, the gay colors of the house of Medici and ancient and elaborate tapestries. Twenty-eight cardinals, without a fear of those who had begun to be called Protesters, or Protestants, had borne thither their solemn dignity and obsolescent importance.

No one appeared to detect along the sky a single hint of that stormy glory which for the most part even yet lay smouldering in obscure and public places where the fire was gradually gaining command of masses of inflammable material, whence it would soon rush upward, commingling with the majestic splendor of the quiet stars. Only Charles V., — “*Cæsar Imperator*,” — just as he rose from his knees and advanced to his seat on the left of the Pope, felt something in his breast which was the breath of the future whispering again the inscription on the arrow : “Remember the Diet of Worms !”

In quiet and joy, deep as their love, Ami and Francesco had passed the day. The Admiral Andrea Doria had a vivid remembrance of Ami, and of his services at the French court. By the grace of the sailor, Francesco had been excused from attendance upon a scene at which a less generous and loving nature would have been present at any cost. Ami had rallied, and now talked with astonishing vigor. His friend could detect only a trace of the madness.

With infinite patience Francesco had awaited a moment of sufficient health in his friend for the relating of a story the very anticipation of whose details thrilled him. How should Francesco introduce the subject?

He was as much bewildered at the gate of San Felice

as Ami had been. The old friend could scarcely believe his eyes, when days ago, at the entry of Charles V., this attendant upon Andrea Doria saw standing near, the Ami who had been killed while crushing out Waldensian heresies. The day just passed had brought no order out of Francesco's confusion. He reflected that Ami had left the castle of Francis I. determined to find a settled faith. How had he succeeded? While Francesco had been answering the inquiries of the sick man, cautiously avoiding any straining of his feeble energy, a throng of inquiries starting in his own soul had almost paralyzed his tongue. One phrase which Ami twice used had fixed itself in the thought of Francesco.

"‘In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ,’ or ‘In the name of Jesus the Christ,’ — Ami, that is a new phrase with you, since we read Quintilian with Nouvisset, or recited from Saint Thomas Aquinas to William Farel."

"It is a phrase dear enough to William Farel," answered Ami.

"What do you know of Farel's whereabouts, man?"

"William Farel," said Ami, remembering Francesco's joy that night at hearing how Ami and Queen Marguerite had accomplished his escape, — "he is safe in Switzerland, and mighty is his power. Clement VII. will put no such crown upon the temples of Charles V. as God has put on the brow of our old friend."

"Ami, you speak like one of those who protest."

"In the name of Jesus Christ, — a name above every name in heaven above or earth beneath!" responded the Waldensian, his face radiant with unimagined light, his voice steady and resonant, his body raised upon his elbow, as he lay on a sort of cot. "In the name of Jesus Christ, I am what I am. Yes, Francesco, I am what I longed to be, when I lived in the midst of the infamies of that court; what I fought against being on the morning when we parted, when you called me ‘the young Bayard,’ —

when I went forth to kill my own people with the sword. I am a Protestant !”

Francesco was dumb with astonishment ; and eloquent with irrepressible admiration, he stood transfixed, with the steady, seraphic gaze of that weak man upon him.

“ I know,” said Ami, “ that I have thrown my life before the sharpest of swords wielded by the knightliest of men.”

A tear stood in the eye of Francesco. Ami fell back upon his cot, exhausted, fainting.

In a few moments Ami had been restored ; but he was a madman for the rest of the day. Again, that affection, which was never so nearly omnipotent as when it must travel in twilight and carry its burdens into darkness, threw its ministries about the sufferer.

Through the entire afternoon Ami was quite beyond control. By and by night brought such partial deliverance that the malady relaxed its severities. Ami fell asleep, with Francesco at his side. The lips were moving, and the words were audible.

“ Astrée — Francesco ! I am a Protestant ! Astrée — Francesco !”

Little did Ami think, at any previous moment, that of the deeper lines in the spiritual biography of which Francesco had read so much to him, he had been kept in ignorance. He knew, when they were together in Paris, that of all men Francesco would be the first to understand him, if he should ever escape the fetid atmosphere of the Church and cast his lot with the Reformers. Francesco knew more ; for he once had a hint that Ami had sprung from a Reformer. Nouvissset, whose Greek temper and spirit had made both of them temperate in their credulity, often preserved a studied silence when Ami spoke of destroying heretics. The friendship of Marguerite had manifested itself in a correspondence in

which she had uttered every sentiment which made her such an ally of the Reform. Francesco's faith in the authority of the Pope had gone before Ami had left Astrée's side to fight for an orthodoxy which the former saw only as a vanishing-point. Now, as he sat there with Ami's feverish hand within his own, he too was a protester. But Francesco could not rest with a negative protestantism.

"Astrée — Francesco ! I am a Protestant !"

"So also am I !" cried out Francesco, pressing the insane Ami with his lips, and seizing him, in his fresh, triumphant joy, with that wild, ungovernable freedom with which a strong river delayed by obstructions which at a given instant a baby's touch might remove, tosses a chip in its foam. He clasped the weak frame of Ami to his own breast, and was amazed to feel the sufferer straighten into his old knightly figure, remove himself a few steps, and say, "In the name of Jesus Christ !"

"Yes, yes !" Francesco knew that Ami's sanity had returned. "Yes, the hour has come ; the occasion is here for me to declare it. The abominable mask has fallen. I believe every true knight in Europe is for the reform. It is in the name of Jesus Christ, Ami ! They have crucified him afresh, and put him to an open shame. The new crusade is on. We will not try to rescue the grave of Christ from the Turk, but we will rescue the living Christ from the ecclesiasticism which has entombed him."

Of how much more enduring significance was this simple scene than that sumptuous display in the Piazza Maggiore, only the history of the human soul, beleaguered with doubts, dependent upon celestial certainties, flinging kings and pontiffs into graves, following the heroic and faithful toward the dawn, must tell. Charles and Clement were playing solemnly with the toys of yesterday ; Francesco and Ami stood gladly reading the messages of to-morrow.

The hours passed swiftly, as Ami told of the march to San Michele and on to the valleys; the attack of his band upon the mountaineers; the discovery of Vian's presence; the meeting of father and child, sister and brother, after the fight with Wolsey's emissary.

What a combination, — Gaspar Perrin, Alke, Vian, Ami!

During the conversation — for Ami's monologue was turned into dialogue by the ardent curiosity and friendly amazement of Francesco — often did the voice of the Waldensian falter; and Francesco stood like a living model conjured into silence and made motionless by the tragic incidents.

"Ami, you cannot now hate the man who saved you from murdering your own sister, — you cannot, even though his name was Vian."

"I can despise no human soul, now that I have known the love of God," was Ami's answer.

"I know not all that you mean, when you speak of the love of God. Would that I knew! Would that I felt God's love as you do, Ami!" Francesco's voice was unsteady with feeling. "But I do know that Astrée never fled from your love for love of Vian."

"That I also know," quickly said Ami.

"I say to you, Ami, again, what once I said at the castle, that Vian did not seek to rob you of Astrée. He was as brilliant as another star, on the night when they talked on the sward near the tent of the king. She could not keep her own beams — star that she is! — from mingling with his. Ami, does the love of God crush out the viper-brood of jealousy? Methinks I note a change in your eye. It blazes not with angry jealousy, as once it did, at the mention of one word, — Vian!"

"You had never said so much of my past sin," answered the Waldensian, "if you had known that it is dead. Alas, it may be that he is dead! Poor Vian! I gave



him a ghastly and doubtless fatal wound. They took him away in chains, — my own knights, who forsook their leader, — though Vian seemed dying. Would that they had been less rough with so fine a frame, in which lived so lustrous a mind !”

Ami had determined to tell him of Alke’s love for Vian at a later time.

“ Ami, tears like these you never shed at Paris. Does the love of God find the purest fountains within us ? ”

“ The love of God and the peace of God pass all understanding, Francesco ! ”

“ I would that I knew it as you do. ”

Then the two men, with the same arms about each other which had lifted Nouvisset’s swords so often, and without a word, found themselves kneeling down by that cot on which Ami had been such a sufferer. The silence was broken for a little time by sobs. Prayers which had only the language of tears, ascended to God ; lips which had known only ritual, moved now with the one Holy Name.

“ In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, ” cried Francesco, “ supplicate Heaven for me. ”

Ami began to pray aloud. No priesthood could have been more sublime ; no ceremonial was so august as that moment presented. It was Ami’s first prayer for another soul. Francesco held to him with desperate, loving energy. He seemed clinging to his guide with a death-like grasp, while walking over fathomless abysses.

“ I am a sinner, Ami ! Oh, Jesus Christ, I am a sinner ! ” cried the proud, struggling Italian.

“ By grace ye are saved. It is not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God. ”

“ I beseech thy Grace, O Christ ! ” responded the suppliant.

“ Believest thou on Jesus Christ ? ” asked Ami.

"I do believe ; but I am slipping out of the hands of Satan."

"Thou art falling into the hand of God, Francesco !"

"It is the scarred hand of Christ ! I do trust to be held," said the Italian.

Lips which had never borne another soul's destiny heavenward now became priestly, and were touched with fire as Ami prayed for Francesco. "Then, O God, thou Father of Jesus Christ, hear our prayer ! O Son of God, be our Saviour ! A child of thine, willing to know thy love, comes bringing himself to thee. Let not his sins come between thee and thy child !"

"They do not ! Ami, my sins have not hidden me from God's love ! They do not !" said Francesco, rising quickly, his face suffused with a celestial light. "Ami, I do know what the love of God is !"





## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE EMPEROR'S SERVANT.

"Brief rest upon the turning billow's height."

IT was in the early morning, that Ami and Francesco walked together far out from the Piazza Maggiore, upon which looked the windows of the palace occupied by the Pope and the emperor. Upon their steps the eye of Divine love seemed looking with infinite care. The world had been made new, while Francesco was kneeling with Ami in his humble lodgings. He had come to Bologna to be an attendant upon the crowning of Charles ; he had been made an heir of God and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ, of a kingdom incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Every ray of sunlight which touched his path transfigured the planet ; the sky was larger ; the earth was encircled with hope.

Over three months had gone, since Charles V. arrived in Bologna. The coronation had not yet taken place ; but Charles and Clement VII., who had the best of reasons for distrusting each other, had endured a prolonged festivity, had arranged various political schemes, and were now preparing for the august ceremony of coronation. Meanwhile a message from Ami had been sent to Gaspar Perrin, and one full of love had been received from Alke.

"The Lutheran soldiers pulled down the Pope's statue last night," said Francesco. "They went through the Piazza, pulling the head with a rope ; and then they burned it."

"That is almost as wicked as a pope burning a living heretic," replied Ami, with a serious smile.

"Ami, we must belong to one army or to the other ; and I should like to go into the army of the Reform, after this monstrous farce is over. This whole affair is as unreal as a mask."

"Behind the mask are ignorance and crime, superstition and lying," said Ami, with spirit.

"But we must stay until it is done. I shall go to the coronation with the admiral ; and you will be with me. We shall see men with the faces of whom we may desire to be familiar. We are both young. We shall be as much in earnest, when this farce is over. Then, Ami, — then, as you say, to your father's home, and then to William Farel or Philip Melancthon. Your father knows both ?"

"Yes ; and Luther, too, as I believe."

This had been their matured plan for many days. Gaspar Perrin, who was in correspondence with the leaders of the revolt against Rome, had already sent news to William Farel, that the Reformers had gained a convert from the procession of Charles V. at Bologna. Ami had informed his father that it seemed wise — he knew not why — that he should remain and study the situation from this strategic point of view, and that soon this new and important accession to the ranks of the protesters would start with him for the cottage of the Waldensian. The letter of Ami closed with these words : —

"We are beholding a sunset. Behold the sunrise soon on your mountain-tops. You will discover it on the heights of the Waldensian's faith, before any may divine it in this thick, foul air."

It was the ardent flame of prophecy bursting from the breast of youth to gladden the weary eye of age.

The treaties between Pope and sovereign had been signed. The Pope had given to this obedient son of the Church the hat and sword. The bulls had been baited, and the horse-races were over. The university had been visited; and everybody was tired. The coronation-day was at hand. The emperor must be in Germany at once. Rome was too far away! "Ubi papa, ubi Roma" was repeated, as it had been for hundreds of years; and all was satisfactory.

The command of Andrea Doria brought both Francesco and Ami into the immediate service of the emperor. Even Charles V. admired the beauty and extolled the manners of the young knight whom Francis I. had had no thought of training for service at the coronation of his strongest foe. Ami was placed in a position of delicate responsibility. Francesco was sure that his madness would not recur; else to obtain such a place for him would have been to murder Charles. For hours, in the course of the tedious arrangements, the young Protester had the opportunity of studying the eyes, face, manners, and tones of the one giant enemy of the Reformation.

Ami received from one of the cardinals the guardianship of a priceless treasure. Ragged and half starved but a few days before, he had then beheld this same cardinal, as with his train he had advanced in solemn grandeur from the ancient cathedral of Monza, bearing this magnificent relic. It was the iron crown of Lombardy. There, enclosed in a gold crown which was made of jewelled rays, was this circle of iron,—a nail from the true cross. The cardinal showed Ami the blood-drop which had been almost lost in rust. Ami was silent with his thought. With his own fingers the first Christian king had placed that nail in his helmet,—so the cardinal assured Ami.

"Would so knightly a man as you are desire to kneel and kiss it?" asked his Grace.

Ami was courteous, heroic, silent. The cardinal crossed himself. His face was at first as red as his hat, then as white as the velvet on which rested the crown.

"Your sovereign will kneel to receive it! Your profane silence will be broken by the chatter of devils! These are cursed times,—alas! cursed times. Rome was sacked by him who will do penance for it to-day; but I know the curse for you!"

It was too late for the enraged cardinal to impeach the honor and loyalty of this strange attendant and guard. The Pope and the sovereign were in the chapel. Together, the dignitary and the guard walked within; but Ami carried only the crimson velvet cap which Charles V. wore, as he knelt to receive the iron crown; and he withdrew, content to let Clement VII. crown the foe of his old friend Francis I. without his even beholding the spectacle.

"This," thought Ami, "will seem to have been a dream of tawdry evanescence, when we find the kinglier souls who love God. I will not join in the procession; now that I did not kiss the iron crown! Oh, God of Jesus Christ, make plain my path!"

But there was no avoiding the procession. The most knightly figure in Bologna must stand close by the emperor; and, strangest of all, must obey his most curious whim.

"The arrow which missed my royal head,—where is it?" demanded Imperial Charles.

The chamberlain, Henry of Nassau, drew it from a jewelled quiver which had just been devised by the most eminent artist in Bologna. For nearly four months this artificer had been finding and polishing jewels, arranging them and fastening them upon a quiver of steel and gold, which was created to protect an arrow which had sped through the air, outside the walls near the convent,

on the royal arrival. Charles V. looked upon the event as a pledge that the powers above held him in divine protection. He would not mount his white charger, until Andrea Doria and the Duke of Urbino, who stood waiting to hold the stirrup for him, had examined it and read the inscription, which was still clearly decipherable on the parchment attached, — “Remember the Diet of Worms!”

“That is enough,” said Charles V., who did remember it. “Bear this with you, and fear not. Heaven with all the saints has rulers in close protection!” and then the emperor handed the gorgeous quiver to Ami, not at all interested in the solemn whiteness which made the young knight look like a ghost, as he received it.

The Pope’s procession had already started. Ami could see it issuing forth in awful length between the halberdiers, pursuing its sinuous way like an immense serpent, rapacious, poisonous, omnipotent with its crushing folds, if ever its anger were aroused. He looked at the arrow. What a whirl of memories and hopes! Ami read the inscription, and whispered only this: “Remember the Diet of Worms!” Then he began to mutter it half audibly, again and again.

“I was not mad. No madman wrote those words. The only sanity is for Charles V. to remember that Luther is in the world. I was not mad. The sword which gleamed that day above the head of Martin Luther will cut off the head of that serpent.” Thus meditated Ami, until the King of the Romans saw his hand touch the piece of parchment.

“Have a care of that arrow, and touch not the inscription!” commanded he. “Would that I knew the writer of those words! No madman was he.” The emperor fell to talking with Andrea Doria at his side.

The wide bridge which had been formed from the window of the palace to the landing above the steps

leading to the portal of St. Petronius, to make easy the passage of these dignitaries to the high altar, allowed six persons to walk abreast. The pressure of the papal procession had already begun to make the whole gallery tremble. Flowers and leaves fell from above down to the sumptuously carpeted floor, which was touched with the flowing edges of the fine tapestries and the magnificent velvet cloth, blue as the unclouded heavens above. Against these showed the rose-colored robes of the papal court. The purple-clad scholars, the cardinals in characteristic attire, archbishops in rich garments, the haughtily apparelled fathers of the ancient city, and the heavily armored standard-bearers of the Holy Church, helped to make the crowds of noble and titled ones which advanced before his Holiness.

It was a brilliant picture. Every largest thing was a broad splendor; every smallest a gem. Cellini had taxed his genius to create the very clasp which fastened the cope beneath that heavy jaw. Within the clasp was placed a gem whose every ray of beauty was a gleaming page of history. The state-chair trembled not, on the strong shoulders of the servants, who were so apparelled that at a distance they seemed only a red glare. The Pope's triple crown quivered above it all, like the point of an enormous flame.

Near enough to his Holiness to satisfy the demands of his position, always careful to be far enough away from the emblazoned heralds and finely dressed kings-at-arms of Francis I. to escape recognition, Ami beheld the emperor followed by officers of all grades, ambassadors of various powers, attendants without number, and cup-bearers, heralds, ministers, scions of royal houses, in mighty array. He saw his Majesty take the oath and receive the rochet. The eye could detect nothing but magnificence within the holy fane, as the great entrance welcomed the sovereign to St. Petronius.



Crash! and crash again! With the awful sound of a complete wreck, mingled with many shrieks and groans, drowning in a tumult of cries and prayers the uproar of the crowd around, fell a part of the gallery. A bounteous harvest of human beings also fell before the scythe-stroke of death.

No one had time to count the bruised and bleeding corpses. The crowd was as steady as the emperor, when, immediately after prayer with the cardinal, as he entered, he donned the elaborately adorned cope and reappeared. The eagle was stretching his wings of pearls and rubies over the Imperial shoulders. The neck of the king was encircled with devices; but Ami saw only the Pillars of Hercules, and that significant phrase, "*Plus ultra*," — "*More beyond*," — which, since the hour of Columbus' great discovery, had taken the place of that ignorant assertion of the haughty past, "*Ne plus ultra*," — "*No more beyond!*"

As Ami saw it, he said: "'*Plus ultra*,' — '*More beyond!*' Some spiritual voyager also will be here; and he will find some genuine fact on the other side of this our present faith, to balance with what we know. Then, in matters of the geography of the soul's life, '*Ne plus ultra!*' will give way, on the crown of yonder Pope, to the glad assertion, '*Plus ultra!*' — for there is always more beyond. Luther is a spiritual Columbus."

It was impossible for Ami to find Francesco, of whom he now thought, as these ideas entertained him. He would have so liked to hear Francesco, as he looked into the vista which had just then opened before his own mind. It stretched into spiritual realms far beyond, from behind the Supreme Pontiff, as there he sat before the three cardinals and the emperor, on the throne erected within the choir, through whose spaces reflections from the pontifical vessels shone, only to fade away as they touched the arras which Flanders had contributed to the hangings round about.

Somehow the figure of Henry IV., the predecessor of Charles V., standing in the snows of Canossa before the intolerable arrogance of Gregory VII., came swiftly before the eye of Ami, and vanished, as the emperor pressed his lips to the toe of Clement VII. It came again, when, after the anointing, the giving of the orb, sceptre, and sword, the placing of the half-priestly, half-kingly crown, the proclamation of high-sounding Roman titles, the clang of arms, the thunder of drums, the blare of trumpets, the roar of cannon, the shout "Evviva Carlo Imperatore!" he saw this performance repeated. Instantly Ami reflected that Charles V. was no Henry IV.; and that there lived in Germany one soul at least who in moral sovereignty surpassed them all.

What had kept Admiral Andrea Doria absent in the later moments of the pageant? Just a moment before he was not in his place; now he stood unattended nearest to the king. Ami missed Francesco.

He leaped to the conclusion that the populace had become anxious for the safety of the Pope and Charles V.; and that after the catastrophe at the gallery the suspicion of foul treachery to the emperor on the part of the Italians must have demanded the attention of the admiral. He had doubtless left Francesco, brave and true, to discover and arrest the progress of any movement against the sovereign. Ami did not overestimate the disorder and violence which lay imprisoned in the breasts of that Bolognese crowd.

While the Supreme Pontiff celebrated Mass, this self-respectful young Italian became more certain than ever that he was a protester. He was thinker enough to know that while the creed was being chanted by his Holiness, its definings were confining the intellect and hope of Europe; while the Gospels in Latin and in Greek were being chanted also by cardinal and prelate, the deeper harmonies and sweeter melodies within the mis-conceived words waited sadly for the lips and lives of

the common people to give them distinct utterance. When the Pope granted plenary indulgence to all present, Ami reflected with indignant scorn upon the days when Louise of Savoy offered her queenly hand to keep him pure, while it was proposed that his mind should be in league with iniquity. He threw out of his soul forever any such conception of the agony of his Redeemer as would permit the Church to use Christ's superlative merit to prolong a shameless infamy.

As the emperor and Clement VII. marched down the great aisle, each holding the hand of the other, magnates carrying their long flowing robes, an elegant baldaquin borne above their heads, Ami thought of him who was poor and lowly, who hungered and thirsted, who had not a place for his head, whose crown was made of thorns, whose white-robed ones have come up through great tribulation.

They reached the open air. There stood this successor of Peter the poor fisherman, — the Vicar of Christ Jesus, Clement VII. ; an emperor bedecked with jewels was holding his stirrup ! This vicar of the man of Nazareth had given Charles V. the sceptre and orb which he was to guard ; Jesus had said, "My kingdom is not of this world." This vicegerent of the Galilean peasant had just crowned every devilish sentiment and Satanic ambition which would serve the tiara of Rome ; the Redeemer had crowned his subjects, each a priest and king, with moral power alone.

While Ami mused, the fire burned.

Was it strange that Ami should remember with joy and hope the poverty, the heroism, the purity, the faith, the simplicity and sublimity of Martin Luther, his father's friend, as he saw that brocaded pontiff chatting pompously with a scheming Cæsar Emperor beneath that glittering canopy ?

"Evviva il Pontefice e l' Imperatore ! Viva Clemente

e Carlo!" shouted the multitude from balconies, windows, thronged streets, and crowded housetops.

"Where can Francesco be so long?" said the affectionate Ami, as he picked up a banneret on which flew the Imperial Eagle.

"You are wanted by Andrea Doria himself, when the procession reaches the banquet." The helmeted rider who thus spoke to Ami had signalled and had been allowed to approach the royal party.

In and out of this huge monotonous plain of ostentatious display, the silver stream of this friendship worked its way.

"What can keep Francesco so long?" asked this one soul, whose human love had been transfigured by the love of God.

The messenger shook his head and departed. The sceptre of Charles V., which for a moment was in the hand of Ami, had almost dropped from his grasp. The emperor knew not that the man who carried it looked upon those twelve Bolognese nobles who strained to bear the heavy baldaquin which sheltered his Majesty and the Pope as men who ought, at this crisis in the history of Europe, to be in better business. Emperor and Waldensian lived in the atmospheres made by different ideas. Each had thought of Luther at Worms; but through what various media had they seen him! It was not that one was Emperor and the other a servant. The difference lay in the fact that one was in league with yesterday, the other was in league with to-morrow.

As Ami beheld the gold chains of the Doctors of Laws who appeared in hoods of miniver, he seemed to see one of the last appearances of the chain as a limitation upon the scholar's soul. Clement VII. saw those chains as badges of subjection to the Church. The trumpeters made the air tremble. The drums kept the ears of the citizens weary with noise. The eye grew tired of the

purple and crimson robes, the red fringes hung with pearls and gems, the red housings of the horses glittering with gold lace, silver maces, red hats on gilt staves, blue silk flags covered with lilies and golden lettering, white banners illumined by fiery crosses, and innumerable torches carried by illustrious men. Ami's heart was with Francesco. In the din and confusion he feared that his own madness might return upon him ; and now his lips moved again with the words : " Francesco — Astrée ! Astrée — Francesco ! "

At length to his weary brain the procession of Clement VII. and Charles V. became a confused mass of heralds, bishops, imperial eagles, Turkish horses, dukes, marquesses, counts, admirals, soldiers in red surcoats, colleges of cardinals in still more blazing red, tribunes in caps and cuirasses. Lorenzo Cibo, crusader and captain of the Papal Guard, carrying the image of the dead Christ ; the Gonfaloniere of Justice bearing a flag on which the word " Libertas " was written ; the sacrament carried on a horse on whose neck hung a silver bell, whose back was covered with gold and embroidery of silk ; the emperor, crowned and mantled ; the Supreme Pontiff, begemmed and adored, — these stood out from the rest of the long, rich pageant. Ami was tired out ; and the heart within him was aching with doubt. Where could Francesco be ?

" Have you lost the arrow with the parchment, young man ? " said a knight who rode near, and was recognized at once as the chief attendant upon the chamberlain of the sovereign. As he spoke, he touched a large and jewelled lance.

In attitude and manner Ami was knightly enough, as he responded ; but his tongue was silent. The hated authority of both the Pope and the emperor looked at him for a long, painful moment.

" I will speak to the emperor, and satisfy his Imperial

Majesty," replied Ami; and then he tried to look contempt upon the knight. "Do you know the Admiral Andrea Doria? In the care of his friend and most chivalrous attendant, Francesco de Robo —"

"Francesco de Robo!" The knight's tone was full of intelligent astonishment and evident pain.

"Stop! May it please you to retire to another place!" urged Ami.

They withdrew from the procession, which had reached the great hall. For many minutes Ami's brain had been in chaos. Now lightning-like flashes of agony shot through his forehead. He was allowed to go: his face was like that of the dead; the King of the Romans would sleep a little before the banquet.

The knight seemed stern and cold, as the fevered lips of Ami opened to say: "The arrow which the High Chamberlain bade me keep safely, is in the safer guardianship of the best of young knights, Francesco de Robo."

The knight reined up his steed. "Young man, I know you well. By the soul of Bayard, — for I do not care for saints, — I charge you flee! Flee at my word, for your very life! You have been suspected of heresy; hence, of treason. The heralds of Francis I. in this procession have told of your history. Antonio de Leyva has a dagger in a murderous hand, waiting for your heart. Francesco de Robo was killed by the falling of the gallery! From his bleeding hand I brought this fragment of the arrow, — the quiver was stolen; and here is your ring which Francesco took from a robber. This piece of the arrow I shall give to the chamberlain. Take you the ring. Flee! flee at once!"

In a brief hour Ami was again clad as a beggar, and was in flight toward La Torre.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### WANDERINGS OF SOUL.

Spite of the mask eternal love doth wear  
At times, that makes us shrink from it in fear,  
Because the Father's face we cannot find,  
Nor feel the presence of His love behind,  
Nature at heart is very pitiful.

GERALD MASSEY.

“OH, what am I to believe? I could let all else go, if only I could hold to a faith in the goodness of this Almighty One. It is terrible that God is so powerful, if He is not kind!”

It was Vian, solitary and chilled, talking to his own soul, as he clambered up the side of one of the Alpine peaks in search of a spot upon which he could pass the night without the suffering which the unimpeded waves of cold air promised to his weary frame.

“Oh, why did an Almighty goodness ever permit me to see Alke, if having seen her she may not be mine? Omnipotent evil could hardly invent a more exquisite cruelty than this. To be trained by a vision which has every moral right to be revered and obeyed; to have been leagued with a dream which alone has made my existence valuable and my life worthy; then to have come to the glad moment when this vision, so desperately clung to, ceased being a dream and was henceforth a living reality, — a reality so surpassingly beautiful, so sacredly

pure, — and in that same moment to have realized that the reality itself was quivering with yearnings to lose its life, and so to gain its life in my life ; then at last to find that the one deep and delicious kiss which made all that prophecy into history, marked the instant when we were hurled apart ! — this is a very crime against souls."

So strongly did the heart of Vian protest, in its unreasoning anguish, that his intellect was almost ready to say, "There is no God." He trembled as he remembered the last night's starless sky above him, threatening to become a permanent heaven for his soul. The wind shrieked amid the crags and pines ; and now and again the lightning bolt which leaped out of the scabbard of the midnight gloom seemed the sword of omnipotence which reached his heart.

"I know a bishop who is an atheist," he said ; and he laughed until the horror of it frightened him. "He was an atheist, because he never had a vision and had never loved. I may become one, because I have had one and have loved. By what opposite experiences do men reach the —" Vian could not say "truth."

The word "truth," like a solitary and hapless sailor, hung to the wreckage in Vian's soul. He must do something with it, for it seemed such a hapless thing. He asked the old question : "What is truth?"

Four years and more, separated the evening of this day from the day of the attack and separation from Alke.

Vian was still suffering as a wounded man, — wounded in soul and body. The French knight Ami, on that dreadful day near La Torre, had given him a stroke with his steel which had lacerated the flesh of his shoulder ; and only the Virgil manuscript, four leaves of which had been run through by the point of Ami's sword had saved Vian's heart. In the haste with which he had been dragged away by the affrighted knights, nothing was



done to provide against the loss of blood. The inhumanity of Vian's captors softened a little under the influence of the wine which they obtained from an innkeeper whose premises they raided for food; and the wife of the innkeeper was allowed to apply a plaster to the cut, and give some salve to their prisoner.

Vian had found out, before the French knights had gone far from the scene of their anticipated triumph at Gaspar Perrin's house, that they were actually panic-stricken by the complete victory achieved by the Waldensians. They were but a fragment of the contingent which Francis I. had loaned for the service of the Pope on that occasion; they were fearful of being pursued by the mountaineers, of whose daring and ability they had the most extravagant notions: they were leaderless, believing that Ami had been killed by Vian in the cottage; and where they were, or whither they were fleeing, they did not know.

Soon Vian, who appreciated the value of these features of their discomfiture to the safety of his own hopes, had begun to plan his escape. The night of Nov. 6, 1529, came upon the French knights, as they paused for rest in a narrow defile, into which fell the discordant echoes of a brawling stream that tumbled down over a confused mass of rocks. The guard had often slept at his side. He might fall asleep on that night. Amid the noises made by that furious cataract, Vian might make his escape. A storm was also coming on, and the very heavens seemed his ally. Never did the accordant tinkling of a thousand rills sound so melodiously as did the coarse plunges and ugly roar of that cataract. Never did Vian listen with such rapture to the growl of the thunder. Never quivered he with such fear and foreboding, as when the eyes of the storm-god were aflame in the dark, and in those flashes the cruel guard looked into his pale but determined face.

"Listen!" said the knight whom, for lack of a leader, each obeyed.

"A horseman!" ventured the prisoner.

"A Waldensian! you are praying?" said his guard.

Before Vian's silence had fully answered that query, a band of monks disguised as soldiers entered the defile, and exhibiting a gilt cross, found themselves welcomed by the hungry, frightened, and lost representatives of his Majesty Francis I. and his Holiness Clement VII.

"We are here to show you the road to your friends, who long to be back in Paris, where are no Waldensians, and to conduct you thither. We are also come to carry this false-hearted servant of the Pope to a suitable prison."

"Roast his flesh at La Torre!" cried out the guard. "I have seen better than he sizzle and fry at the capital."

"We have a strong prison many leagues from this spot. To that dungeon he shall be taken," was the answer.

For four years had the thick walls of one of the dungeons of the Holy Catholic Church surrounded the life and the hope of Vian. Silence as to the place on God's world in which his cell was located; silence as to the length or character of the tortures of which he was continually forewarned and many of which he did not escape; silence as to that checkered past, with its comedies and tragedies, its joys and agonies, its Alke; silence as to the future, which had now come to be inhabited with ghosts and doubts,—silence amid echoes of chains, cries of pain, whisperings of death, had oppressed the brain and presided over the heart of Vian for four long years.

At last one night Vian, who had feigned sickness, was visited by the guardsman, who had now made himself certain that the recalcitrant monk had no purpose of escaping.

The curious guard had brought with him Vian's coins and the manuscript; and he was determined to extract

from him the story of their significance. Curiosity had made prudence forget herself.

Vian saw his opportunity. The silent walls could not cry out. He seized the arms upon the guard, who groaned as he received a blow from his own bludgeon. Every key which Vian tried, found the secret of the lock. Out into the valley he ran, and was free again.

When, at the opening of this chapter, we found him crawling upon the shelf of rocks which was sheltered from the raw wind, he had enjoyed five days of liberty; but he knew nothing as to where he was or whither he should go. He was free; and he would guard that freedom with life itself.

He had lost dates and days from his mind; but it was November, 1533.

Soon morning came. From gray to blue the sky deepened. Pale wreaths of dreamy white floated along the mountain summits. Resinous odors filled the air; and as the blue above grew more intense, Vian found his eyes, which for so long had even tended to confine his thoughts to the walls, running their new roadways into the unexplored infinities above him. A few chestnuts which he had kept for his hunger, at sunrise had sufficed to calm his fiercest demands; and carefully avoiding breaking open again the wound which had recently showed signs of healing, he had so turned his body that the full depth of the sky was above him; and Vian was thinking of Alke and the almightiness of God.

“‘What is truth?’ Yes; I went to sleep, last night, with that question on my lips. Why need I care, if there is none almighty to be true? I do not care; for I am hungry now. Yet that is not truly *I*, who said I did not care for what truth may be, because I am hungry. *Truly I*? — what a strange thing is language! One puts words out of sight, and they rise again. *Truly* — Ah! we Pythagoreans believed the soul lived again;

but in actual life, it is the body. The idea dies; the word, its body, turns up again. I care not for *truth*, but I cannot talk long without that word 'truly.'"

A bouquetin went springing over him; and a gier-eagle swooped down near enough to find out that the ragged mass was not carrion.

"That bird thought it scented carrion. Well, I would be carrion itself, if I could honestly say I cared not what is truth! Who so made me, and for what? I know not. This I do know. I must confess an interest in 'truth,' whatever it is. Truth is to me what this light is to my eyes. What is truth?"

We have seen Vian, with the sub-prior of Glastonbury, struggling with the fear that intellectual and spiritual anarchy must surely come, if there happened to the Church and the Pope any such changes as the Reforming movement seemed to contemplate. Vian was a lover of order, organization, and strength. He looked with grave foreboding upon the prospect of an England without some sort of authoritative head and leader of religious interests. Yet he could never honestly acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope in his own brain, nor the right of the Church to condemn any man for refusing to believe the monstrous stories of saints and ceremonies.

Out of all that disaster into which his faith in Rome or in Pythagoreanism had fallen, rose one fact, so beautiful, so true, — Alke.

True, after a manner very common to mankind, Vian at Gaspar's home had accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour; but Alke was far too prominent in the transaction to make the Christ, at such a crisis as this which involved the loss of Alke, a saving power in Vian's character and life. If ever he was to realize Jesus Christ as his Saviour, he must come to that realization through such an experience as would carry his intellectual nature; for Vian's regnant strength did not lie in his emotions or

even in his conscience. His experience would certainly be as different from Ami's as were their souls.

Through many weeks of effort to avoid those monks and guardsmen who haunted the mountain paths for their escaped prisoner, he dodged their shrewdest guesses as to his hiding-places; and he also dodged the old forces of belief, which were even farther away than they from his real self. Alke — she, the little mate in his dream at Lutterworth — had led him into purity and honor; “now,” said he, “she must lead me into faith and hope, if I am to reach either. But the one power which might make me true is denied me!”

He sobbed these last words, as one evening he stood so painfully alone in the desolation of the Alps, while the sinking sun was making the whole west a living flame. As against this sheen of intolerable red he stood gathering his rags about him, he seemed a black monolith whose edges burned with resistless fires.

“Ah, it is the truth which makes her true!” and Vian persuaded himself to strive to pray to it after a while, when night had entirely come. But it is easy to forget an abstraction, especially in the dream of such a personality as was Alke; and Vian went to sleep thinking only of her.

Every morning when the purple linnets flew into the crisp air, which was so stimulating to his thought and so exhaustive upon the poor supplies which he now dared to beg for his hunger, he looked upward to the snowy crests with these words in mind: “No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten Son, he hath declared Him.” But for many days the refulgent cloud which swept between the summit and Vian's eyes seemed big with prophecy of revelation.

“Why need I have a creed at all? Or if I need a creed, let the Church make it! Ah, no! the Church is composed of human beings, and” — he was thinking of

his dungeon and the tortures he had seen — “such human beings! They are inhuman. These, notwithstanding, are the men who keep the unity of the faith; these are the guardians of orthodoxy. Oh, there never was such heresy! Besides, I have long ago renounced the dominion of the Church over me.”

So vanished the idea that the Church ever could legislate a creed into his soul.

“Why need I believe?” He was attempting to cross an abyss at the moment, and he soon was saying: “I should fail, if I doubted now. Oh, I must have a faith or perish!”

For that winter he had hired himself to an ignorant mountaineer, and had found out from him the direction in which he could pursue his course to Basle. Oftentimes as he looked out upon the snow, which lay like a permanent enamel upon the fields, he believed that spring-time might find living seeds beneath the cold, glittering doubt which had overspread his soul.

Would spring-time ever come? The fagots which he gathered for his somewhat exacting employer had grown and fallen in a vast amphitheatre which was now one white splendor.

“Oh,” he said once, “that I could hear Alke’s voice in this place!” Then he amused himself with the notion that as the mountaineers warmed themselves by these fagots within the little home, so perhaps he was barely keeping his mind at work with the relics of a once green and beautiful faith. But the peaks rose in such ghostly procession and stretched their line so far toward the north, and even the quivering orange which remained for a moment against the battlemented sky-line faded so soon, that his worn brain lost the significance of its own ideas, and he sat looking out of vacancy into vacancy.

“What is truth?” Vian had said this so often in the

sharp air, as he had looked up to the frosty glory of a single crag, that the children called him, for want of his real name, "Truth." Oh, how often the little flax-haired girl who sat on his knee in the evening as he sang to her of the fathomless crimson of the Alpine morning, sent a sword into his soul, as she begged him to sing again, calling him "Truth!" "Truth!"

Spring-time at length glowed one day over the frozen mirror of ice,—a sky beneath reflecting the heavens above. The drifting clouds caught the prophecy of summer in the morning; and all day Vian saw it flickering in the great gallery builded of rock, which was always full of contending light and gloom. The illimitable gulf which lay below him was being disturbed by a venturesome stream, which hurried away from the dissolving slopes. Turquoise, beryl, and amethyst soon blazed forth where the mountains had been adorned with ice-covered flutings, like great lines of polished steel. Green edges appeared along the streams, and the awful monotony of trackless white was broken. Spring had come; and Vian, whose heart seemed bursting as they said "farewell" to "Truth," departed, going toward the north.

Provided with arquebus and flint, he found himself able to obtain game; and such other necessities were purchased of mountaineers as made his progress far less painful than that of months before. All other problems were simple enough, however, in comparison with his problem of faith.

Long before Professor Tyndall, as he tells us, read Canon Mozley on "Miracles" in the Alps, did Vian find it possible to lose the personal God in the midst of Nature's sublimest spectacles. Long before Frederick W. Robertson wandered in the Tyrol, saying at length, though he had left much of the still unburied remains of English dogmatism behind him, "It is right to do right,"

Vian was asking himself, not "What is right?" — for his conscience did not lead him, — but "What is truth?" Long before John Henry Newman mentioned the mountain solitude as a spot for meditation and the strengthening of faith, Vian was trying to find a seat of authority somewhere between the individual reason and the collective Rome. "What is truth?" he still cried.

One day late in autumn he was skirting the northern spur of an unknown range of peaks, and had just succeeded in avoiding an abrupt cliff, when he saw crouching before him a being so hideous, so debased, yet so human, that his eye removed its gaze from him at once, and sought to lose its memory in the distances above him.

"That," said Vian, who had become accustomed to hearing his own voice in the solitudes, — "that is the riddle of this universe, — this pure blue sky, a vast infinity of beauty, overarching that loathsome thing! Ah, the good is too far away from the evil! The sky is not near enough to the earth. Nay, if there were nothing but what is below, no sky, we should not see such a monstrous thing! The wrong and the right, the bad and the good, the earth and the sky — Horrible creature!" and Vian looked up to heaven from the disgusting object at his feet, and said, "O Almighty! — but art Thou good?"

It was a cretin, such as the reader has doubtless seen in his excursions through the valley of Aosta or the Rhone.

This uncouth and distorted being was rolling in the leaves, as appeared to be his habit on seeing a man approach. His idiocy was most brutish. Great goitres were protruding from his neck, and foul sores had eaten their way over his scalp. His hands were like the talons of a bird of prey. Gabbling incessantly in the patois of utter idiocy, his mouth seemed the opening to a pit of



evil. He staggered toward Vian ; and precipitantly did the friend of the late Cardinal Wolsey flee from him.

"Doubtless he has been brought out here to starve to death. Poor, hideous thing ! What is truth?"

Vian was making the vain attempt to lose his reminiscence of the gibbering and foul cretin, when his eye swept across the vague blue mist, which lingered above the black rocks, beneath which grew the late crimson flowers. The haziness of his belief was sure of a sort of defence in that dream-like air. Wreaths of vapor were visiting the spires and pines ; and just now he loved to look upon them rather than upon the sharp, definite grandeur which lifted the snow-clad pinnacles above. Every time he had seen the huge ledge flush with the waning day, "What is truth?" had thundered in his soul. Why did it now seem such a meaningless question?

"Ah !" said Vian, who pitilessly examined his own soul with Alke as a search-light, "I must not lose my interest in that question. What is truth? The truth has made her true ; but I am not so clear-sighted as I was before that contorted and blear-eyed wretch crossed my path. Ha ! could he have blinded me?"

Vian just then found in his mind one of the texts which he had learned from that Wycliffe New Testament. It came in response to his old query, "What is truth?"

*"I am the truth !"*

"Well," said Vian, as he clambered on, "Jesus Christ, who said 'I am the truth,' I have never seen or known, as I really believe, except in that hour with little Alke. We did not know him at Glastonbury. It was Mary the Virgin and the saints there. It is sure that many of the stories of these I cannot believe. They are untrue. How much may I believe of him whom I have not seen? Others *saw* him. Yes ; but not as *my* Saviour. I must see him as *my* Saviour before what they saw of him can be believed by me. Ah ! I remember

another text, — now that I am resolved to go back and give these chestnuts to the poor brute. Would I had not to do this; for I could come to the truth if I should not see that mindless creature again !”

No, Vian; the truth lies concealed in the rags of the idiot. Whoso most needs any man, him does that man most need.

Vian climbed up and down, over the rocks, and waded a stream to reach the hunched and vacant-eyed cripple, who hobbled toward him in the glow of the sunset. *“He that hath done it unto the least of these hath done it unto me.”* This sentence wreathed the unkempt head of the bleared cretin with an aureole.

“Unto me?” — Vian’s eye was becoming more clear. “Unto me?” — he could now endure the suffocating smell. Yes; something was making Vian true.

“The truth made Alke true,” — he had said that himself.

“Unto me?” — the senseless mass of flesh rolled his head from side to side, and falling among the leaves again, clapped his hooked hands.

Could Vian be mistaken? Something was lifting him up; and as he was lifted he saw more. “Is it the idiot whom I am seeking?” said he. “No; the Christ it is.”

“Unto me?”

Something was actually saving Vian from his lower self to his higher self. Some one — the idiot or the Christ — was his Lord. He knew it was the real Christ.

“I do not need Rome or reason to tell me with authority,” said he, as he fed the chattering clay. “This is a matter of fact; experience authorizes what I would tell Alke, if I could — Oh, how good is the Almighty! The Christ, who is the truth, does save me.”

On, over the mountains, fed daily by Vian’s hand, grunting his gratitude and following him like a dog, did

the cretin go. The hand which had touched that of Katherine of Arragon, and had helped to write Henry's attack on Luther, washed the cretin's head. The kindness which had saved Astrée at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" showered its luxuriant blessings upon this creature, whom Vian regarded with more reverence than he ever wasted on the papal nuncio.

One day death parted the wanderers. The incurable malady had completed the paralysis of the cretin's frame, and in the delicious sunshine Vian covered the body. He knelt by the side of the pile of green branches, whose resinous odor made the only incense, and thanked God, and consecrated his soul anew to the service of the truth.

Vian's theological difficulties were solved in the beginning of his Christian experience. No one knew better than he how little an uninspired life can get out of an inspired book. Miracles and prophecies came to be the natural flower of a Personality who had made himself so real and had created such a gospel in Vian's soul. He often asked in after years that his tomb should bear this inscription: "He hath the witness in himself."

It is spring-time again, but it is also 1535; and we are in the presence of two men, — one a man of near middle age, whose brown hair has streaks of gray, whose forehead is even now seamed with two wrinkles which tell the tale of anxiety and hope, whose clothing is but a recent purchase by means of coins earned in the autumn preceding, at service under a respectable vintner, and whose heart is still full of hope; the other is now old and feeble, his sunken cheeks denoting disease, his eye still keen and restless, his head tremulous, and his conversation threading the years of his own past and the possibilities of his guest's future.

One is Vian ; the other is Erasmus of Rotterdam. They are in Basle ; the Rhine gleams two hundred feet below the terrace. Limes and chestnut-trees have sifted the radiance which falls upon the paths which run toward the cathedral ; and the old scholar, leaning hard upon the arm of his friend, has just promised him, as they look down upon the boats, that the letter to Henry VIII., which he has written for him, will certainly admit him at once to the king's service.

"It is a small payment toward the debt I owe to you for the Virgil manuscript," said Erasmus. "May Heaven give you Alke !"

The coins which Erasmus left with little Alke many years before were sufficient to have identified Vian, if the scholar had not known and believed him at the first.

Vian's tale made him a hero to the illustrious man.

Erasmus had detailed to him every circumstance which had wrought such changes in England as would make Vian welcome. Henry's rebellion against the Pope ; the marriage to Anne Boleyn ; his need of such help as Vian might give to the colleges, — these overshadowed the axe which had beheaded Thomas More, and the terror by which Thomas Cromwell ruled. Erasmus could not detain Vian, much as he loved him ; and on the following day he bade him farewell.





## CHAPTER XXXV.

### AT COURT AGAIN.

We are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer, and dare not hoist a sail, we can drift. The current knows the way, though we do not. — EMERSON.

IT was near the close of the year 1535, when Vian entered again into the service of the English crown. Before 1529 Wolsey was manager of the crown; since 1529 Henry himself had worn it.

Even Anne Boleyn, queen and beautiful woman, welcomed the returning exterminator of the Waldensians back to court with the words, —

“You have been a long while from us, and I fear the Waldensians still exist to trouble his Holiness.”

“Your gracious Majesty,” replied Vian, with graceful courtesies, “the severest trouble of his Holiness is not with the Waldensians, but rather with your royal husband. As for the Waldensians — ” Vian was about to say that he hoped at least one of them still lived and loved him. The ringing laugh of the queen and the silence of Vian’s aching heart showed him how nearly together humor and sorrow lie in the human soul and its experiences.

The main facts of the recent history of the English court had come to Vian from Erasmus at Basle. His new point of view had not diminished his interest in the trifles which associated themselves with events so deci-

sive ; and his old friends — the retainers of Wolsey, whom Henry VIII. had spared or invited into the royal service — vied with one another in offering, as commodities serviceable in interesting converse, their accounts of Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, and the Pope, in exchange for the meagre sentences which allowed their eyes to look in upon the country of the Waldensians, the struggles of a soul amid the Alps, the last days of Master Erasmus at Basle.

The story of the most trusted retainer was a very sad one.

On the very day in September, 1529, upon which Vian, having left England to arrange for the destruction of recalcitrant Waldensians, was extracting some interesting opinions from the papal nuncio at Dover, Henry VIII. had left Woodstock for Grafton in Northamptonshire. At the former place, for more than a fortnight, the king had hunted stags with Anne Boleyn, over the same territory upon which another Henry had pursued with success the affections of the sweet Rosamond. At the latter place, September 19, his Majesty was staying with Anne Boleyn, talking over with her the already deep disgrace into which the illustrious cardinal had fallen.

"I love you, sweetheart, full well ; but I cannot entirely discard so great a mind," said the king, who already knew that Norfolk and Suffolk together would make but a pygmy compared with the able but fallen statesman.

"No, my love and king ! but cardinals such as Wolsey are not free from the sentiment of revenge," answered Anne Boleyn, who was quite sure that her royal lover had a lingering affection for one who had fallen because he had served his master too loyally, and whom she desired her lover should hate or despise.

"I fear not !" cried Henry VIII., with a sharpness which Anne Boleyn never forgot, until she too had fallen under that same haughty displeasure, — "I fear not ! I

need him not. Some one else shall found the universities, if the revenues of abbeys are to be converted into scholars. The cardinal's secretary shall be the king's secretary. I shall distrust Cromwell and Gardiner no more."

The latter remark was especially pleasing to Anne Boleyn, for Sir Thomas and Norfolk had each expressed their admiration for his parts; and now that the king had distinctly substituted Gardiner for Wolsey in his confidence, she believed all would go well.

Before this, Wolsey, who knew full well that his end was nigh at hand, had solaced himself with the thought that in sending Vian upon such a mission he had at least commended himself to the favor of the Pope. Campeggio, who saw the cardinal September 14, had assured him that his Holiness could not forget such an act of loyalty, even though it came from his Grace in an hour of great extremity.

Vian had not touched the soil of France before he was informed that Queen Katherine herself knew of the disgrace of the cardinal.

"The ship is now in a storm which will plunge sailors and passengers to the bottom. Everybody is seeking a means of escape. The cardinal expects to be forsaken; the time-servers will refuse to go down in the wreck." This, also, the nuncio had said to Vian at Calais.

"Would I were with him!" was Vian's reply, as he had looked back toward England.

"No," said the nuncio, earnestly; "his friend and servant could not otherwise be so valuable to his failing fortunes as in doing what will commend his Eminence to the Pope."

Vian had felt, even then, that somehow the issue was not going to be a great triumph for either himself or the cardinal.

Before Vian had advanced a single step on that jour-

ney toward San Michele, even the servants of Wolsey were made certain that all was lost. The court was a thing of the past; the commission of the legates was revoked; Parliament was sure to impeach Wolsey. Nothing valuable was left. He had often looked upon the advance of the Reformation with favor; now the fact of its progress held within it no comfort for him, for his most trusted servant, Vian, was, at the moment of the disaster, on his way to crush it among the prophets, — the Waldensians.

"I am not sure that even his Holiness will look favorably upon me now," said the tottering minister, as he grasped this solitary pillar of power.

On Sunday morning, September 19, Cardinal Wolsey and Cardinal Campeggio stood before the gates of Woodstock. Only a single lodging was prepared, and this was for Campeggio. However, Henry Norris, groom of the stole to the king, provided for Wolsey. Then came the interview with the superseded court. Norfolk insulted, and Anne Boleyn reproached, the mighty ruin. Henry VIII., however, seemed to feel the dignity of such an august personality, when alone he stood with the man who had served him with such incomparable ability, at the large window, and in low tones discoursed of things past and to come. When at night Wolsey took his way toward Master Empson's house, the wrath of Anne Boleyn and that of Norfolk, who suspected that the cardinal was restored to the confidence of the king, knew no bounds.

The next day, instead of meeting at Woodstock this man of eminent genius, as he had promised, the King of England rode with Anne Boleyn to behold a piece of ground which she desired to have for a new park. Now Wolsey's heart was riven. Soon Campeggio was at Dover, pausing on his way to Rome; and at the hour when Wolsey's beloved servant, Vian of Glastonbury, was uttering



love's sweetest and most broken accents to a Waldensian maiden, Oct. 9, 1529, the greatest man of politics in the sixteenth century had just forsaken his magnificent train and the glittering insignia of office, with which, but a few hours before, he had left Westminster Hall for the last time, and was writing a piteous letter in which he called himself, in words which upon the written page seem yet to tingle with agony: "Your Grace's most prostrate, poor chaplain, creature, and bedesman, T. Card. Ebor. Miserrimus."

That sickening signature was read at the conclusion of a letter which was addressed to Henry VIII., which any student of English State papers will find in part as follows:—

"Surely, most gracious king, the remembrance of my folly, with the sharp sword of your Highness' displeasure, hath so penetrate my heart that I cannot but lamentably cry . . . and say, 'Sufficit; nunc contine, piissime rex, manum tuam.'"

At length, at Leicester Abbey gates, November 26, the pitiable cardinal stood, saying, "Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;" and three days afterward, the man who had breathed into the island the spirit which has made the Englishman of to-day self-respectful, had closed his lips forever.

Over and over again had his old friends at Whitehall told this story to Vian. It never failed to interest him, though his position was changed.

Of course he eagerly devoured everything which helped to complete the picture which was making in his mind of the fall of the great cardinal, the advance of Thomas Cromwell, and the development of the plan of breaking up the monasteries, to which now he was more attached than ever before; for the future was widening out of that immediate past. He soon found out that his sovereign Henry VIII., who had welcomed him most heartily into

his service, looked upon the dissolution of the abbeys and other religious houses, not simply as an event most desirable for Oxford and Cambridge, into whose treasuries Wolsey had proposed to divert the revenues, but rather as an event which would so enlarge other personal privileges, and further convince the Papal See, against which His Majesty had rebelled, that England would make herself absolutely independent of a distinctively Romish policy.

"England against Rome," said Vian. He could not help thinking again of the Wycliffite letters. "Ah!" thought he, "I shall hunt Hampton Court over and over again, if need be, for those letters; and I shall show his Majesty that the heretic Wycliffe believed in England as ruled by Englishmen."

Before many days Vian had found an opportunity to read what he would never have thought of reading to Henry VIII., when, years ago, he was laboring with the king upon the attack upon Luther. His Majesty was delighted to get the fresh, sinewy phrases with which Wycliffe had combated the hierarchical notion of the State. "By my troth," said Henry, as he read Wycliffe's deliverances against papistical assumption, "he was a bold and just disputer. Would that he were alive at this hour! There be none so powerful as he in England, else I had not struggled so long alone."

"Your Majesty will let me say that Master John Wycliffe was in no wise more bold or more true than the followers of Peter Waldo, whom I went to kill. Ah, my king! I am right glad these hands shed none of that heroic blood."

Henry VIII. was all attention; but Vian, thinking it less serviceable to his cause to tell the story and repeat the faith of the Waldensians, than to appeal to the reason of the king on another and more practical matter, took a turn quite unexpected to his royal listener. "My

king," said Vian, with persuasive force, "Master John Wycliffe coupled his notion of a freed nation with his labors for an open Bible. Never can the fancied authority of the Pope be so easily resisted as by the spread of Bible reading in England."

"But," laughed the haughty king, "did we not allow them to burn the books of William Tyndale, the translator of the Scriptures, when you were with Wolsey at Hampton Court? Have we not prohibited the reading of these Bibles?"

"Alas, yes! I knew not the worth of Scripture then, your Majesty; and had I known it, I could not have prevented it. It does argue great changes to think of your Majesty's court aiding a translation of the Bible for your common subjects. But, my king, you do not fear being inconsistent? Is it not true that we were once humble suppliants at the Pope's feet? Now your Majesty governs his own realm. Two years since, our Master Hugh Latimer was forbidden to preach in London; now we salute him as Bishop of Worcester."

The king smiled, as if he would say, "When you left us, Vian, our queen was Katherine of Arragon; now she is Anne Boleyn."

Vian's struggle in the mountains had made him bold. Life was going rapidly enough, as his heart knew. He cared nothing whatever about Henry's divorce. He was happy in the king's assertion of what Vian called "the English spirit," from whatever cause that assertion came. He had but one other desire which Henry VIII. could further toward fruition,—to realize as far as he might that dream which years before had come to him at Glastonbury,—England possessed of an unchained Bible.

Vian now knew perfectly well that if the Bible were to be sent into English homes at all, it must come to court with very different associations from those it brought in 1526, under Tyndale. The change of position toward the

papacy on the part of Henry VIII. had not made the king or his courtiers more favorable to Lutheranism or disorder. Wolsey had died warning England against Lutheranism and a peasant war.

In 1526 Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, with the sheets of which he had escaped to Luther's city of Worms, had appeared in England, with the word "elder" instead of "priest," and "congregation" instead of "church." Now, in 1535, Vian saw that Henry VIII., who had made himself head of the Church of England, was certainly not more favorable than then to any novel idea of ecclesiasticism. Besides, Vian remembered that in 1526 six thousand copies of Tyndale's translation came back to England accompanied with Wycliffe's tracts; and although Vian had showed Henry VIII. that Wycliffe was a sort of prophet of his Majesty in asserting England's self-respect as against the Pope, he still remembered that there were many other Wycliffite notions to which the king would never assent. More — Vian's own great friend, Sir Thomas More, — oh, what a clouded memory he was to Vian! — had made impossible the success of Tyndale's translation in 1526. Now, England and Vian were to know him no longer; for he had perished in his opposition to the king but a few months before. And so strangely does a mind which is set upon certain ideas destroy its vision for anything else, that the king had little difficulty in convincing Vian, who sorely lamented More's death, that the great lawyer who had long ago become an opponent of an open Bible, had at length become an opponent of "the English spirit," which Vian had caught from Wycliffe and which he now found in Henry himself.

The universitie for whose support the monasteries must be sacrificed, were with the king; the possibility of the realization of Vian's hope of a Bible for the common people was with the king; the spirit of national indepen-

dence of the Pope was with the king. It was an age of lights and shadows. Vian forgot to note the ambition or cruelty of Cromwell, or the terror by which Henry ruled the people. He was intent on these three ends, and so Vian was himself with the king.

"I am sure," said he, to a friendly officer-at-arms, who had himself assisted at their destruction, — "I am sure that things may be managed so well that we shall never again behold a burning of Bibles at St. Paul's Cross. His Grace the Archbishop Cranmer and — I have almost called him *Master* Hugh Latimer — and the Bishop of Worcester will see to it. Ah! I knew a printer —"

Vian could not trust himself to speak of that printer, for he was none other than Alke's father, Gaspar Perrin. He walked forth dazed with the idea that the man whose closing life longed to identify itself with the printing of the Bible might have this streak of splendor in its sunset. But his mind could not dwell upon Gaspar. It soon rushed to Alke, — that bloody floor, and her face radiant with whiteness, — the agonizing farewell.

Vian was living over again that night of love and fear and that fateful day of murder and separation, when he was summoned into the king's presence.

"Once more," quoth the sovereign, "I am determined to spare no effort, my loyal and trusty Vian." The king's eyes sparkled with a light such as Vian used to behold in them when they were collaborators on the book against Luther.

The character of the light seemed the same, but upon what a different task was Vian now to be called!

The king dropped his crimson robe, and placed his bonnet, which shone with rubies and diamonds, by its side; as he continued: "Scholars are a strange folk. More than once have I asked the illustrious Philip Melancthon of Wittenberg to be our teacher at Oxford; but he has not been willing. Our book against Luther

must have frightened him. Perhaps he knows now that we have no Pope ruling in England. I am about to bid you go and fetch him. Use all decent persuasion, Vian ; for my bonnet yonder would not purchase him. You who never killed a Waldensian " — the king smiled upon Vian — " may yet get Philip Melancthon in your tether."

With the blessing of the Primate of all England, and the promise of investiture with the Order of the Garter, Vian set out for Wittenberg.

" You are not a knight such as those whose legs bore the leathern band in Palestine ; but I am as powerful as Richard, even he of the Lion Heart, and I swear to you the garter if you have happy issue for my scheme."

These words followed Vian all the way to Wittenberg. But before him was the vision of his little mate at Lutterworth ; and by day and night it never left the sky save when the memory of Alke took its place.





## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it. —  
QUARLES.

THE dull and sleepy town of Wittenberg had hardly made itself ready for the glowing daytime which was overspreading its towers and streets, when, by the aid of a light which poured into one of the little upper windows of a room in Philip Melancthon's home, a man, whose face bore signs of his having come close upon middle life, roused from his sleep, took from his wallet a letter, which was in the handwriting of Erasmus of Rotterdam, and began to read, as he had done the day before many times. It was dated at Basle. The letter was addressed to Gaspar Perrin. These were some of the fragments upon which his eyes remained in fixed gaze : —

“ My own life is near its close. I can do little more. Well do I remember when your hospitable kindness took me into your cottage. It must be more than twenty years since you told me that I had loosened an avalanche. Surely your words were wise. Even now we know not where the avalanche may stop. Luther is contumacious and violent, and in England the king is head of the Church . . . One thing I may do — ay, two things — even yet. I thank you for the manuscript of Virgil. It is better in my hands than in the

hand of the Capuchins. . . . I know this must astonish you. . . . Where did I obtain it? . . . One night . . . he came to my lodging . . . very ragged and weary. I recognized him at once . . . long, brown hair, and noble grace of manner. . . . It was Vian, whom as a boy I had known at Glastonbury Abbey . . . the whole story of his love . . . had placed the manuscript next his heart. The parchment saved his life. He had made me sure with the coins, which I remember giving to your child . . . love for Alke knows no boundaries. I pitied him, and asked much concerning his years in the mountains . . . by faith a thorough Protestant, — not like Luther, but like Melancthon . . . influence with the King of England, to whom I sent Vian. Henry VIII. has so changed his ideas with respect to the Pope that Vian will be welcomed to his service . . . badly wounded, yet Vian did not appear to cherish a tithe of resentment against his assailant . . . piteously said to me, 'May God grant I did not kill Ami! I never had done him harm. He could not remain even as a prisoner in the presence of my sweet Alke without being brought to the Saviour.' May this letter, my last to any, find you in good health."

Philip Melancthon summoned his guest to the morning meal at the moment when he was lying there, reading the last sentences over and over again. This letter had already thrown a bow of hope over Alke's storm-covered life.

That guest in the room at Melancthon's house was Ami Perrin, the Waldensian, who had already been with Melancthon for a fortnight, and had been asked to become secretary to the Reformer.

What was Ami doing in Wittenberg?

Since his return from Bologna, from which city he was fleeing when we last saw him, he had taken his place as the strongest adviser of the Barbés of the valleys; and he was now on an embassy from the synod just held at San Jean, to consult with Philip Melancthon with regard to the attitude of the mountaineers toward the Swiss Reformation under William Farel and Zwingli. Alke, who



had through these years conducted the correspondence of the Waldensians with Zwingli, Farel, and Luther, had not needed to ask Ami to take with him the letter from Erasmus when Ami set out for Wittenberg, for Ami knew her thoughts, and for his own soul's sake he desired to find news of Vian.

"I may get some news of him from England through Philip Melancthon," said the loyal brother, who had pledged his soul to omit nothing which by any chance could bring Alke's lover to this widowed soul.

"God bless you, Ami!" she had answered with trembling hopefulness.

That word, that face, that hopeful kiss of Alke's, which, as she touched Ami's lips with hers, seemed anxious for only Vian's lips again, had followed him; and on the day of which we write in Wittenberg, even before the noon had looked down into the struggling old streets, there had entered into that quaint gabled house, which is still pointed out to tourists in Old College Street, the man whom Ami had wronged, whom he had tried to murder, who had once prevented him from murdering his own sister, — Alke's beloved Vian.

In the great arch at that historic window Ami was soon telling Melancthon such a tale of love, remorse, hatred, and hope as the gentle Reformer had never heard. For Ami at once had recognized Vian, as he looked down into the street and beheld the English gentlemen at the master's door. Instantly the Waldensian, who knew the gravity of the crisis, and who had unconsciously assumed the spirit and attitude of a French knight, had begged Melancthon to delay introducing him to the special messenger of Henry VIII. until he should have an opportunity of explaining the difficulties of the situation.

"Catherine, gentle one!" said the Reformer to his wife, who was passing into another apartment, "you

must hear this strange story ;” and handing her the letter of Erasmus, Melancthon asked Ami to tell the story again. But as the Waldensian began again, the excitement of his mind was too intense.

“ Perhaps you know what is sufficient to allow me, at all costs, to make reparation to a wronged man, even in your house. Oh, this mighty moment ! Believe me, my friends, not even my own concern to do righteousness unto Vian is equal to my anxiety to tell him of Alke’s abiding love God help me ! ”

“ God guide thee ! ” said Catherine Melancthon.

Ami had asked to meet Vian alone. The rain was falling in torrents without, and now and then a thunder-peal shook the town. Darkness had so far overspread the sky that Catherine and her servants had lit the lights within the room opposite the apartment for study. Luther’s Bible lay on the little table ; and a print which represented the bold face of the Reformer hung over the open fireplace, in which fagots were burning brightly.

The introduction which Melancthon proposed was unnecessary, and was never entirely spoken. Vian, not knowing that Ami was alive, having no such clear memory of him as that of his groans and pale face, having been for all these years the victim of his horrible fears, exclaimed, “ Ami ! ”

The Waldensian, not knowing but that his first word would tear the hope from his sister’s soul, and certain only of this that he had cruelly wronged Vian, trembled from head to foot as he uttered the one word “ Vian ! ”

Gratitude so throbbed in each voice that the abyss between them was half bridged.

“ What ! have you come to curse me, — me, who never wronged you ? ” said the Englishman, who stepped into the full firelight, his doublet of velvet showing an inwrought design which involved the arms of Saint George,

and his face, in which Ami had a far graver interest, becoming the playground of agitating memories and passions.

"No," said Ami, once more as knightly as of old; "I, who have wronged *you*, have besought this interview —"

A thunder-peal crashed above the house, and Vian heard not the next words. The lightning which had preceded it was not more brilliant than was the emerald ring which alone gave Ami's dress a reminiscence of days at court.

"I offer you the hand and heart of a Christian," said he, advancing toward Vian.

"Without a stain of jealousy upon them?" asked the other.

"Even thus unspotted," replied Ami, whose plain costume made his manliness appear more chivalric. The meagre garments which clothed him, the white radiance upon his sad but noble face, the tears which glistened in his eyes more splendidly than did the jewels on Vian's collar, the solemn grandeur of his fine voice, had gone as one sweet, resistless appeal to Vian's heart.

"I can trust you," murmured he, as responsive tears came into his eyes, — "I can trust you if you have trusted Christ."

"With everything," added Ami, as Vian grasped his hand, — "with everything."

"There is *one* thing —" began Vian, unable to rein his hope.

"Ah! there are many," interrupted Ami, whose conscience must be heard, though every voicing memory should first cry out its appeal.

"Only *one* thing!" said Vian, as he paused and walked to the window, which rattled with the storm.

"The one thing?" observed Ami. "Yes; do you grant me pardon?"

"Ah, knight! friend! you have been pardoned long

since. I know the force of love's current ; I have thought that if I were once — ”

“And are you yet a lover?”

“That is *the one thing!*” cried out Vian ; “and I — ”

The storm without was furious. An uprooted tree was thrown against the house, and the window was broken. Blinding sheets of rain filled the air without, and the rain was blown into the room ; but they heeded it not.

“I loved the Waldensian maiden whom you sought to kill. Forgive me ! She loved me also.”

Vian's eyes glared for an instant, but he regained control. He kept it only for an instant.

“My sister, Alke !” exclaimed Ami. “She is my own sister !”

“Wretch ! But, oh ! did you — ”

“No ; I knew not my own sister. Gaspar Perrin was my father, *is* my father ; and Alke — ”

“What bedlam is this?” said Vian, as the storm again broke in upon Ami's words, and the bewildered mind of Vian struggled in the darkness which Ami had created before him.

“On my troth, Ami, you have her eyes.” The excited lover looked back over the years into Alke's eyes, as he gazed into Ami's. “On my life, those are her nostrils. Knight, I believe it. But tell me — ”

“And Alke loves you, Vian, — loves you even yet.”

The door was opened at this unpropitious moment. Catherine, — always a good housewife, — fearing the desolation of such a storm, entered with as much of reticence and courtesy as she possessed at such a crisis ; and Ami said at once, —

“We must beg pardon for our loud speech.”

“It must have been serious talk to have made you careless of such a gale as never before swept upon Wittenberg,” she replied ; and proceeding to ask the servants

to repair the broken window, offered Ami and Vian another room.

Neither Vian nor Ami cared what covered the floor or adorned the walls of that room. The conversation had too bold a current to feel the slightest interruption. Ami lost no time in telling him the story of his childhood and capture, his conversion, and the later movements in which he had been engaged with his old friend William Farel.

As soon as Vian's mind had grasped the main points of his tale, he cut short every detail, and begged to know all about Alke, whom he felt that he had never really loved until now. Her widowed life, her unceasing ministry, her passionate love for Vian, — these furnished a theme which Ami enlarged upon again and again. Vian forgot everything about the gentlemen of Henry's court, who were half exhausted in waiting below.

Would Melancthon go to England? Vian did not know that any one had asked him. The mind of this ambassador to the Reformer had lost sight even of Henry VIII. Alke lived, and Alke loved him!

Vian was now to proclaim himself a knight in deed and in truth.

"Ami, you were once a lover," said he, with a strange feeling that the ground upon which he had now ventured was once dangerous territory.

"*I am* a lover," answered Ami; and the emotions which throbbed in his heart trembled on his lips.

"May I ask you? — oh, I shall attempt to be as knightly as you have been, — does Astrée live?"

Ami was almost overborne. His own sorrow looked so sad, so desperate in the presence of Vian's joy. The old days of Amboise were upon him, — that hour at Chambord; the struggle in the stone apartment; the quivering, beautiful woman, who clung to him at last in spite of his evil heart.

"Oh, Vian," he sobbed, "she believed me dead; so also did you?"

"Yes."

"Evil days came upon her. She had no confidence in the character of the religious houses in France. She asked to be taken to England, and is now in a nunnery in Somerset."

"In Somerset?" The eyes of Vian were fixed upon Ami's lips.

"In Somerset."

"Does she love you still?"

"Ah, Vian, such love as hers never dies."

"By the power of Henry VIII., and by my soul, — give me your hand, Ami! — here I swear — and I can perform it, as God lives in heaven, Ami! — if Astrée loves you as you love her, she shall yet be yours."

"I can only bring to you her who waits your invitation, — the sweetest of sisters —"

"Alke! Alke!"

"I shall decline to become secretary to Master Melancthon. I am away to the mountains."

"And I first to the throne of Henry VIII. and then to Somerset."





## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### DELIVERANCE AND LOVE.

Love makes all things possible. — SHAKSPEARE.

**H**ISTORICAL students — and those who care nothing for history have long ago deserted us — know that Henry VIII. was compelled to see Oxford get on without Philip Melancthon. Let us add that Ami never became secretary to the latter, and that very soon after the eventful day at Wittenberg, Vian, who had become a special commissioner of his Majesty for the suppression of the monasteries, had the joy of presenting at court his wife Alke. Ami had, by Vian's advice, become secretary to Master Miles Coverdale, in whose genius and industry Vian had at length so led the court to repose its confidence that before many months an authorized translation of the Bible should be the possible possession of every Englishman. Long since Ami and Alke had learned Vian's language from the lips of their father Gaspar Perrin, who many years before at the printing-press of Aldus had begun its study with diligence, and who now, a most capable printer even in his old age, had been of the greatest service to Miles Coverdale and his associates in giving excellence to the type in which the Scriptures were to make their appearance.

Gaspar Perrin had, with Alke's help, made the drawing for the well-known titlepage. The inscription, "Thy

word is a lantern unto my feet," was his suggestion ; and Alke presented his Majesty Henry VIII. with the conception beautifully painted on parchment.

Ami had redeemed his promise at Wittenberg. Could it be that the eye of Vian had lost its vision for the separate personalities whose life was so bound up with his own, in the perfect happiness he had found with Alke—or in his interest in such tasks as the dissolution of the religious houses and the translation of the Bible?

One who had been fortunate enough to go with Vian to the Abbey of Glastonbury on an afternoon in 1538, one year after his meeting with Ami at Wittenberg, would have discerned within his conversation another plan, much more personal than any of these. That plan involved the future joy of at least two human souls. How could this man, into whose mind had gone the far-reaching scheme of Henry VIII., turn aside from such grave concerns to attend to a love-affair between Ami and Astrée? The only answer is that Vian himself was living in love's paradise, and knew something of the pressure of love's commandments.

Never had the sixty acres of magnificent buildings which constituted the stateliness of Glastonbury seemed so noble and impressive as they did to Vian, when on that afternoon the fine sunlight fell upon the old Norman walls, and the shadows of the fleecy clouds lazily moved over the soft green turf.

Here he had doubted and wept and prayed ; and now the whole splendid scene had become but an antiquity, scarcely more potent to others than the vanished forests in which the Celtic wanderers appealed to Her, or the propitious winds which wafted hither the bark of Saint Joseph and his company. But something had compelled him to look ahead as he had seen abbey after abbey fall ; and a feeling of loyalty to the old walls which had protected



him had struggled into such supremacy, that, when it seemed possible that Henry VIII. should suppress even the most noble of the monasteries, Vian had devised the compromise which Parliament had adopted ; and Glastonbury had escaped. He was glad for that act of love to the old abbey as he climbed Weary-all Hill and looked once more upon the Glastonbury Thorn. The white-throats seemed never so careless of their notes, which came in a squawk or a warble ; but the chiff-chaff's tone was as mellow as the sunshine which Vian saw enwrapping a dark brown nightingale, that "creature of a fiery heart."

"They will sing over the ruins at no distant time," said he, sadly. "I will protect these walls as long as I may."

The tower of St. Michael's oratory, which still rises upon the summit of Tor Hill, was ivy-laden and sunlit.

"It is already yesterday gleaming upon St. Michael's. Really the only living thing is the ivy which clings to it. Perhaps all that is vital about any of these institutions is the memory or the love which covers over their hardness and unyielding grace."

Into the doorway of St. Joseph's chapel he looked, and Abbot Richard Whiting appeared.

"Ah, Vian, no one is more welcome than yourself to these venerable walls. You have protected us so often and so surely that it almost makes one forgive —"

"My heresy, Lord Abbot, is not beseeching forgiveness."

"Nay, we are the suppliants now," said the abbot, with painful regret. "Things have gone differently in France."

"France has declined the Reformation ; but" — and Vian's prophetic voice almost pronounced the doom which history has chronicled. For France indeed did decline the Reformation ; and France has been compelled

to accept the Revolution. 1529-1789, — only two and one half centuries ; and the world was taught again that statesmanship is the art of finding out in what direction Almighty God is going, and in getting things out of His way.

“I have, as his Majesty’s special commissioner, a message to your Lordship,” said Vian, assuming an authority over Richard Whiting which his heart did not feel.

The abbot read the document, examined the seal, and was silent while Vian proceeded, —

“You must understand that if, by his Majesty’s kindness to me, I am able to postpone the suppression of this ancient house for some months, it must be because I now am made sure of the discovery and release of this affrighted sister Emelie under the Prioress Katerine Bourgcher of Mynchin Buckland Priory and Preceptory. I know her by another name. I must not be discouraged or impeded. I can save this abbey for months, perhaps, if the release is obtained at once.”

Still the abbot said nothing.

“The authority of the king seems cruel to you? Ah ! how rapacious have been the ignorance and superstition which have grown up in all our religious houses ! We shall have no faith in England if we depend longer upon the incredible and the false. My Lord Abbot Richard Whiting, what think you? I have here a letter from our commission, which was sent to Hailes.”

Vian handed to Abbot Richard the letter which now appears in the Chapter-House papers in the State Paper Offices.

This passage even to-day arrests the eye of the reader :

“Sir, we have been bolting and sifting the Blood of Hailes all this forenoon. It was wondrously, closely, and craftily inclosed and stopped up, for taking of care. And it cleaveth fast to the bottom of the little glass that it is in. And verily it seemeth to be an unctuous gum and compound of many

things. It hath a certain unctuous moistness, and though it seems somewhat like blood when it is in the glass, yet when any parcel of the same is taken out, it turneth to a yellowness, and is cleaving like glue. But we have not yet examined all the monks; and therefore this my brother abbot shall tell your Lordship what he hath seen and heard in this matter. And in the end your Lordship shall know altogether. But we perceive not by your commission whether we shall send it up or leave it here, or certify thereof as we know."

The abbot read, and saying nothing, handed the letter back to Vian, who continued: "That gum in the phial was offered to pilgrims for years to be revered as some of the blood of Christ which fell from the cross of our Lord. English manhood can never build itself upon such deceptions. Our commission has gone to Kent and taken the Rood of Bexley."

"Oh!" cried the abbot, "it is sacrilege."

"Lord Abbot," replied Vian, "the profanity lies in defending such a fraud. For years the people have beheld its bending body, its twitching forehead, its opening lips, its goggling eyes. Even yesterday did Geoffry Chambers tear it apart at Maidstone; and before the people who thronged the market he pulled out the wires and cords, and broke the wheels within it to pieces."

"Profanation!" exclaimed the abbot.

"Oh, England must be purged of these trickeries of monks! Our room at London is filled with the villanous devices with which our monks have entrapped the people. His Grace hath said that what has been known as the blood of Saint Thomas at Canterbury is only red ochre. We have collected enough pieces of wood, each of which has been said to be a fragment of the true cross, to have made a great tree. The end is near. Our sovereign may displease many by his use of the revenues; but rich monks must release lands and plate. I must not tarry; this abbey has my pitiful love. As I have said, let me find the woman I seek —"

"She is a consecrated nun," interjected the abbot.

"And yet a woman beloved, — say not a word against her!" and the eyes of Vian were aflame.

In less than an hour the Abbot of Glastonbury, accompanied by the splendid train which reflected the last gleams of mediæval monasticism as its sun sank out of sight, was riding with Vian on the way to Mynchin Buckland Priory, Somerset.

Old Bathpole Road was lined with flowers as it ran under Creechbury Hill and toward the fields of the priory. Stoke and Orchard lay broadly basking in the filmy gold which fell out of the sky upon them; and the long shadows which alternated with the sunlight upon the ample meadows of Blackdown were still the shadows of a most beautiful morning. The demesne ponds were dappled by the soft winds, whose bosoms were filled with fragrances, as they came like tender messengers over the fields of Staple and Neroche, sighing themselves into whispers when they came close to the buildings of the House of Sisters.

"A noble history," observed the abbot, with pathos, as he began to tell Vian of the unique character of the institution, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the preceptory which was the finest example in all England of a hospitaller's commandery; adding that this was the only community of women which the order possessed, and that it had had but one prior.

But Vian cared little about Walter Prior, who had been dead for nearly four centuries; or Fina, who had departed this life in 1240; or the difficulties of the preceptor and prioress thirty years later. As Vian looked upon that never-failing source of revenue, the dove-cot, his mind went to Ami, whose love had as many wings of hope as then troubled the odorous air.

The abbot and Vian halted near the north side of the great church, which was surrounded by a picturesque

group of buildings. A couple of sisters had just fetched some firewood from the adjoining park, which Vian had noticed was full of deer.

“So ill used are these sisters!” remarked the abbot.

“They appear to be more industrious than monks,” replied Vian, with acidity.

The plinth mouldings, monuments, fragments of oaken wainscot, incised slabs, Lombardic crosses, altar-cloths, chalices, and copes, which even now are to be found in old buildings in Blackdown, Durslon, Staple, and West Monkton, were then all in place, helping to constitute the beauty of Mynchin Buckland. But Vian knew that the hour of their great significance had passed.

The abbot had introduced him. Vian had exhibited his letters of authorization; and with several officers who remained in the guest-room, he advised the abbot that he wished to be left at the priory, and instructed the prioress that he should demand that no pious service should go unperformed, and indeed that he should be allowed to inspect the house, without a single hint being given to any of the object of his search.

It was the day of the festival of Saint Mary, and two virgins were to be consecrated. Greatly to the annoyance and godly sorrow of the prioress, Vian demanded to be admitted after the introit of the Mass and Collect. The Epistle had not been read. Two virgins stood before the altar, each clothed in white, and each holding in one hand a taper, in the other the sacred habit. The bishop, who recognized Vian at once as the representative of Thomas Cromwell, trembled, as Vian turned his eyes away from him, and the virgins laid their habits at his feet. The bishop then blessed each habit.

“Receive, damsel, this cloke, which thou mayest bear without spot before the judgment-seat of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom every knee doth bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth,

who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth God, world without end, Amen!" This said the bishop to each one, after he had sprinkled the vestments with holy water. The Epistle and Mass followed. The virgins retired.

Vian's eye searched every face. Years had gone since he looked into her face, as he lifted her from beneath the overshadowing peril on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Still he was confident that a single look would not fail to discover her whom he sought.

The virgins returned, attired in the habits which had been blessed, each wearing the ring and veil which had been placed upon the altar, and bearing the paper of profession. They stood within the gate of the choir, each with the lighted taper in the right hand. In most delicious harmony these sentiments floated forth from their lips in the Latin words: "I love Christ, into whose chamber I have entered, whose mother is a Virgin, whose father knew not woman; whose instruments sing to me with measured voices, whom, when I shall have loved, I am chaste; when I shall have touched, I am clean; when I shall have received, I am a Virgin. Honey and milk from his mouth I have taken, and his blood hath adorned my cheeks."

"Come! come! come!" said the bishop.

"Ye daughters, hearken unto me! I will teach you the fear of the Lord. Alleluia!" responded the choir.

The virgins advanced. The antiphon concluded. They bowed to the ground, and then rose, singing, "And now we follow from our whole heart, and we fear Thee."

"Come! come! come!" said the bishop.

"Ye daughters, hearken unto me! I will teach you the fear of the Lord. Alleluia!" responded the choir.

Again the virgins advanced; again they bowed themselves; again they rose, singing, "And now we follow from our whole heart, and we fear Thee."

"Come ! come ! come !" again said the bishop.

The virgins advanced.

"Ye daughters, hearken unto me ! I will teach you the fear of the Lord. Alleluia !" responded the choir, out of whose harmony two voices lifted the strain, "Come unto Him and be enlightened, and your faces shall not be confounded."

"Ye daughters, hearken unto me ! I will teach you the fear of the Lord. Alleluia !"

Vian thought he had never heard such music, save once in the mountains near La Torre.

The white-robed pair advanced, singing, "And we follow Thee with our whole heart, and fear Thee, and we seek Thy face. O Lord, confound us not, but do unto us according to Thy loving-kindness, and according to the multitude of Thy mercy."

The bishop prostrated himself, with his face toward the altar. His attendants did likewise, while the seven Psalms were being said, and the virgins were prostrate. Two clerks sang the Litany, and the choir responded. On reaching the verse appointed for the bishop, he rose and looking upon the virgins, said, —

"That it may please thee to bless and preserve our sisters in true religion."

"We beseech Thee," responded the choir.

Vian's eye was just then attracted to the form of one of the attending sisters whose face bore signs of intense suffering. Behind the anguish which still struggled there with the emotions which the scene and the music produced, there was a certain fadeless beauty.

The Litany was concluded ; the bishop sang "Veni Creator Spiritus," and the choir responded. One of the virgins advanced and made her profession. After she had made the sign of the cross, the other virgin did likewise profess.

Vian's attention was again directed toward the woman

whose eyes were now full of tears. He was sure they were black eyes, tender and brilliant within all her grief. She was soon standing near unto one of the virgins who had been consecrated. As the virgin on the right handed her the taper before receiving her veil, Vian found himself upon his feet.

"I will at least avoid a disturbance at this moment," reasoned he, with a heart which beat as unrestrainedly as did hers.

The face turned toward him. The eyes of dark splendor glanced once upon Vian's hesitation. He was back again in the dust-cloud on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." It was Astrée.

Vian did not remain to behold the rest of the solemn ceremony. Arriving at the guest-room, he gave commands to his officers and awaited the coming of the prioress.

"I would see at once the sister who received the taper from the virgin who stood on the right of the bishop," said he to the prioress Katerine Bourgcher, at the instant of her appearance.

"Alas!" cried she.

"Yes; Sister Emelie — Astrée!"

"How do you know that name?" inquired the haughty lady.

"It matters not." Vian produced his Majesty's authorization.

"I have beheld that great seal and papers with the name of —"

Vian cut through the dignity of the prioress with the words, "I would behold the sister I have named, and at once!"

"This begins the end," remarked the prioress, in accents of lamentation.

"Yes," said Vian, "you have probably witnessed the last consecration of virgins within these walls."



"I spurn your prophecies ; but I shall obey your most unrighteous demands."

"No parley here !" said Vian, as he advanced to speak to the officers. "I would speak to her immediately."

Soon Vian was seated in the apartment of the prioress. The door was opened ; the prioress entered, retired, and at once the eyes of Vian fixed themselves upon another form.

"The monk Vian !" cried Astrée, as the old words of her lover Ami came back to associate themselves swiftly with the man who stood before her. "Deliver me from terrors viler and more cruel than death, O Vian, who once delivered me from death itself !"

The prioress entered in time to see her fall into the arms of Vian.

"For shame, for shame ! I have always known your unfaithful heart," shouted the indignant prioress.

"The monk Vian !" sighed Astrée, as she revived, and Ami's words rushed back to her soul.

"And a monk, then? You are a monk ! Oh, abomination of desolation, my house is scandalized !" shrieked Katerine Bourgcher, as she grasped her keys.

"Touch not this lady ! Hear me ! touch her not !" commanded Vian.

"I will not even behold such an unseemly spectacle. Avaunt, monk and nun !" hissed the prioress, in the name of her ritualistic virtue. But only the prioress retired from the room, adding, in muttering tones, "This is he whom she has loved more than her Lord. Oh, the foul one !"

"Astrée !" said he, with tender truthfulness in each tone.

"Vian !" answered the nun, as she gathered her thoughts into one.

"The whole story is told. I can tell you mine, — you will hear it as we journey along. You are wretched here?"

"I am."

"Because you love —"

"The memory of the knight Ami. You — oh, Vian, you forgave him?"

"The prioress believes that I am he whom you still love."

"Certainly; but I —"

"Yes, I know it, Astrée. I am only the special commissioner of his Majesty Henry VIII. I am come to deliver you."

"Merciful Jesu! and God bless you!" she exclaimed, as she kissed Vian's hands.

"I cannot tell you more, until — But you are safe with me; and — Officers are waiting my command. I will tell you all. Make yourself ready to depart."

Vian called for the prioress, who was irritable and sullenly silent. He commanded her to make Astrée's comfort sure in the prospect of a long ride.

Before that day's sun had lit the edges of Creechbury Hill, Astrée was riding with one of the officers who had come from London, by way of Glastonbury, with Vian. They rode together alone in the soft evening light. Vian had permitted them to loiter somewhat behind his cavalcade; for that officer was Ami.





## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE END.

"Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary ;  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed ;  
All journeys end with welcome to the weary,  
And heaven — the heart's true home — will come at last."

UNIMPORTANT is every life, however endowed or compassed with privileges, until it passes into the service of important truth. Important as the infinite harvests which may be garnered from the triumph of any truth in men's hearts, does the least subtle, the least natively great life become the moment it has passed out of itself, and, through submission, into the use of organizing ideas.

A surpassing importance had entered the lives of Ami and Vian. The one had been freed from narrowing jealousies, because he had been captured by an all-dominating love ; the other's mind had been emancipated from conventional limitations, because he had realized in a reasonable service the law of spiritual and intellectual liberty.

When at length they sat with Astrée and Alke by the side of the dust of Gaspar Perrin, who two days before had suddenly expired in the printing-room, they found the secret of power in the world. The mellow twilight was drifting into the apartment, and falling upon the face

of the dead and upon the first copies of the English Bible, whose appearance marked the beginning of an era for the word of God and the English people.

"He was not a great man, yet his life had greatness in it," said Alke, reflectively, as she looked again upon the face and then into the red West.

"Only a printer in Venice, a believer in God's justice and truth, trusting his life to his faith; a stainless radical, intent on finding and serving —"

"Intent on serving great truths, which always impart their greatness to him who serves them." Vian had rescued Alke's tremulous sentence from ending in tears; and now she placed her hands gratefully in his.

"Truly!" said the beautiful Astrée, seeking to console Ami, whose eye often found the white scar on the brown wrist now so motionless, "that is the greatness which makes his dust seem finer and more precious than that of Bayard. Bayard was the greatest in the annals of the old knighthood. Our father may be only one of the noblest in the annals of the new knighthood. It is with what seems greatest as it was aforetime, — 'the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.'"

Ami and Vian had both been made ambitious to influence the world's history. The most eminent worshippers at the shrines of glory had taught them this aspiration and its language. Each had oftentimes found himself upon tossing seas, which made him only an incident amid the surge and foam hurled hither and thither by resistless power.

Had they failed to make their lives tell upon the future?

In the battles of kings and cardinals, scholars and popes, in the swirl of the Reforming movement, each had, in some measure, kept his personality sacred. In the separate contest between the man and his circumstances, each had felt himself causative and free.

As near that calm sweet face — the face of an old man upon which rested the fadeless dawn of youth — they stood together, the awful ocean-tide which they had known came rushing in and told its tale. This completed career held the open secret of sovereignty. It had a greatness unto which no Abbot Richard of Glastonbury or Francis I. could approach. Gaspar Perrin was forever sure to have the regency which is obtained by loyalty to regent ideas.

Still would they ride upon these waves. Perhaps as drops of oil thrown out, they had, at Amboise and Paris, Glastonbury and Whitehall, made it possible for great waves to slip over each other so as to prevent a chaos more disastrous. Even yet wisdom and truth were inexhaustible. They had positions at court; and their relations to the Reformers would enable them to wield an influence to be measured only by the magnitude of the ideas which should rule them.

Softly and prayerfully did Astrée and Alke find their way amid the melancholy duties.

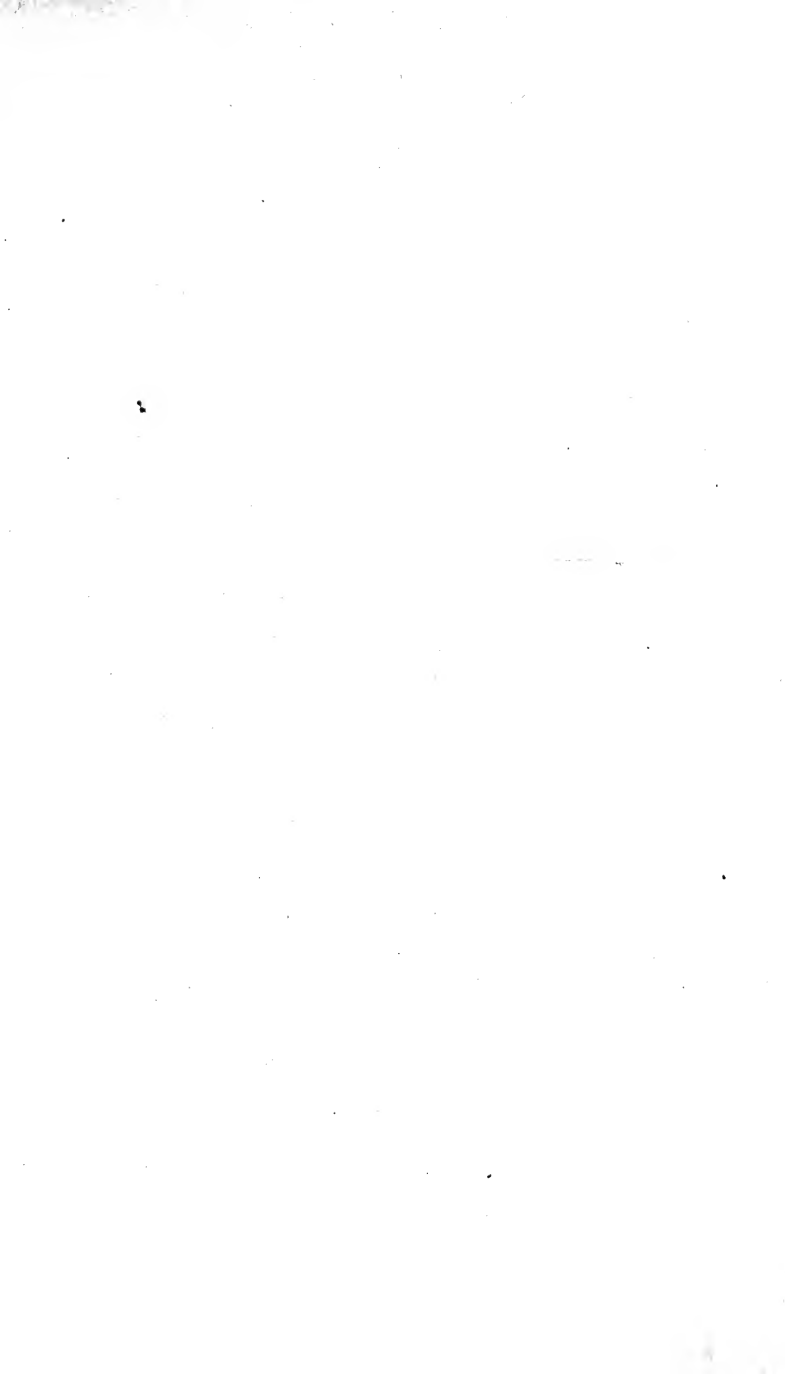
Ami sat reading the gospel of purity. His thirst for purity had carried him into the Reformation. He was reading it from the flowers which Vian, only the day before, had plucked from the Glastonbury Thorn, which for a week had been in full bloom. Astrée, who interpreted his mind, placed a single stainless blossom within the cold grasp of Gaspar Perrin.

Vian had been musing. He held the first copy of the English Bible in his hand. Only a short time ago Tyndale had been burned. Now the presses labored incessantly to bury from men's remembrance the hideous crime. By the favor of God the old Waldensian — the friend of Aldus — had been permitted to have his part in the new triumph. Vian's spiritual position had come to him by loyalty to that impulse generated within his bosom by the sight of the unchained Word of God.

Alke, who knew his soul, asked for the fresh volume ; and soon with the blossom from Glastonbury Thorn, the dead hand rested upon the printed Bible.

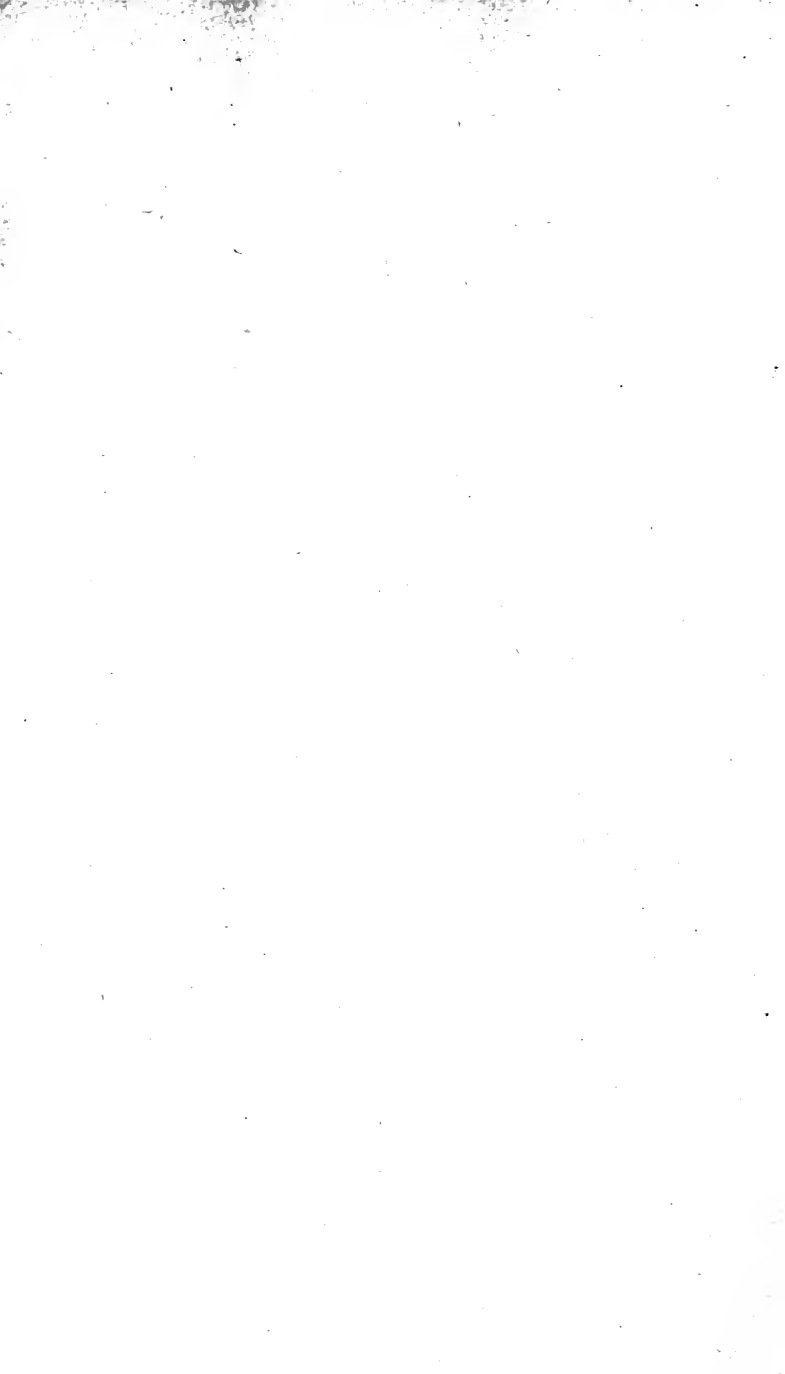
“Oh, deathless soul !” said Vian, as he looked again upon the transfigured face, “with purity of life and with the gospel of Christ, thou hast conquered !”

THE END.









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